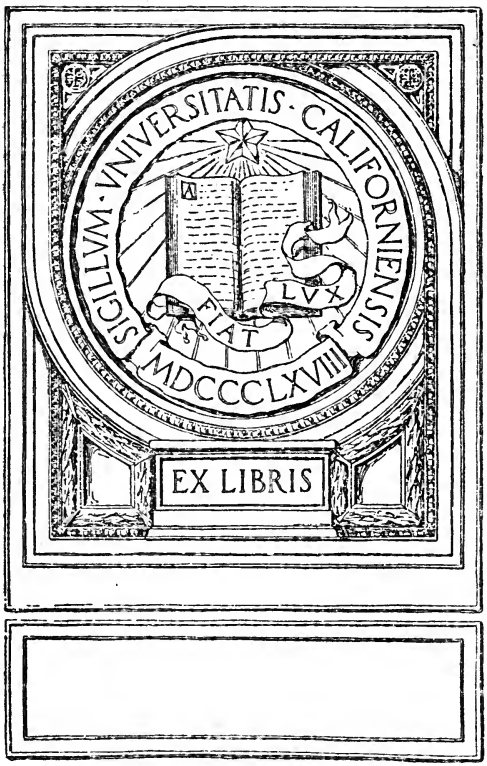
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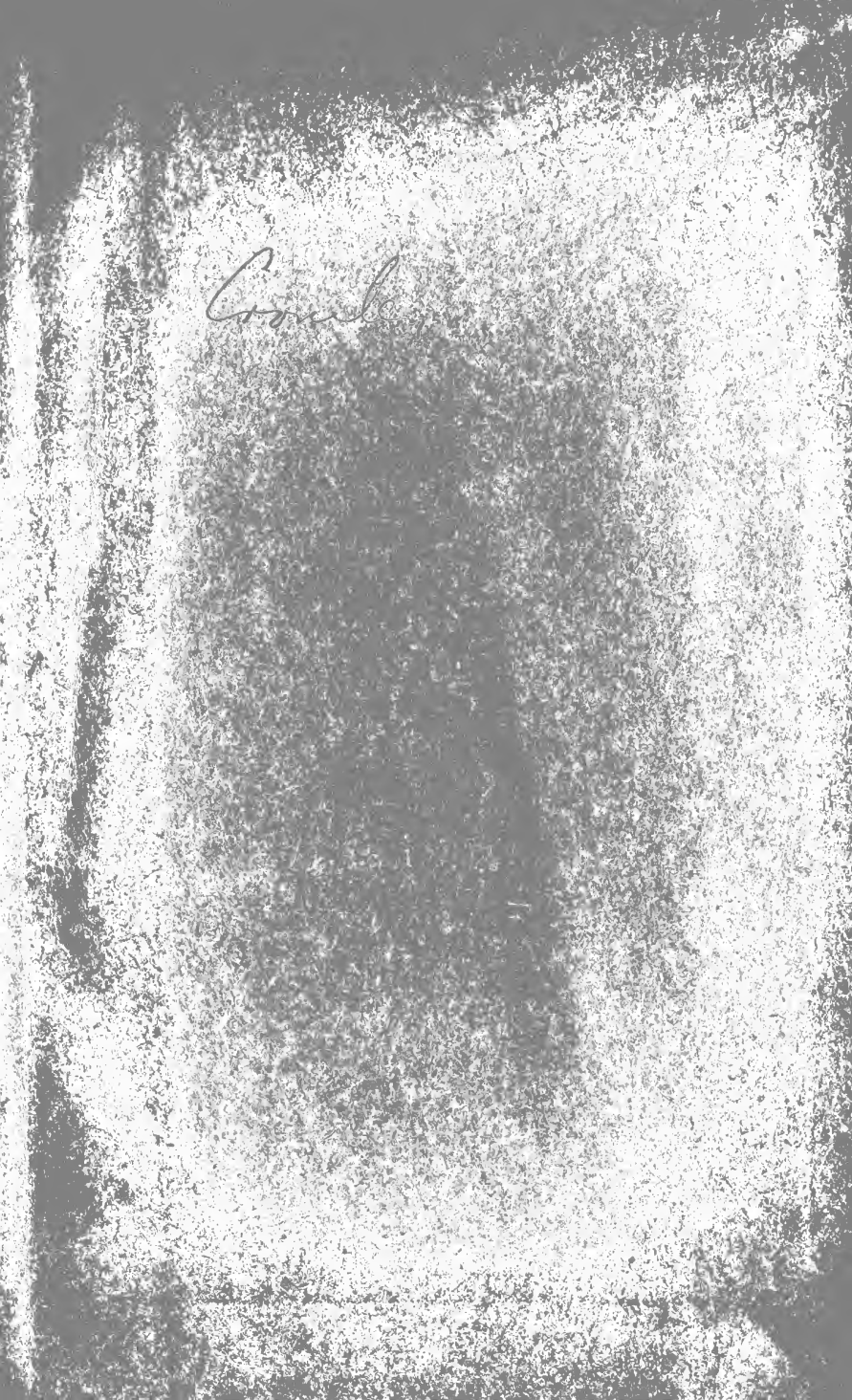

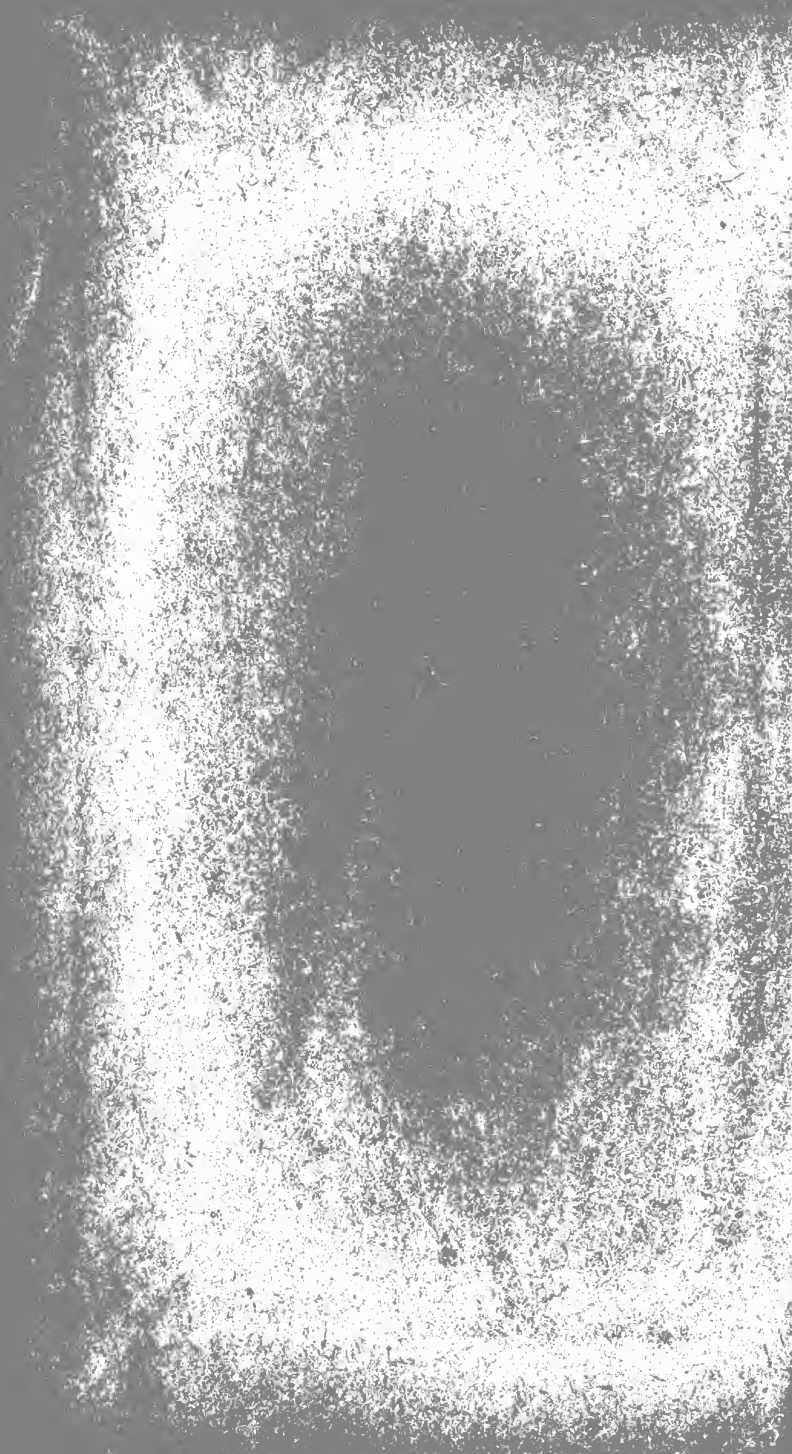

HISTORY OF ANDREW JACKSON

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

HISTORY OF ANDREW JACKSON

PIONEER, PATRIOT, SOLDIER, POLITICIAN, PRESIDENT

BY

AUGUSTUS C. BUELL

AUTHOR OF
PAUL JONES, FOUNDER OF THE AMERICAN NAVY

WITH PORTRAITS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I

UNIV OF CALIFORNIA

NEW YORK
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Published, October, 1904

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

TROW DIRECTORY
PRINTING AND BOOKBINDING COMPANY
NEW YORK

TO

THE EMBODIMENT IN OUR TIMES OF

THE JACKSONIAN SPIRIT

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE AUTHOR

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATES

THESE VOLUMES

271038

PUBLISHER'S PREFACE

THE manuscript of Mr. Buell's History of Andrew Jackson was sent to the publishers early last spring, several months before the sudden and unexpected death of the author. No preface accompanied the work, but in his correspondence Mr. Buell had indicated clearly the point of view from which he had studied the subject—a point of view very similar, by the way, to that from which that other great fighter in an earlier war with Great Britain, Paul Jones, had already been portrayed by the same author. "It is at least," he said in one letter, "an American book—not an English one, like Parton's. I could not have written an Anglomaniac book if I had tried, but if I had tried and succeeded, it would not have been Jackson. Whatever may be the trend of American—or New York and New England—opinion now, there never was any Anglomania in him, and not much in his time."

Jackson had been a life-time study with Mr. Buell. "The first book I ever read," he wrote on another occasion, "was the original edition of Judge Alexander Walker's Jackson and New Orleans, in my seventh year. And since then I have read everything I could find in

print or in manuscript concerning him. It is difficult," he continued, "to find a book on American history from the Revolution to this day which does not have something to say about General Jackson. As a rule, the more American a book is in spirit and feeling the more it will say about him and the more favorable its tone of comment will be. But, while books and pamphlets and public records almost innumerable have been consulted, their value as aids in the preparation of this work has been secondary to that of personal interviews with many eminent men and women, who, having passed their prime of life as friends or acquaintances of the great subject himself, could give glimpses of his personality more vivid and striking than any printed record."

Mr. Buell's History of Andrew Jackson is printed as it left his hands, with the exception only of the omission of a few unimportant paragraphs and of an occasional phrase which the author himself would undoubtedly have changed had the proofs had the advantage of his revision.

July 1, 1904.

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HISTORY OF ANDREW JACKSON

HISTORY OF ANDREW JACKSON

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

THE United States, though but a century and a quarter old, has lived through three epochs and is now at the threshold of the fourth. The three epochs that have passed into history may be described each in a single word:

1. Independence.
2. Enfranchisement.
3. Unification.

To anyone fairly conversant with even the outlines of our history, each of these words suggests its own application. Roughly speaking, each of these epochs covered about half a century. The epoch of Independence may be said to have endured, in all its aspects, from 1765 to 1815; that of Enfranchisement from 1815 to 1860; and that of Unification from 1860 until now. 1904

The fourth epoch, at the threshold of which the nation now stands, may be described as that of Imperialization. It is not only no topic of history as yet, but its possibilities are too vague for even coherent speculation.

We therefore have to deal with the three that are

past and done, because the career which we shall try to describe was not only the visible embodiment of one epoch, but also wrought actively while growing up in another, and, by reflected influence after death, in the affairs of the third.

In these epochs we trace a progressive development of the nation from a league of revolted colonies to a consolidated single government. We also trace a cognate progression of popular control from oligarchy to the true republic; from rule by the few, for the few, to rule by the many, for the many. It is not our mission to find fault with the primary oligarchy. In viewing it perhaps the most philosophical theory will be that of Pope's hackneyed line—

"Whatever is, is right."

The men who guided our early destinies distrusted the capacity of the common people for absolute or direct self-rule. Born, bred and educated under the colonial system, taught to regard distinctions of class and caste as inseparable or indispensable elements of sound government and healthy society, all the leading spirits of the epoch of Independence were aristocratic in fact if not in name; and for many years our government, in its practical application to the affairs of the people, differed from that of the parent realm in little else than that the monarch was elective every four years instead of hereditary by lifetime.

This was beyond doubt for the best; otherwise it would not have been. No sane thinker would expect a new nation or a novel form of government or an unprecedented social structure to be born mature or to

spring from the brow of destiny full-panoplied like Minerva from the front of Jove. So the old founders —Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Adams, Hamilton, Clinton, Burr, Jay, Laurens, Henry, the Lees and their lesser coadjutors—believed in making haste slowly. They had no models, no patterns, no precedents. They were not merely called to found a new nation; they had also to invent a new statecraft. For all this creating the material at hand was raw, crude, and, much of it, refractory.

Upon the plan and fashion of upbuilding the founders themselves differed as widely as men actuated by a single impulse at bottom could differ. Some believed in a strong central government; others held out for a mere league of independent sovereignties; the extremes being represented by Washington and Patrick Henry. We now see that the wisdom of Washington was that of prophecy, while the fallacy of Patrick Henry was a lurking germ of disease in the body politic, curable in the end by no less drastic surgery than the sword of civil war. But none could see that then; and none now would sooner dare to question the patriotism of Patrick Henry than that of Washington himself.

Washington distrusted the common people. He did not believe that every man of sound mind over twenty-one years old was qualified to hold and wield the elective franchise. With him stood Hamilton, Adams, Clinton, Jay and many others of like stature. On the side of universal or unrestricted popular suffrage Burr stood almost alone. Franklin and Jefferson viewed Burr's theory with benevolence, but thought Washington's idea the safer in practice. In that period but one object-lesson

of universal suffrage was vouchsafed. It was the French Revolution and its products—the Convention, the Mountain and the Guillotine. Not an encouraging experiment for sane patriots to contemplate.

In our own day we have had another object-lesson of "universal suffrage"; not quite so appalling, perhaps, as that which confronted the fathers of our Independence days, but quite as bad in its way and equally admonitory of what Washington and Hamilton dreaded. Between the proletarian suffrage of the French Revolution at the end of the Eighteenth Century and the negro suffrage of American reconstruction at the end of the nineteenth, there is little difference in fact and less in application. Both led to wholesale murder. But those vested with a suffrage they were not fit to enjoy were in the one case the murderers, and in the other case the murdered.

In both cases the fact was due to paroxysmal politics, and the vengeance that ensued was simply that of outraged nature. From these reflections we may, perhaps, deduce that the ultra-conservative point of view on the suffrage question represented by Washington and Hamilton was at least the safe one. There certainly was nothing paroxysmal about it; and, while it may have been grounded upon a doctrine we are now apt to term paternal, it left no scope for that kind of mischief which never fails to attend the introduction of the emotions into politics. Those who, at the foundation of this republic believed in guarding, limiting and qualifying the electoral franchise, were governed by existing facts and guided by actual experience. They did, indeed, create a new government without a king. They ordained a new so-

ciety without lords or barons or dukes or marquesses. They suppressed the monarch and they exorcised the nobles. They sought to make a régime of yeomanry. But they did not propose to be in a hurry about it.

If we take the quarter-century from 1765 to 1790 as the Revolutionary period of the United States, we shall observe certain facts which, with one or two notable exceptions, seem to have escaped the survey of most historical students. The most important and significant of these facts is that, while the form, theory and intent of government underwent radical change between 1765 and 1790, the basis of suffrage and, in the main, that of representation, remained unaltered.

In other words, during that quarter-century the American colonies quarrelled with Mother England; defied her; fought her to a helpless standstill in an eight years' war; wrung from her palsied hands amid her streaming tears their everlasting Independence; set up a constitutional republic of their own; chose a ruler, made laws and provided a succession in popular sovereignty unto all time—a democratic dynasty.

And yet the voters whose ballots chose the representatives who ratified the Federal Constitution and elected George Washington President in 1789, voted in their respective States under the same restrictions, limitations and tests of suffrage that had bound them as colonial voters in 1765!

This is the great fact to which we referred as having escaped notice—with one or two exceptions—among students of our political system and its history. Or, perhaps, it would be more severely accurate to say that most

of the students who have noted the fact itself, have omitted to estimate its full significance.

Of the popular vote at the time when the Federal Constitution was adopted and Washington chosen President no exact statistics are extant. The most intelligent estimate we have seen occurs in Dr. Woodrow Wilson's "History of the American People" (Vol. III., pp. 120-121). He says:

"There were probably not more than one hundred and twenty thousand men who had the right to vote out of all the four million inhabitants enumerated in the First Census (1790)."

Our own study inclines us to believe that Dr. Wilson's estimate tends to the minimum. But the difference between that and the maximum is not sufficient to alter the logic of the situation. In 1789–'90 fourteen States were voting. Vermont, though not formally admitted to the Union until 1791, and though technically a part of New York when the Federal Constitution was submitted, yet acted separately upon its adoption. But the limitations of popular suffrage under which she acted were substantially the same as those of New York, which had been observed in the so-called "independent government" she set up in 1777.

In 1789–'90 qualified suffrage existed in every State except Pennsylvania. There the theory of universal suffrage or the manhood franchise had been inherited from the old Penn charter. But its "universality" was more in name than in substance; for the régime which ensued as the "Supreme Executive Council" upon the suspension of the proprietary government in September, 1776, and which was confirmed by the Act of 1779 con-

clusively wiping out the Penn system, provided from time to time between 1776 and the adoption of the State Constitution in 1789–'90, certain limitations by test-oath or affirmation of fealty to the Continental cause * which practically operated to restrict suffrage almost as drastically as in the other colonies.

The general qualification elsewhere was based upon property, with slight variations in different colonies; but usually the test was that of freehold to the minimum extent of fifty pounds sterling in value. This was the basis in New York, which represented the liberal extreme; while in Rhode Island the restrictive extreme was reached by tests that enfranchised only about one in every forty of the total population. The census of 1790 stated the population of Rhode Island to be 68,825, of whom 1,786 were qualified voters. New York had a total population of 340,120, with 19,000 voters—or about one in eighteen. At the same time Pennsylvania had 434,373 people and polled—under a system of nominal or theoretical "manhood suffrage"—28,000 votes; say one to every sixteen. Between these two extremes the other States varied; the basis in every case being regulated by the tests imposed in colonial times or by royal charters.

Thus it is observed that, while the founders of this

* These tests affected the franchise of the Quakers more seriously than any other sect or class. Not only did they refuse to make oath by reason of religious scruple, but many of them—a great majority in fact—were Tories pure and simple; and therefore, though the Supreme Executive Council was willing to accommodate them by accepting a "solemn affirmation" instead of the hated oath, they refused even that. When Sir Henry Clinton evacuated Philadelphia with the British forces in 1778 over three thousand of the inhabitants went with him to New York. These were almost without exception Quakers or adherents of the Penn family.

republic set up a system of "popular self-government," the character of the new régime was distinctly modified by the definition they gave to the word "people" itself in the sense of suffrage or voting power. It is safe to say that an effort now to restore their definition of that word then would precipitate a revolution compared to which that of 1776 would seem tame and feeble.

Returning briefly to Dr. Wilson's estimate as of 1789–'90, we perceive that he calculates a total vote of 120,000 in a population of 4,000,000 (to be statistically exact, 3,929,827). The ratio would be one in every thirty-three. The only exact returns we have been able to find are those of Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania and Delaware. In these, as shown, the ratio varies from one in forty to one in sixteen; Delaware having then practically the same franchise laws as Pennsylvania and both based on the old Penn charter. The Southern States were not so liberal in suffrage as New York and Pennsylvania; but more enlightened than Rhode Island. On the whole, we would suggest that the total popular vote represented in the adoption of the Federal Constitution and election of George Washington to the first Presidency was nearer 150,000 than 120,000; or a ratio of about one in twenty-seven, rather than one in thirty-three. In either case it was restrictive enough.

In the second general election (1792) fifteen States voted; Vermont and Kentucky having been added to the original thirteen. Kentucky came into the Union as a universal or unqualified suffrage State; pioneer in that respect as in many others. Nine of the fifteen States appointed their presidential electors through their legislatures; only six choosing them by popular vote. The

total population in 1792 was about 4,200,000. The popular vote was 170,000, or a little more than one to every twenty-five. The next new State was Tennessee (1796); but in the matter of elective franchise she copied the restrictions of North Carolina instead of emulating the freedom of her neighbor, Kentucky. But thereafter, all the new Western and Southwestern States as they came in—Ohio in 1802, Louisiana in 1812, Indiana in 1816, Mississippi in 1817, Alabama and Illinois in 1818, and Missouri in 1821—were free-suffrage commonwealths like Kentucky. Meantime the original States had gradually expanded the franchise. Most of them—all in fact except Rhode Island and South Carolina—abandoned the freehold qualification and substituted for it a taxpayers' test. This, by the simple expedient of assessing a poll-tax, made suffrage practically universal in the States that adopted it, which, by the presidential election of 1820, included all except Connecticut, Maryland and South Carolina.

This was, indeed, slow growth; but it was healthy and safe. Under such conditions there was a guaranty that no unfit element of the population would be enfranchised. It is not necessary to trace the process in detail. For our present purpose it suffices to say that between 1789–'90, when probably not more than one in thirty of the total population voted, and 1824, when the popular vote was roundly one in ten, there had been a practical enfranchisement of all men mentally or morally qualified. It is also noteworthy that the greater part of this growth had occurred since the general election of 1812, so far as concerned the older States of the East.

But though the people voted freely in 1824, and though

they chose a plurality of presidential electors for Andrew Jackson, the old régime of Virginia and Massachusetts, re-enforced by Kentucky in the person of Henry Clay, proved strong enough even at its last gasp to count John Quincy Adams in.

During this period, or during that part of it which began in Washington's last term, two political parties had grown into fairly well-defined antagonism of principle; and they possessed a species of "organization" which, though nothing like the modern development of that attribute, was efficient in its day and generation. The lines of these two parties had, however, been drawn mainly upon abstractions. Broadly speaking, the Federalists, as the word implies, perpetuated Washington's belief in a strong, compact central or federal government made up of States, sovereign as to their own internal affairs but subordinate in all concerns of the whole. The Democrats—or as they at first styled themselves, "Democratic Republicans"—believed in a central government of purely delegated powers, expressly limited authority and closely defined responsibility, made up of States sovereign not only as to their own internal affairs, but also as to their respective conceptions or interpretations of the federal compact itself.

In other words, the Federalists were, by profession at least, the party of the Union first and the States second. The Democrats professed to be the party of the States first and the Union second. But, well-defined as these opposing theories might be, the two parties were by no means uniform or consistent in their application of them to practical situations. The Federalists vehemently resisted the aggrandizement, by territorial expansion, of

the Union; the Democrats as strenuously urged it. The Democrats declared the War of 1812 in behalf of the Union; the Federalists resisted it to the very verge of disunion.

The motive in either case was selfish. The Federalists, intrenched in New England and strong in New York, Delaware and Maryland, dreaded the creation of new States in the West, sure to be Democratic. The Democrats strove for the new States as the readiest means of reducing the power of federalism in the national councils. As for the war, the Federalists saw in it the germ of further expansion, so hateful in their eyes; and the Democrats declared and waged it mainly to consolidate the new West and guarantee its immunity from further British aggression. Thus it happened that the first breath of disunion came from a convention of New England Federalists, who assembled at Hartford to debate treason while Democratic soldiers were rallying to the defence of the Southern seaboard, the Niagara frontier and the Louisiana Purchase.

This prefatory survey has seemed desirable for the purpose of sketching, if only in merest outline, the conditions and circumstances that led up to the first open clash between the forces of the common people and the policies of the waning oligarchy in 1824–'25; the point at which the people saw that the only means by which the oligarchy could be dispossessed must be an electoral victory sweeping enough to destroy even the shadow of chance for stratagem. With one mind they perceived that the enlarged and expanded franchise they had gained through thirty years of patient work and tireless vigilance

would be of no use to them unless they could employ it in gaining practical control of the governmental machinery. In this aspiration they did not confine their aim to the head alone, in the Presidency itself. They determined that all branches of the government should be theirs—the civil service included—and they believed that at last a leader meet for their exigency must be found.

Heretofore Presidents, when not Virginia aristocrats, had been aristocrats of New England, whether elected or counted in. The people determined to try the other extreme of a President born in a log-hut, nurtured in the poverty and privation of the frontier, seasoned in war and educated in the hard school of earning his own livelihood. They believed they had found a leader without fear and without reproach; a man who would not lie or cheat or conspire; who would know and remember his friends of lowlier days in any degree of exaltation to which their stalwart hands might lift him; who had no fads, no fetiches, no traditions, no entanglements from the statecraft of an obsolete time. In short, a plain man of the people and for the people, first, last and all the time.

Few prospects in life could have less presage of fame or fortune than those of an Irish peasant emigrating to the American colonies in the middle third of the Eighteenth Century. To modern readers the words "Irish emigrant" suggest at once Castle Garden, rich brogue, lusty spirit, and, perhaps at no great distance, leadership in the ward politics of the Metropolis. They also suggest in nine cases out of ten, a zealous if not devout Catholic, and in at least seven out of ten, a recruit for the ranks of un-

terrified Democracy. But these suggestions would not fit the Irish emigrant of the Eighteenth Century. In that epoch he was almost without exception a Presbyterian, both zealous and devout; a rock-ribbed Whig in British or colonial politics; generally grounded in the rudiments of a common English education; industrious, thrifty, shrewd and sober—when not too much tempted—withal, enterprising, ambitious, strong in body and in mind alike, and brave to the point of a proverb.

It is a custom of many writers to differentiate the population of Ireland. Some they call the Irish proper; the rest "Scotch-Irish." Carrying the distinction into geography they tell you that the habitat of the Scotch-Irish—so-called—is the north of Ireland in general or the province of Ulster in particular; while the Irish without prefix are to be found in the other three ancient divisions of the isle—Leinster, Munster and Connaught. Also, re-enforcing geography with theology, they will describe the plain Irish as Roman Catholics almost to a man and the "Scotch-Irish" as Protestants with equal unanimity. Warming with their theme this class of writers sometimes analyze in detail the sociological differences between the two; their deductions generally tending to exalt the North-Irishman, Ulsterman or Protestant at the expense of his Southern and Catholic congener. Such generalizations may be found at the maximum development of perfection in Thackeray's Sketch-Book; with almost innumerable other versions in other views of thought and purpose. Perhaps the peculiar and unique excellence of Thackeray's version is due to the fact that he surveys the subject as a theme for humor. That certain differences exist between North-

Irishmen and South-Irishmen is beyond question. But they are mainly if not wholly due to environment and local conditions; they are not organic or racial. That from time immemorial an interchange of emigration has gone on across the narrow channel that separates the southwest of Scotland from the northeast of Ireland is beyond question. That comparatively little of this cross-current of humanity penetrated or affected the south of Ireland is doubtless as true as that it was equally unfelt in the Highlands of Scotland.

Once in history, and only once, has there been a systematic effort to colonize the Lowland Scotch in the north of Ireland. This was in the reign of James I of England and VI of Scotland; a monarch of many-sided memory, in which the discreditable doubtless predominated. But he did at least two good things. One was to ordain and personally supervise a scholarly translation of the Bible. The other was to encourage emigration of a considerable Scotch colony to repeople the waste places of North Ireland. And the best thing about this project was that he provided for settlement in small freeholds instead of bestowing large estates upon his favorites and henchmen, as William of Orange unfortunately did later in the less favored south of Ireland. It is true that, when all is said and done, the Scottish immigration induced by King James was but a small factor, numerically, in the sum-total of the North-Irish population. And in a few generations it was absorbed by the original race; with result that before the lapse of a century there was not as much racial or ethnical difference between the two sections of Ireland as then or now between Northern and Southern France, between Lom-

bardy and Naples, or between North Germany and South Germany. The difference in thrift between, for example, Ulster and Connaught, is due to the greater encouragement inherent in small freehold than in tenant-right under alien and absentee landlords; a purely secular and material fact, upon which religious belief or system has no necessary or inevitable bearing. For illustration we may point to the fact that no people on earth are more industrious, frugal, sober or prosperous than the small freeholders of France, and they are the most ardent of Catholics. In either case we think it a perfectly tenable theory that happiness, enterprise and industry will be found everywhere indigenous to free soil in small holdings, and the reverse to rented soil in large estates. It is the land and its ownership that make racial character; not church, creed or point of compass.

CHAPTER II

IRISH ANCESTRY

In the spring of 1765 a Presbyterian North-Irishman named Andrew Jackson embarked at Carrickfergus, in the County Antrim, on board an emigrant-ship bound for America in general and the Carolina coast in particular. With him sailed his wife and two little boys, Hugh and Robert. A good many Americans in these days are familiar with the meaning of the words "steerage passage" as applied to modern steamship travel. Some can remember what the words meant in the days of clipper packets. Undoubtedly reminiscences of discomfort and even privation are suggested by both. But no one can remember what "between-decks" meant in an emigrant-ship of 1765; and few could realize it if never so vividly described. As an illustration of the type—for they were all alike—we may quote an advertisement, printed in the Cumberland *Packet* of Whitehaven, England, only three years later than the sailing date of Andrew Jackson from Carrickfergus:

A-HOIE! O-HOIE!!

THE NEW SHIP JOHN, 302 TONS.

Currie, Beck & Co., Owners and Despatchers. Master Mariner John Paul, Captain. Ready to Sail for the Chesapeak, N. America. A Few Berths left Between Decks, Aft. Ship New and Stanch, A1. Captain, None Better. Crew, Prime Seamen. Safety, Speed, Comfort!!

Between Decks, 5 Foot clear Head-room under Beams and Carlins. Berthing only Two-high. Six Foot x 22-Inch. 3-Foot Gangways Fore and Aft.

Salt Meat, Ship's Bread Supplied. Tea Once a Day. Lime-juice or Onions if Needed!

Fare: Adults, £5 10s. Children Under Thirteen, £4.

Mess: 1 Shilling the Day. Passage of 45 Days: Above that, Mess Free!! Rare Chance for the Chesapeak. Books Close Monday, October 17. No. 4, Pool.*

It is to be assumed that the packet sailing from Carrickfergus was neither much better nor much worse than "the New Ship John," of Whitehaven. Indeed, it is more than probable that, as the two ports were only eighty-five miles apart and Whitehaven then the most important shipping town on the west coast north of Bristol, the packets from Whitehaven touched at Carrickfergus to take on passengers. Be this as it may, the ship that bore the humble Irish family from Belfast Lough to the New World in 1765 carried the fortunes of an unborn Andrew Jackson; while the "none better" captain of the "New Ship John" of Whitehaven not many years after bequeathed to American history the name of Paul Jones.

In earlier times Dissenters and Non-Conformists had

* Reference to the standards of naval architecture then in vogue would teach that the foregoing description meant a ship about 95 feet long on deck, 25 to 26 feet beam, and 11 to 12 feet depth of hold, below the main or passenger deck termed in the advertisement, "Between Decks." Of this deck-space—say, 90 x 24 feet net, one-third forward would be forecastle for the crew and galley; leaving a passenger-space, say, 60 x 24 feet by "five feet clear head-room under beams and carlins." In other words, a cubic volume of, say, 7,000 feet. In this space as many as two hundred passengers of all ages and both sexes would be stowed for a voyage to last anywhere from six weeks to three months. The average would be 35 cubic feet to the passenger; a volume represented by six feet length, three feet height, and two feet width; a trifle more commodious than an ordinary coffin.

migrated from the British Islands to America to escape persecution at the hands of the Established Church. But in 1765 those bitter days were over, except as to vexatious test-acts lingering upon the statute-books and an iniquitous taxation of all creeds for the support of one. This, however, cut little figure in 1765. The great cause of emigration to the New World at that period was the desire of the peasant to own land in fee-simple. This he could have in the American forests almost for the asking. In no part of the British realm was the desire for independent land-holding so strong or so resolute as in North Ireland. The small freeholds created there by the wise policy of King James nearly a century before had now become so valuable or so closely tied up by entail as to be beyond the reach of the younger generations as they grew up. But in America the field was boundless and the prospect sure, if only life and vigor should hold out long enough to subdue the wilderness. Besides this there was the ardent love of adventure for its own sake which sprang from an innate congenital courage, as natural to these people and as universal among them as appetite. The vast freedom of the untrodden forest charmed their fancy. Its perils, from their point of view, served only to quicken ambition and stimulate daring. For the North-Irishman's heart was ever the tenement of a spirit that rose defiant as antagonism grew before it.

Students of our border life in the Eighteenth Century, from the Old New York Frontier of Francis Halsey's graceful pen to the rugged fastnesses of Chilhowee in the Western Carolinas, cannot have failed to note the prevalence—nay, the vast predominance—of North-Irish —or, if you prefer, "Scotch-Irish"—names among the

pioneers. They were, indeed, hewers of the wilderness, builders of humble homes, cultivators of rude farms, operators of primitive mills and all the other organic processes of State-making. But they were also the fearless scouts in the far vanguard of civilization, explorers, Indian fighters; as ready to compel progress by might of the rifle as to court it by diligence with the plough.

The Jackson family was only one factor in a little colony that sailed from Carrickfergus in the same ship. Others of the group were the three Crawfords, James, Robert and Joseph; one of whom was a brother-in-law, by marriage with Mrs. Jackson's sister. The historical importance of this brother-in-law will appear later on. It was James Crawford, who, through a succession of cruel vicissitudes, became the foster-father of one of our greatest men.

Emigration to America was at flood in the decade from 1765 to 1775. The Peace of 1763 had removed all apparent danger of future war by crushing French rule and setting up British authority supreme on the Continent. An era of speculation set in. Land companies were organized in every colony, from New Hampshire to Georgia.

Agents for these companies swarmed through England, Scotland and Ireland, advertising the "natural advantages" of this, that and the other tract, and painting in colors that glowed the fortunes and the happiness that but waited for the magic touch of industry in the New World. It does not appear, however, that the Jacksons and the Crawfords were induced to emigrate by the glamor of land advertisements or the eloquence of land agents.

General Jackson himself, when President in 1833, re-

lated to William Allen, of Ohio, then a young member of Congress, the reason why his parents emigrated in 1765. Governor Allen repeated the story to the author of this work in 1875. William Allen was a capital raconteur, and told the anecdote better than we could summarize it in the third person:

"One evening shortly after the assembling of Congress in December, 1833," said the venerable Governor, "I was visiting General Jackson at the White House. A dozen or so of kindred spirits were present. Refreshments in the shape of cracked hickory-nuts and spirits—also kindred—were served. In the course of conversation, General Jackson remarked, 'Gentlemen, you don't know how near I came to being ineligible to the office I hold!'

"This was his favorite way of introducing a subject: By a remark calculated to arrest the thought of everyone present. Naturally we all waited for him to proceed: 'You see, gentlemen, I was born the 15th of March, 1767. My parents left Ireland in May, 1765, and arrived in South Carolina the following July. My father had a brother, Hugh, who had been a soldier in the Forty-ninth Regiment of British Infantry. He came to this country with Braddock, escaped the slaughter of that general's defeat, and afterward was with Wolfe at Quebec; also with Amherst at the surrender of Montreal. During his service in this country—in the year 1756, I believe—four companies of his regiment were sent up into Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, in consequence of the threatening attitude of the Cherokees. They stayed there a year or more. Uncle Hugh was a great hunter. In fact, he was detailed to hunt for the fresh-meat supply of his company. In that way he traversed a good deal of the up-

land country, and when he came home to Ireland after the end of his term of service, which was in the fall of 1764, he at once set about raising a colony for the Carolinas. I believe he was employed as agent for the Catawba Land Company. During the winter of 1764–'65 he got about twenty families to agree to emigrate with him in the spring. But meantime he married the daughter of a well-to-do shopkeeper, as they say over there, and his new wife wouldn't go to America. So at the last moment Uncle Hugh backed out and his colony went to pieces. Of those who had made the agreement only four, the three Crawfords and my father, persevered to carry out the scheme. But father had given it up once, and would have stayed in Ireland with the rest but his younger brother, Sam Jackson, who had taken to the sea, happened to come in port with his ship. She was fitting out for a voyage to Charleston, and finally father and the Crawfords plucked up new courage, took berths in Sam's ship and so came to this country after all. Quite a roundabout train of circumstances it was. You see, gentlemen, that caused me to be born in South Carolina instead of the County Antrim!'

"'What became of your Uncle Hugh?' asked one of the party.

"'Oh,' said General Jackson, 'he stayed in Ireland as long as he lived; and I believe he prospered. But I have never seen or heard from his progeny.'

"'And your Uncle Sam?' queried another. To which the General replied: 'He followed the sea for some years and finally settled in Philadelphia.'"

The little colony wasted no time after landing at Charleston. From that seaport to their destination—"the

Waxhaws Settlement"—was a journey of a hundred and eighty miles, through a sparsely peopled country, over rough roads, or next to no roads at all, much of the way. Arrived at the promised land, they found shelter in the cabin of another brother-in-law of Mrs. Jackson, George McCamie. For some reason which he does not explain, James Parton spells this name "McKemey." But the local traditions, as compiled many years ago by General Walkup, including the old records of Mecklenburg County, give it as "McCamie." This family had emigrated a few years before and now had a comfortable log-house and a good-sized clearing, and were in a position of usefulness as well as hospitality to their wayfaring friends and relatives.

The Waxhaws Settlement took its name from an affluent of the Catawba River, and the creek itself was named after a band of Indians who had villages on its banks a century earlier. The Crawford brothers bought land on the creek within the bounds of the settlement. But Jackson went about six miles farther and "took up a claim" on another stream known as Twelve-mile Creek. This fact undoubtedly signifies that Jackson did not have the ready money necessary for purchase of land in the settlement, and so his only recourse was to take up a claim upon land hitherto unoccupied. This was probably on the Catawba Company's tract. If so, under the regulations of that corporation, he could have a "settlement-right" to one hundred acres in consideration of building a habitation, clearing at least ten acres and paying forty shillings within three years. For the rest the settler could buy as much land as he wanted or could pay for at the rate of a shilling an acre. But this privilege was limited to a

total of three thousand acres, and it expired if not availed of within seven years. The object of this limitation was to prevent speculation in the company's lands and also to encourage the establishment of good-sized plantations.

During the fall of 1765, Jackson built a cabin, and by the spring of 1766 he had cleared about five or six acres, upon which he raised a crop of corn and vegetables that season. The next winter he cleared more land, and seemed in a fair way to prosper as prosperity went under such conditions. But in the midst of his manful effort to hew out a new home for his wife and little boys, the poor pioneer died about the first of March, 1767. Tradition says that his death was sudden, but no legend as to its cause can be traced. Even the General could remember only that his mother told him his father was ill only about forty-eight hours, that the nearest physician was twelve miles away, and that she had no means of sending for him until too late. The General believed that his father died from the effects of rupturing an internal blood-vessel by overstrain in attempting to move a heavy log.* But he was never sure about it. Whatever may have been the cause of his untimely death, the brave pioneer died in his

* Jackson could never speak of his father without visible emotion. Francis P. Blair used to relate that, some years before he became President, he tried to locate exactly his father's grave at Waxhaws, with the intention of placing there a suitable memento; but it could not be distinguished from other unmarked mounds in the old churchyard. "I have heard him," said Mr. Blair, "remark that his father died like a hero in battle, fighting for his wife and babes; fighting an uphill battle against poverty and adversity such as no one in our time could comprehend. When asked if he had ever visited the scenes of his birth and childhood," pursued Mr. Blair, "he would say: 'No! I couldn't bear to. It would suggest nothing but bereavement, grief, and suffering of those dearest to me. I couldn't stand it. It would break me down.'"

twenty-ninth year, leaving an utterly helpless family totally destitute and his stricken wife on the eve of giving birth to another child. Two boys, Hugh and Robert, had been born in Ireland; the first in 1763, the second in 1765, and only five months old when the family sailed for America. When the father died, little Hugh was not quite four years old and Robert barely two.

Mrs. Jackson was left alone in the cabin on Twelve-mile Creek. The nearest neighbor was more than a mile away, and there were not more than ten settlers within five miles. But these were the neighbors of the frontier. They soon learned what had befallen the Jackson household; and they gathered about the stricken wife and babes with strong hands of help and keen hearts of sympathy known only among pioneers.

The dead husband and father was buried in the churchyard near the log meeting-house at Waxhaws. Mrs. Jackson never went back to live in the desolated cabin. Her sister, Mrs. McCamie, and the brother-in-law, George McCamie, took her and the two little boys into their own snug home, where, less than a fortnight after the father's funeral, the posthumous son was born; and in memory of the father whom he could never know they named him Andrew.

Dawn of life could not have been less auspicious if deliberately planned for adversity.

In 1873 and 1874 the venerable Francis Preston Blair gave to the author of this work, then a Washington correspondent, many interesting incidents and anecdotes of Andrew Jackson's boyhood, as related to him by the man himself in later years; years of fame and of all the honors the greatest of republics could bestow. And it is needless

to add that in those years of fame and honor no man was closer to Andrew Jackson personally or deeper in his confidence than Francis Preston Blair. The grand old Sage of Silver Spring was past the fourscore mile-stone then; but his memory was clear as crystal and his diction crisp and sharp-cut as a cameo.

"Jackson," he said, "owed less to birthright and more to self-help than any other great man, not only in our history but in any other. I don't altogether like the term 'self-made.' It is in itself a good word, but has been misused—overworked, I might say—until it has come to mean less than it ought to. It is and has been so indiscriminately applied to all sorts of upstarts and all kinds of human accidents that it has acquired almost a flavor of sarcasm, if not derision! I will not use it in connection with Andrew Jackson; though in its real, intrinsic sense it could not apply to anyone else so aptly as to him.

"Believing as I do in the doctrine of manifest destiny in men as well as in nations, I prefer to consider him an instrument in unseen hands; the agent of an unknown power, to whom circumstances were nothing! But, leaving this aside and judging from ordinary or conventional standards, there was absolutely nothing in the antecedents or the origin of Andrew Jackson to mark him for one of our greatest triumvirate. Another of that group, Lincoln, lowly as his birth was and obscure as were his earliest fortunes, still had in those respects a slight advantage over Jackson. He had a father to support him in infancy, at least, and he was never wholly dependent upon himself until he could work and make his way. Even then Lincoln's starting out for himself in life was of his own volition. He was not propelled by necessity, as Jackson was."

It is a curious, though not very important, fact, that General John Henry Eaton, who was intimate with Jackson for many years, should say in his life of him (published in 1824), that the father "died shortly after his birth." And "An American Officer," * whose Life of Jackson was published the next year, repeats, inferentially at least, the error of General Eaton.

But Amos Kendall, writing several years later and in a position where he enjoyed daily access to General Jackson for any reference or information on personal subjects he might desire, says—as if it were a wholly undisputed fact—that "he was a posthumous child and named for his father, dead when he was born." And the biographer par excellence of Jackson, the amiable and indefatigable James Parton, by exhaustive local researches in 1858–'59, twenty-five years after Kendall wrote, has conclusively verified the statement.†

As already remarked, the historical importance of this fact is not great. But it seems singular that two historians so intimate with their subject as Eaton and Houston were with Andrew Jackson for so many years should not have known or should have ignored the peculiar circumstances attending his birth.

There is still another question to be considered in con-

* This little work, published at New York, by P. M. Davis, 1825, was anonymous, and its authorship has never been conclusively revealed. The copy of it in our possession has the autograph of Sam Houston on the title-page. Many of his contemporaries believed that the colossal pioneer of Texas was the author of the book, and that he was led to print it anonymously for fear that the noted friendship between Jackson and himself might impair its force in the minds of captious critics. It is, however, a most valuable compendium of Jackson's career for the period it covers, and will be frequently referred to in subsequent pages.

† Parton's Life of Jackson, Vol. I., p. 50, *et seq.*

nection with the birth of Andrew Jackson. Not only do biographers disagree as to whether or not he was a posthumous child, but Jackson himself disagreed with at least one of his biographers as to the State of his nativity. In his famous proclamation to the Nullifiers of South Carolina, President Jackson officially addressed them as "Fellow-citizens of my native State." But Mr. Parton, as a result of the most thorough territorial investigation, proves that the site of the McCamie cabin in which he was born is on the soil of North Carolina, about eighty rods north of the present boundary-line between the two States.

In his work as a historian, which for enduring value as well as for common, humanlike interest has few if any superiors, Mr. Parton was always prompted by that keen journalistic instinct commonly called "the nose for news"; and he also well understood that subtle trait of average human nature which so many writers fail to perceive: That the reader of books quite as often judges an author's value by his exactitude in the little things of history as by his philosophic treatment of its greater themes. On the issue under consideration, General Jackson is right from one point of view and Mr. Parton is correct from another. Jackson was born in 1767. At that time the exact boundary-line between the two colonial Carolinas was debatable; at least it had never been subjected to scientific delimitation. But the spot where the McCamie cabin stood was, in 1767, under the unquestioned—or rather the tacitly admitted—jurisdiction of the colony of South Carolina. Therefore, Andrew Jackson was born in that colony. But shortly after the adoption of the Federal Constitution in 1789 an amicable movement for

definitive location of the boundary was made. This brought about a survey during 1793–'94 by John Floyd, the result of which was a readjustment not only of the line between the two Carolinas, but also of the south boundary of Tennessee. So far as concerned the Carolinas but little change was made, the readjustment nowhere amounting to more than a mile or two, and even that was due to the mere straightening of old lines that had been carelessly located or inaccurately marked in the colonial surveys. At the particular point concerned in this narrative the old and irregular line veered far enough from a true parallel to throw the site of the McCamie cabin on the South Carolina side. But Floyd's survey located the line on the true parallel, which cut through a small chord of the former erroneous arc and thereby located the McCamie cabin about eighty rods north of the line, in what was then (1794) Mecklenburg County, but since set off in what is now Union County, North Carolina. Therefore, Jackson, though born in the colonial South Carolina of 1767, was also born on soil that became part of the State of North Carolina in 1794. These facts by no means reflect upon the integrity of Mr. Parton's laborious and conscientious research. If they serve to show anything, it is that Mr. Parton merely failed to include one small though decisive thread in the historical tangle he sought to straighten out.

Our own view of this more interesting than important detail is, like Mr. Parton's, based upon individual survey of the actual ground. In 1874 the author made an extensive tour of the Southern States as a newspaper correspondent. A journey from Knoxville over the mountains by way of Asheville to Yorkville, S. C., brought us at a

certain point within a few miles of a spot hallowed in the religion of American patriotism, as the battlefield of King's Mountain. We have passed through Belgium several times without visiting the field of Waterloo. But we went to King's Mountain. During a three days' sojourn there it was suggested to us by our host that the birthplace of Andrew Jackson was only about thirty miles away to the south and east and not so very much out of our road to Yorkville at that. We have been in England eight times without a pilgrimage to the tomb of Shakespeare. But we could not pass by the place where Andrew Jackson was born. We found all the spots and landmarks of Mr. Parton in 1859 intact in 1874. Some of the oldest people whose testimony he took had been translated to another and better world during the fifteen years between his visit and ours. But those who remained bore witness to the truthfulness of those who were gone. And they all loved Mr. Parton.

Surely, within that thirty miles square of Carolina uplands, history has been busy. It embraces the places whence the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence was promulgated a year ahead of Philadelphia; the battlefield of King's Mountain, where the tide of the revolution in the South was turned; and the humble, vine-grown spot where once stood the log-cabin whose lowly roof sheltered as an infant the future victor of New Orleans.

In the task of writing Andrew Jackson's history the genealogist's share is a sinecure. He had no pedigree. And, so far as those who knew him most intimately could ascertain, he never wished for one. More than once his admirers invoked his own aid in tracing his descent. All he knew, and, apparently all he cared to know, was that

his father was Andrew Jackson, a poor and humble pioneer; his mother Elizabeth Hutchinson, daughter of a man who wove Irish linen. He knew that the name of his paternal grandfather was Hugh Jackson, and that he too was a dealer in Irish linen at Carrickfergus—part weaver and part draper. To those who inquired into the collateral ramifications of the family all he could vouchsafe was that he had two uncles, Hugh and Samuel Jackson. The name of his paternal grandmother, he had been told, was Crawford; but when further questioned he would say that the family record existed only in parish registers of the old country which he had never seen and whose story he did not know. It is said of Napoleon that, when a genealogist of repute proposed to trace his lineage back to a princely source in mediæval times he declined the service, with the remark that he was an ancestor himself and cared not to figure as a descendant. As much may have been true of Andrew Jackson, though he never gave utterance to the sentiment.

On this score General Duff Green used to relate an anecdote: Among Jackson's admirers when he held the Presidential office was a Virginia lady whose father had been a statesman of no mean rank in Jefferson's time and whose husband was an important office-holder under Jackson's administration; enjoying, perhaps, some part of those "spoils" which were supposed in that era to "belong to the victors." Like most Virginia ladies, Madam —— was a devout believer in pedigree. She proposed to create one for Jackson. To do that she was willing not only to provide his family tree with widespreading branches, but even to dig it up by the roots if necessary. Now if anyone in the world could wind the elongated and thin

form of Andrew Jackson around the little finger, it would be a highbred Virginia woman, such as Madam —— was. The persistency of her research annoyed Jackson, but he was always gracious to the lady and to the extent of his ability aided her. Sometimes he seemed almost ashamed to confess the lack of knowledge concerning his ancestry which her questions exposed. If any man had pestered him in that manner, he would have found a quick way out of the difficulty. But he was always pathetically helpless in the hands of a woman.

Madam did not content herself with such research as this country afforded. She enlisted the aid of the American consul at Dublin, who went to Carrickfergus and examined all the records to be found there and in the region round about. The consul in turn secured the co-operation of the mayor of Belfast, Mr. Harland. The whole result was to ferret out the identity of Andrew Jackson's paternal great-grandfather, whose name was John Jackson, born at Carrickfergus in 1667, just a century before his illustrious descendant. Among other things it was found that John Jackson had been a citizen of some note in the community. He figured in the records sometime as bailiff of the assize court; he was several times foreman of the grand jury and once member of the town council. But with John Jackson the family thread ended abruptly. Finally, when satisfied that no further progress was possible, Madam called on General Jackson at the White House and laid the results of her investigation before him; including letters she had received from the consul at Dublin and one from the mayor of Belfast.

This was Jackson's first intimation that the American

consul, his own appointee, had taken part in the research: "I am sorry, Madam, that you should have engaged the consul in this quest," he said. "If our political adversaries find it out they will raise a howl that I am using public officials in my private service."

He was, however, pleased with the letter from the mayor of Belfast, who, among other things, said that he found great pleasure in assisting the lady in such worthy research, and expressed regret at his inability to be of greater service. "We here," he wrote, "are as proud of General Jackson as you in America possibly can be. This region has produced not a few great men, but none so eminent as he. We claim him as our own, though he first saw light in free America. We always speak of him as 'the great Irish President of the United States,' and in our toasts at public dinners his name is seldom omitted. Though our investigation as to his lineal ancestry here has not been very successful, yet you may rest assured that the ties of common nationality by which we hold him in our esteem and our affection are hardly less strong than those of blood kin. You may in fact say, as we all do, that Andrew Jackson is the descendant of North Ireland at large and its most illustrious son."

Duff Green said he believed that Jackson subsequently acknowledged the courtesy of Mayor Harland in an autograph letter; also that he was particularly pleased with the title of "the great Irish President of the United States."

In the course of conversation during the interview under consideration the lady remarked that the family seemed to have become extinct in Ireland.

"Yes," said the General, "so far as I know, I have not

a single blood-relation bearing the name of Jackson, either there or here."

The lady said her investigations tended to establish that fact, and added that, undoubtedly, if any were living they would make themselves known to him; if for no other reason than to share the glory he had reflected upon the family name.

"That," he replied, "can hardly be adduced as argument, Madam. If they were my breed of Jacksons they would wait to hear from me!"

As soon as Mrs. Jackson was able to travel, after the birth of her son, she went with the infant and her second boy, Robert, to live in the household of James Crawford, leaving her eldest boy, Hugh, with the McCamies. Mrs. Crawford, her sister, was an invalid, and Mrs. Jackson took charge of the household. This arrangement continued for several years. The Crawfords had one boy, and to all intents and purposes they adopted the two little Jacksons, treating them as generously as their own; while Hugh remained in the family of George McCamie, under similar conditions, as long as he lived. It appears, inferentially at least, from statements long afterward made by General Eaton and Sam Houston—evidently upon the authority of Andrew Jackson himself—that the widow and the fatherless children were not left wholly destitute. The father, even in the brief time allotted him, had made good his equity in the land on which he settled, and though the actual title was never vested in him, Mrs. Jackson's brother-in-law, George McCamie, and James Crawford, saved and held the property for her and the children.

CHAPTER III

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH

Of Andrew Jackson's early education little can be said, for the quite sufficient reason that there was very little of it. To a lady reared as a child in the White House during Monroe's administration and afterward, as a young miss of fourteen to eighteen years, the great favorite and frequent companion of President Jackson, we are indebted for more of the history of his childhood as told by himself than to all the books ever printed about him. One of his traits best known to those most intimate with him in life, and little suspected by those who knew his character only from the pages of history, was an exceeding fondness for young girls and an almost boyish delight in their society. "They are the only friends I have," he used to say, "who never pester me with their ambitions or tire me with their advice!" Without quotation in detail the information derived from such charming source may be summarized: All through his eight years in the White House there were coteries of bright school-girls; daughters of his personal friends or of members of his official household; whose visits he always anticipated with pleasure and enjoyed with youthful zest. Statesmen and diplomatists were many times left to survey the uninteresting walls of the old Executive waiting-room, while the President entertained or was entertained by some bevy of misses in their teens downstairs.

Often they were his chosen companions in the long walks he was wont to take; sometimes they rode horseback with him about the rustic environs of the then large village that answered the purposes of a national capital. Whatever might be the stateliness of his manner or the equipoise of his intercourse with their elders, Jackson was always free, jolly and—to use the lady's own phrase—"just as sweet as could be," with the young girls; and particularly so with the one under consideration, whom he knew better than most of the others from having met her when a child in the Monroe establishment on his occasional visits to the Capital.

Concerning his rudimentary education, he said that his mother taught him to read before he was five years old, and that he did not begin attending the school of the settlement until he was about seven. The public-school system of the colonial Carolinas was not a well-developed institution. It did not, in fact, exist at all as the Twentieth Century understands the term. Yet there was a school in the Waxhaws Settlement; a low-roofed log-house about 14 x 20 feet inside, with an ample fireplace and a rude stone chimney at one end, and puncheon-seats * for about twenty or twenty-five scholars.

If there happened to be a saw-mill in the vicinity the seats would be made of slabs, as boards sawn on both sides were then considered too expensive for educational purposes. In such a temple of learning young Andrew Jackson began his school-days the winter before his sev-

*A "puncheon-seat" was made by splitting a post-oak or chestnut log through the middle, and then setting it up on pins with the split side uppermost. Sometimes, as a special refinement, the "puncheon-seat" had a back made of split "shooks" held in place by pins in the upper side of the split log.

enth birthday. There was no public-school fund. But the neighboring settlers signed a subscription paper guaranteeing a certain number of scholars for the term at so much per head. If any settler was too poor to subscribe, his children would be admitted as free scholars and the cost of their tuition divided among the more prosperous neighbors. Such were the primary alma maters of such men as Daniel Boone, Andrew Jackson, Samuel Houston, Thomas H. Benton and a host of other pioneers whose names have become household words.

As a rule the schoolmaster of such an institution would be also the preacher of the settlement. The exception would be some struggling student working his weary way through college and teaching school half the year to earn the wherewithal to pay his way the other half. The first pedagogue who undertook to direct the youthful mind of Andrew Jackson in his seventh year was one of these exceptions; a poor law-student at Charlotte, then the nearest town of any consequence to the Waxhaws Settlement. This was in the winter of 1774. Fifty-six years afterward a nephew of the schoolmaster was Secretary of the Navy. The name was Branch. The administration was Jackson's. From all that can be learned it appears that Professor Branch taught the Waxhaws school three winters in succession—1773–'74 to 1775–'76 inclusive—and that during two of the three terms Jackson was one of his pupils. By the autumn of 1776 the Waxhaws Settlement had become so much of an educational centre that Dr. David Humphries, a Presbyterian minister, was emboldened to found a "select school" or academy there, which for many years after the Revolution flourished. Young Jackson attended this school from its beginning in 1776

until the advent of Tarleton in the spring of 1780 threw the whole upland country of the Carolinas into the agony of fratricidal war.

In his later years he was wont to say that from the seventh to the fourteenth year of his life he attended school —either the old field institution of Professor Branch or the academy of Dr. Humphries—"pretty regularly for such an irregular youngster," as he frankly admitted himself to have been. Yet he found plenty of time for his favorite sports of fishing, hunting and trapping small game, snaring quails, and so forth. As a student he was by no means precocious. He "learned figures" easily and well, and could at the early age of eight years "write a neat, legible hand." Geography was his favorite study; grammar his pet aversion. But above all, he learned to read so rapidly and so well that by the time he reached his tenth year he was, to use his own phrase, "selected for public reader as often as any grown man in the settlement."

In such a community in those days "the public reader" was a personage of first-rate importance. But a brief explanation may be requisite to an adequate understanding of what the term itself meant. The means of purveying public information were scanty. The newspaper supply of the Waxhaws Settlement was about one small folio a week from Charleston and a file of Philadelphia papers about once a month. The advent of the Philadelphia papers was always an occasion of the greatest importance; and this was vastly intensified by the events of the times, which were nothing less than the operations of the American Revolution.

A Philadelphia paper containing an abstract or synopsis

of the Declaration of Independence reached the Waxhaws in August, 1776. It was always one of Jackson's proudest boasts that he, though only in his tenth year, was selected to read this "out loud" to a group of thirty or forty patriot pioneers gathered in front of his Uncle Crawford's little store. According to his own story he had then "a shrill, penetrating voice" and "could read a paper clear through without getting hoarse"; and, besides, he "could read right off, without stopping to spell out the words." A most remarkable accomplishment for a ten-year-old boy, in the Carolina uplands of 1776, and one which few grown men could rival at that time and in that environment.

For a long time the Revolutionary War was to the region where Jackson lived but little more than a faint echo from distant fields of battle, mostly in the Northern and Middle States. The people of the Carolina uplands were in the majority Patriots from the first, but there were also a good many Tories. The lines of demarcation were significantly drawn. The Tories were almost invariably descendants of the first settlers under the proprietary government of the original Carolina, who were, prior to about 1725, largely English Episcopalians or Scotch Catholics. A few Irish Catholics had been among these early settlers; but their descendants were generally Patriots. The other and larger element of the population was made up of Scotch and North-Irish Dissenters, who did not begin to migrate thither in any considerable number until after the abolition of the Clarendon Proprietary in 1717–'18, or the division of the original Carolina into the North and the South Colonies in 1720, and with it the abrogation of John Locke's fantastic scheme of government. These, together with the considerable number of French Huguenots and

a few Palatine German Protestants who had found refuge there, were almost to a man Whigs or Patriots.

It is hardly worth while in this work to survey in detail the causes which led to this peculiar line of demarcation. In general it may be said that the descendants of the earlier settlers were the richer class and more interested in external commerce than those who came in at later periods; and the rich colonists everywhere were more inclined to Toryism than their poorer neighbors. It is also a fact that the descendants of settlers under proprietary governments, in Pennsylvania and Maryland, as well as in the Carolinas, were much less independent in spirit and more subservient to the rule of caste than those who settled in the country at a later and more enlightened period. And, besides the outspoken Whigs and the avowed Tories, there was a considerable element in the Carolinas—and elsewhere—who pretended to neutrality. These, however, were commonly found to be strictly "neutral" only when the country happened to dominated by the Patriot forces; and correspondingly "loyal" when the armies of the King were in the ascendant. In 1775 the white population of North Carolina was about 75,000, and of South Carolina about 60,000. Of this 135,000 total in both States, say, 75,000 were outspoken Whigs, 35,000 avowed Tories and 25,000 "neutrals." But the proportion of Tories and "neutrals" in the sparsely settled upper country was considerably less than in the older and richer districts on and near the sea-coast or in the principal towns.

The upper Catawba country generally was strongly Whig, and the Waxhaws Settlement almost unanimously so. But, as previously intimated, these antagonisms smouldered in the Carolinas during the first four years of

the war simply because no events occurred there to rouse them; only, as the sequel proved, to break forth with redoubled bitterness and savagery when finally kindled into flame by the advent of Cornwallis, Rawdon, Tarleton and Ferguson.

Mrs. Jackson and her boys were Patriots from the start, as were also their relatives, the Crawfords and McCamies.

In November, 1777, news reached that remote frontier of the disaster at Brandywine, the evacuation of Philadelphia and the defeat at Germantown.* The spirits of the Patriots sank almost to despair, and the Tories and "neutrals" exclaimed, "I told you so." Though the surrender of Burgoyne occurred about the same time, the news of it did not reach the Waxhaws until a month after the evil tidings from Philadelphia. Then the boot was on the other leg; it was the Patriots' day to rejoice, and the Tories and "neutrals" resumed their sullen taciturnity.

Then, for the first time, Andrew Jackson, in his eleventh year, tried his hand at a "proclamation." It was in the form of a "composition," and he "read it out loud" in Dr. Humphries's academy. As he related the circumstance to the lady previously mentioned as our authority, he could not remember its exact text and he had not preserved the original copy. But the general scope and tenor of it were clear in his memory. It was, he said, brief—only about three pages of old-fashioned foolscap. Its argument was the—for him—characteristic one that the Patriots ought to take a lesson from these two events; a great disaster closely followed by a greater victory.

*It may not be wholly uninteresting if we remark here that the author's residence, where this work is written, stands upon the most fiercely contested part of the Germantown battlefield, about eighty rods west of the Chew House.

That lesson was that they ought not to be cast down by one defeat; that the war must be long and fierce, because the most desperate fighting-people in the world were engaged in it on both sides. The capture of Burgoyne's whole army was a much harder blow to the King's cause than the mere taking of the city of Philadelphia by the King's forces, so long as General Washington's army was still in the field and able to fight. He warned the Patriots that they must expect yet other defeats, and he told them they would also have new and even greater victories to rejoice over. His conclusion was that alike in defeat and in victory they must be cool and steadfast, keep their powder dry, and, whenever defeated, just pick their flints and try it again.

It is not probable that the eleven-year-old stripling had gift enough of prophecy to realize that in such a callow "composition" he was laying down a fundamental law of action destined to govern a fighting career well-nigh unexampled in the world's history for nerve, grit and the staying quality—whether in war, in politics or on the "field of honor."

In the early spring of 1780, the war, so long a distant rumble from the sea-coast or from the far North, came whirling through the Carolina uplands like a cyclone. It seemed to have gathered fury from long waiting, and the tempers of men were soured by the very immunity the region had hitherto enjoyed. The eldest of the Jackson boys—Hugh—had not waited for the war to come to Waxhaws, but had gone forth to meet it on its way. In the early spring of 1779 Hugh, only sixteen years old, had volunteered in Colonel William R. Davie's regiment raised

in the upper Catawba country to reinforce the army of General Lincoln operating for the relief of Charleston. In the attack on Maitland's position at Stono Ferry, the 20th of June, 1779, Hugh Jackson perished. Most of the accounts say that he was overcome by the heat—the day being excessively hot. But the General always said that his brother Hugh was sick in the field hospital with fever when the movement began; that he summoned strength enough to get on his feet and join his regiment; that he managed to sustain himself during the assault, which was repulsed; after which he had a total relapse, became delirious and died in a few hours. He was buried with those who fell in the battle itself. Colonel Davie's command suffered severely in this action. It was about four hundred strong, recruited entirely from the Whigs of the upper Catawba, and the unflinching Patriot who raised and commanded it totally bankrupted himself in trying to pay the cost of its organization and equipment. For that time and region he had been a rich man before he raised his regiment. But the expenses he paid and the debts he incurred in equipping it not only took his last shilling of ready money, but swept from him the finest plantation in the Catawba Valley.* His command suffered

* Colonel William Richardson Davie was one of the ablest and most meritorious Patriots of South Carolina in the Revolution. Though never reaching high rank and though his operations from 1779 to the end of the war were mainly partisan, he developed martial ability of a high order, and General Jackson, whose first service was under his command as a lad of thirteen years, never tired of sounding his praises. Davie's work in protecting the scattered settlements and keeping up the spirits of the people after the humiliating disaster of Camden—where Horatio Gates's "Northern laurels of Saratoga were turned to Southern willows"—deserves a better place in history than it has thus far found. He survived the Revolution, to some extent restored his shattered fortunes, and lived, prominent and useful, until 1820.

an undue proportion of the American loss at Stono Ferry, and he himself was severely wounded. Hardly a family in the Waxhaws district escaped bereavement through the losses of Davie's command, and thus the first blow of the Revolution that reached it was a cruel one. From this time until the following spring comparative quiet reigned. But on the 20th of May, 1780, Tarleton with a force of four hundred regular light dragoons (his own regiment, the Seventeenth Light Dragoons of the British army) and an equal number of Tory mounted riflemen swept down upon the Waxhaws Settlement itself, attacked and massacred Colonel Abe Buford's detachment of Continentals and militia about 400 strong. The British and Tories gave no quarter. Of Buford's 400, 113 were killed and 149 wounded, many of them after they had surrendered. Not more than fifty escaped, and of these all but eight or ten were wounded. And even this remnant was captured, with four or five exceptions, the same day.

This fierce foray set the pace of war in the upper Carolinas. From that day to the end the struggle was practically one of extermination. The immediate result was a general uprising of the emboldened and exultant Tories on the one hand and a grim defiance by the saddened and desperate Whigs on the other. Tarleton's savage raid occurred the 29th of May, 1780. And though he went with his fierce "Legion" back to Lord Rawdon's main British army near Camden as fast as horseflesh could carry him and them, the flames of internecine war that he had kindled grew into a conflagration. Very soon the situation became that of neighbor against neighbor, and, sometimes, brother against

brother. A little more than two months later came the crushing, disheartening and apparently irremediable disaster of Camden, the 16th of August. That made the Tories bolder, but it did not in like ratio subdue the indomitable Whigs. As the sequel showed, it, in the long run, rather served to harden their hearts and make their already stalwart arms stronger. At any rate, gathering by squads and companies from all the rugged fastnesses of the western Carolinas, and even a few hunters from the eastern mountains of Tennessee and Kentucky, less than two months after Camden, they answered the British and Tory shout of triumph with the grim and relentless butchery of Ferguson and his thousand Tories and Highlanders at King's Mountain. Then the tune was on the other side of the scale; the song out of the other side of the mouth. Cornwallis abandoned momentarily his design to overrun the country with small detachments, and at once began a concentrative movement toward the seaboard. He retreated from Charlotte within twenty-four hours after the news from King's Mountain reached him.

King's Mountain was a wonderful battle. No exploit in the American Revolution resembled it, either in character or consequence, except Oriskany.

Ferguson had, by his morning reports of the battle-day, 1,127 men of all ranks, present for duty equipped. Of these 310 were British regulars of the Seventy-first, or Ferguson's, Highlanders. The rest were 380 New York Tories in a battalion under Major James de Peyster, and 437 Carolina Tories commanded by Colonel Dunlap. They were posted on the flat top of King's Mountain, whose steep sides they thought were as good as an escarp-

ment. There a force of 976 Patriot backwoodsmen surrounded them—976 "surrounded" 1,127! The fighting began at three o'clock in the afternoon, the 7th of October, 1780. At five minutes past four what was left of the British and Tories surrendered unconditionally. Of the 1,127, 648 surrendered alive, of whom over 200 were wounded. The rest—479, including their commander—were killed or mortally wounded and died where they lay. Not one of the 1,127 escaped from the 976. The loss of the Patriot riflemen was twenty-three killed and 117 wounded; some of whom died of their wounds, including Colonel Williams and Major Chronicle. Many of the American riflemen, exasperated at the recent massacre of Buford's command by Tarleton, wanted to retaliate by a butchery of the Tory prisoners. They were restrained by their officers, though not without a "compromise," by virtue of which seventeen of the most obnoxious Tory leaders were "tried" the next morning by drumhead court-martial and summarily hanged to the trees behind which they had fought—or tried to fight—the day before.

General Jackson used to relate a good many anecdotes of King's Mountain which he had heard from his neighbors who fought there. Among them was this:

There was a young man from Rutherford County (North Carolina) in Shelby's command named James McMillin. As he was climbing up the steep mountainside near the end of the battle he loosened a bowlder, under which was coiled a huge rattlesnake. The snake, partly torpid, slowly raised his head to strike, when McMillin, putting the muzzle of his rifle almost in the reptile's mouth, blew his head to atoms. Then, drawing

his hunting-knife, he deliberately skinned the still writhing serpent and tied the reeking pelt around his waist as a belt. This left him a little behind his comrades, but he soon caught up and was "in at the death" with the best of them. One of his comrades, noticing the queer-looking thing round his waist, asked: "What is that, Jim?"

"Oh, nothing but the scalp of a Tory — — — —!"

Then, looking closer, the comrade said: "Why, Jim, that's a rattler's skin. Where did you kill him?"

"Oh, just down below. Tory and rattlesnake all same thing, you know!"

Jackson used to relate this anecdote, not as an extraordinary reminiscence, but as a somewhat conservative if not dignified exemplification of the animosities that raged between Whig and Tory during the last days of the Revolution in the Carolinas.

Another of his standard anecdotes in this connection was tragic in character.

Among his neighbors was a young man named Martin McGary, who had a farm near the confluence of Waxhaws Creek with the Catawba River. In 1779 McGary, then about twenty-two years old, married Miss Betty Crawford, a niece of his (Jackson's) own uncle by marriage, James Crawford. The next year, when the war reached the settlement, McGary was among the most active Whigs and made himself especially obnoxious to the Tories. Soon after Tarleton's raid in May, 1780, McGary, who was then a soldier in Sumter's command, came home to visit his family, the occasion being the birth of his first baby. The Tories, finding out that he was at home, organized a midnight expedition to capture

or kill him. But an hour before they arrived at his house he had taken his departure to rejoin Sumter's force, then twenty or thirty miles away. The Tories surrounded the house and demanded the surrender of McGary. An old negro woman assured them that "Young Mastah done gone away, sho'; an' young Missus tuh sick foh tuh see kump'ny."

In vain! They searched the house from cellar to roof. They offered no violence to Mrs. McGary, nor did they plunder the household, except to help themselves to some food and drink. But Mrs. McGary, only three weeks a mother, was in a nervous condition, and the scenes of that night brought on spasms from which she died the next day. Her babe did not survive her twenty-four hours.

When McGary learned this horrible news he left Sumter's command and took the warpath on his own hook. He became a Tory-hunter. He was a dead shot and a powerful man, able to stand any kind of privation or fatigue. He had a double-barrelled gun, one barrel of which was a rifle for bullets at long range, and the other bored smooth for buckshot at close quarters. During the rest of the war he killed at least twenty Tories. If he met one, single-handed, he would give him some kind of a chance—such as it was. If there were two or three together, he simply waylaid them. After the war was over and no more Tories were left for him to kill he could not bear to live on the farm where his wife and baby had been, as he said, murdered. He then sold his place, took his faithful slaves with him and moved over on to the Nollichucky, in Tennessee. There he took up land, cleared a new plantation and lived many years. He

was the kindest of masters to his slaves and the most benevolent of neighbors to those who lived near him. But he never married again, and lived and died with no companions but his slaves. If there was ever a grief-stricken man it was he. When the war of 1812 broke out he was among the first to volunteer. He fought through both wars against the Southern Indians and finally came down the river with Bill Carroll to New Orleans, where he fought in the front rank, though almost sixty years old. He died in 1827.*

In the thick of such warfare, and in the midst of such "social conditions," Andrew Jackson passed his early teens. No warfare like it was known in the American Revolution or anywhere else—except in the Mohawk Valley, on the "Old New York Frontier."

While the country was torn and rent and drenched with blood and tears by this savage carnival of inter-

* In his Life of Jackson, Mr. Parton relates this anecdote substantially as we have done, but he adds that, when the war was over, the slayer, "recovering from his insanity, lived the rest of his days a conscience-stricken wretch." As repeated by Mr. Blair and also by General William O. Butler, both of whom heard Jackson relate it, the anecdote omits the "insanity" and the "conscience-stricken" part. Jackson said, indeed, that McGary was a "grief-stricken man," but leaves the inference that his grief was over the fate of his wife and baby, rather than that of the Tories he slew. It is possible that the "insanity" and "conscience-stricken" part may have been supplied by the amiable instinct of Mr. Parton himself. It is easy to understand how a man of Mr. Parton's gentle and philanthropic nature would shudder at such a horrible recital in the calm and peaceful light of the Nineteenth Century. But his instincts and impulses were not shared by the Patriots of the Carolinas—or of the Mohawk Valley in New York itself for that matter—in the throes of the struggle for independence. They did not kill Tories in rage or insanity, but from a grim sense of duty and a firm belief that it was the righteous thing to do, which we cannot and need not try to comprehend in these days. This is by no means the only case in which Mr. Parton fails to catch the spirit of the time in which Andrew Jackson lived.

necine murder, where neighbor destroyed neighbor and families exterminated families in implacable feud, the more regular operations were waged with almost equal fury and ferocity. Hardly had King's Mountain admonished Cornwallis to evacuate his now untenable outpost at Charlotte and fall back to his base at Winnsboro, when he learned that the old rifle chieftain, Daniel Morgan, was moving through the western valleys to cut off his communications with Charleston and Georgia. Morgan had 400 Continentals of the Maryland line, 480 militia from the Virginia and North Carolina mountains —all riflemen—and the remnant of Colonel William Washington's Continental dragoons. The whole force was about an even thousand and was increased to 1,140 on the eve of battle by two companies of the militia from South Carolina and Georgia, also riflemen and mounted. Cornwallis sent Tarleton to intercept and capture or disperse this force. Tarleton had 1,200 men: The Seventeenth British Light Dragoons, 350; Tory Mounted Rifles of the Legion, 250; a remnant of the Seventy-first Highland Light Infantry, mounted, 300; and six companies of the Seventh Royal Fusiliers, acting as mounted infantry; with two light brass six-pounders, the "galloper guns" of the Seventeenth Light Dragoons.

He "intercepted" Morgan's force at the Cowpens early in the morning of January 17th, a clear, crisp day, with frost on the ground and bright sun overhead. The battle lasted seventy minutes. At its end Tarleton, wounded, was in headlong flight—too rapid to be "intercepted"—with about one-third of his command in hopeless wreck. He left behind 112 killed, of whom ten were officers, and over 600 wounded and prisoners, of whom

twenty-five were officers. He lost also his two "galloper guns," * all his ammunition and baggage, nearly a thousand muskets and carbines, two stands of colors and 120 dragoon horses. His force was, in fact, dispersed. He had not more than 300 effective men left when he staggered into Cornwallis's camp at Winnsboro two days later.

"Tarleton's Legion" practically ceased to exist after the Cowpens. Its nucleus, the Seventeenth Light Dragoons, was almost destroyed, hardly fifty of them escaping. Tarleton himself was severely censured by Cornwallis, both personally and officially, and he was never intrusted with an important command again. "You seem to have expected to find another Buford in Daniel Morgan," said Cornwallis to him; "and to make another Waxhaws of the Cowpens. You should always bear in mind that what we expect last often happens first."

Morgan's victory effectually restored Whig supremacy in the upland Carolinas. During the remainder of that winter every Tory was driven out of the region except those shot or hanged.†

Finally came Greene's singular campaign of 1781 against Cornwallis; a campaign of tactical defeats and

* These two little field-pieces had a history of their own. They were first taken from the French by Sir Jeffrey Amherst at the capitulation of Montreal in 1760. Then they were surrendered by Burgoyne at Saratoga in 1777. Tarleton himself retook them at Camden in 1780. And now they were again recaptured by Daniel Morgan. They are still in the possession of the United States at one of the Southern arsenals. They were last used by Jackson himself in the capture of Pensacola.

† General Jackson used to relate that in the early spring of 1781 twenty-eight or thirty Tories were captured by some of Davie's command between the Waxhaws and Salisbury. Nine of them were accused of murdering Whigs,

strategic victories, by which Cornwallis was at last forced out of the Carolinas and into Yorktown to his doom, and with it the doom of the King's cause.

Andrew Jackson's share in the warfare of 1780 and 1781, the closing years of the Revolution in the South, may be estimated in widely diverse ways, according to the authorities consulted. If the historian relies on the lives of Jackson published during the campaign of 1828, he will be apt to give him a place of importance closely second to Nathaniel Greene, Daniel Morgan and Francis Marion. But if Jackson himself be accepted as authority the scale of importance must dwindle. He once described his experience as a Revolutionary soldier to Mr. Blair:

"I witnessed two battles," he said, "Hanging Rock and Hobkirk's Hill, but did not participate in either. I was in one skirmish—that of Sands House—and there they caught me, along with my brother Robert and my cousin, Tom Crawford. A lieutenant of Tarleton's Light Dragoons tried to make me clean his boots and cut my arm with his sabre when I refused. After that they kept me in jail at Camden about two months, starved me nearly to death and gave me the small-pox. Finally my mother succeeding in persuading them to release Robert and me on account of our extreme youth and illness. Then Robert died of the small-pox and I barely escaped

and all the rest of burning houses and running off live stock. The nine were hanged without even drumhead court-martial. Another was shot. The remainder were flogged, branded and put in jail at Salisbury, where they remained over a year and were then liberated on condition of instantly leaving the country. "In the long run," said Jackson, in conclusion of this anecdote, "I am afraid the Whigs did not lose many points in the game of hanging, shooting and flogging. They had great provocation, but upon calm reflection I feel bound to say that they took full advantage of it." This incident is also related in Wheeler's History of North Carolina.

death. When it left me I was a skeleton—not quite six feet long and a little over six inches thick! It took me all the rest of that year (1781) to recover my strength and get flesh enough to hide my bones. By that time Cornwallis had surrendered and the war was practically over in our part of the country.

"I was never regularly enlisted, being only fourteen when the war practically ended. Whenever I took the field it was with Colonel Davie, who never put me in the ranks, but used me as a mounted orderly or messenger, for which I was well fitted, being a good rider and knowing all the roads in that region. The only weapons I had were a pistol that Colonel Davie gave me and a small fowling-piece that my Uncle Crawford lent to me. This was a light gun and would kick like sixty when loaded with a three-quarter-ounce ball or with nine buckshot. But it was a smart little gun and would carry the ball almost as true as a rifle fifteen or twenty rods, and threw the buckshot spitefully at close quarters—which was the way I used it in the defence of Captain Sands's house, where I was captured.

"I was as sorry about losing the gun there as about the loss of my own liberty, because Uncle Crawford set great store by the gun, which he had brought with him from the old country; and, besides, it was the finest in that whole region. Not very long afterward—while I was still in the Camden jail or stockade—some of Colonel Davie's men under Lieutenant Curriton [now spelled "Cureton," we believe] captured a squad of Tories, one of whom had that gun in his possession, together with my pistol that Colonel Davie had given to me. This Tory's name was Mulford. The gun and pistol cost him

his life. Davie's men regarded his possession of them as prima facie evidence that he had been a member of the party that captured Captain Sands's house, sacked and burned it and insulted the women-folks of his family. He pleaded that he was not there; that he had bought the gun and pistol from another Tory. Davie's men told him it would do him no good to add lying to his other crimes, hanged him forthwith and afterward restored the gun and pistol to their proper owners.

"The Tories also got the horse I had when captured. He was a three-year-old colt—fine fellow—belonging to Captain Sands himself. He was hid in the woods when they attacked the house, but they [the Tories] found him the next morning. This colt was also retaken about six weeks afterward. The Tory who had him was not hanged, because he had been shot through the stomach before he surrendered and was already dying.

"Take it altogether, I saw and heard a good deal of war in those days, but did nothing toward it myself worth mention."

Up to this time the Revolution had cost Jackson his two brothers, to whom he was devotedly attached, and had subjected him to capture, cruel maltreatment as a prisoner, and disease that almost deprived him of life itself. But now, just at the close it was destined to inflict upon him a bereavement which saddened—if it did not embitter—his soul to the latest breath. No historian need try to describe the affection in which Andrew Jackson held his mother. It was more than ordinary filial piety; it was a passionate devotion, a chivalric faith, akin to fanaticism in religion. To the latest day of his seventy-eight years, his climax of synonym for everything

that is lovely, lofty and holy in womankind was—"Just like my poor mother!" In worship of her name and at the shrine of her memory was poured forth all the prodigal idolatry that a soul so strong and fearless as his can feel. No one ever heard him say—"A. advised me to do this," or "B. warned me against that," or "C. taught me some other thing." But everyone who knew him, even casually, has heard him refer to the counsels, the warnings, the admonitions and the inspirations of his mother.

In the early fall of 1781, almost as soon as she felt sure that the only one of her three sons saved from the wreck of war was on the fair road to health again and could dispense with her nursing and her care, this wonderful woman found a new field for the Samaritan. She sent Andrew to live at the house of another brother-in-law, Joseph White, during her absence, and set out for Charleston, with two or three other matrons of the upper Catawba region. Their mission was to relieve the sufferings and, if possible, procure the release on parole of the American prisoners confined on board the British hulks in Charleston harbor.

She had heard that Lord Rawdon was now in command at Charleston. She remembered her success in securing the freedom of her own sons and some other prisoners at Camden by personal intercession with that brave and able soldier, and she believed he would listen to her again if she could gain his presence. On arriving at Charleston she found that Lord Rawdon was not there, as reported, but Colonel Leslie was in command—an officer no less humane and gallant than Rawdon. To Leslie she made her plea. He told her that he was gov-

erned by inflexible instructions prohibiting exchange or parole of prisoners unless regular troops of the Continental line. But he had power to permit her to go on board the hulks and do whatever she might to alleviate the condition of the prisoners. This and this alone was all he could do. She went on board. Many of the prisoners were upper-country militiamen whom she knew personally or by reputation. She gave them such cheer as lay in her power and took her departure. The mission of charity proved fatal to her. Yellow fever—or, as they called it in those days, "ship fever," because it was usually brought in West India ships—was just breaking out on board the hulks; caused by the recent consignment to them of the crew of a captured privateer who were infected with it. The dread scourge found its way into Mrs. Jackson's system. She felt ill when she mounted her horse to start on her long journey home—170 miles to the Waxhaws. Two or three miles out of the city lived a family named Barton, who were distant relatives. By the time she reached their house the fever began to affect her and she was compelled to stop. In a day or two she died, and, like other victims of the pestilence, was buried in an open field or sand-plain in an unmarked grave.

When the tidings of this final and culminating bereavement reached young Andrew Jackson he was at first almost bewildered. It was difficult to restrain him from starting for Charleston at once—as if his presence there could bring her back to him again. For a long time he brooded. But with increasing physical strength and his innate buoyancy of spirit, the shock gradually wore off, he realized that, heavy as the burden was, he must bear

it, and so he did. But the next winter—in February, 1782—he went to Charleston and tried to find her grave. It was all unmarked, amid two or three hundred last resting-places of similar victims, and he finally gave up to the sad thought that eternal oblivion had fallen upon the mortal remains of her who bore him and whom he loved better than he ever loved anyone else.

The 15th of March, 1815, was Jackson's forty-eighth birthday. He was then disbanding the army with which he had won the battle of New Orleans. The day and date filled his mind with reminiscences of his mother. To three members of his military family who happened to be with him—Major John Henry Eaton, Major William Berkeley Lewis and Captain William O. Butler—he said:

Gentlemen, how I wish *she* could have lived to see this day. There never was a woman like her. She was gentle as a dove and brave as a lioness. Almost her last words to me when about to start for Charleston on the errand of mercy that cost her life were: "Andrew, if I should not see you again I wish you to remember and treasure up some things I have already said to you: In this world you will have to make your own way. To do that you must have friends. You can make friends by being honest, and you can keep them by being steadfast. You must keep in mind that friends worth having will in the long run expect as much from you as they give to you. To forget an obligation or be ungrateful for a kindness is a base crime—not merely a fault or a sin, but an actual crime. Men guilty of it sooner or later must suffer the penalty. In personal conduct be always polite, but never obsequious. No one will respect you more than you esteem yourself. Avoid quarrels as long as you can without yielding to imposition. But sustain your manhood always. Never bring a suit at law for assault and battery or for defamation. The law affords no remedy for such outrages that can satisfy the feelings of a true man.

Never wound the feelings of others. Never brook wanton outrage upon your own feelings. If ever you have to vindicate your feelings or defend your honor, do it calmly. If angry at first, wait till your wrath cools before you proceed."

Gentlemen, her last words have been the law of my life. When the tidings of her death reached me I at first could not believe it. When I finally realized the truth I felt utterly alone. At that moment I had not a relation in the world of close kin by the name of Jackson. The Crawfords, in whose house I grew up, had been kind to me, but after all they were not my own and I was not their own. I was grateful to them beyond expression, but did not love them. Besides I was almost fifteen years old and felt that I could not reasonably burden them any longer. Yes, I was alone. With that feeling I started to make my own way. The death of all my relations had made me heir to part of the estate of my deceased grandfather, Hugh Jackson, in Carrickfergus; but that was small: not over three hundred or four hundred pounds sterling, and it was tied up in Charleston in the hands of the administrator, Mr. Barton, at whose house my mother died. It did me little good, because I was not prudent with it when it came to me. As things turned out, I might about as well have been penniless, as I already was homeless and friendless. The memory of my mother and her teachings were after all the only capital I had to start in life with, and on that capital I have made my way.

At this point we may briefly sum up the effect which his experience and observation in and of the Revolution undoubtedly had in moulding the character of Andrew Jackson. In fact, it may be said that we have devoted so much space to that branch of the theme with that object in view. He was nine years old when the war fairly began and fifteen when it practically ended. During those six years his young and growing mind had contemplated nothing but rapine, his youthful ears had

heard nothing but the story of slaughter, and his boyish eyes had seen little else than the bloodshed, misery and untold woes of a conflict that in the main has no claim to the title of civilized warfare except the fact that it was waged by men with white skins. It was more of mutual murder than of humane fighting; more of savage reprisal than of civilized combat. Hanging, shooting, flogging and branding were household words. If prisoners were taken it was only that they might be starved in stockades or put to slow death in fever-infected hulks at anchor in the miasmatic harbors of the Southern coast. Human life, never too dearly held in the South, had come to possess no value at all in the last three years—1779–1780–1781. "We did not ask you to surrender!" said Tarleton's Tories to their victims in the Waxhaws massacre. "We can't be bothered with you!" was the frequent retort of the Whig partisans when conquered Tories begged in vain for their lives. At this distance the simplest candor compels the confession that there was on the whole a fairly equal distribution of inhumanity; a quite equitable reciprocity of horrors; and the entire history of it may be characterized as a perfectly even balance-sheet of atrocity.

The effect of all this upon the most tranquil character could hardly have been other than hardening. What its impress must have been on such a nature and such a temperament as Andrew Jackson's we leave the student of history to infer. One of his admirers of the "thick and thin" kind long ago tried to depict it in somewhat rugged verse:

> Now, take a lad of scant thirteen,
> Enroll him in the ranks of men

Who only know to do and dare!
Hard men! to whom the pang of fear
Is stranger than the pang of death
Unto a babe at its first breath.
A lad of ancient Irish race,
With more of nerve and grit than grace.
Combative, supple, quick and strong
Who little recked of right or wrong.
Take such a boy, of such a breed,
Teach him the warrior's cruel creed.
Aye! Let him bask in camp-fire's glow
And hear the legends there aflow,
Of butchered, slain and mangled men,
Of Hell's-fire come on earth again;
And then imagine—if you can—
How quick he grew from child to man
Among those desperate pioneers
Who had more battles than their years!

Rude as the verse is, we think it tells the story better than it could be told in prose; better, at any rate, than we could tell it. Jackson had not actually done much fighting. But he had seen a good deal and had felt still more. The war had cost him his two brothers and his mother. Of her he always said that she gave her life to the cause of her country as completely as if she had been a soldier killed in battle. He had himself suffered brutal outrage and cruel hardship when a helpless prisoner. For all these things he held the King and his government responsible, and his resentment fell upon every officer and every man, no matter how unimportant or how humble, whom he found wearing the livery of that King and government, no matter where he might find them. At the bottom there may have been the native hatred of the Irishman toward everything English. But

in Jackson's case any racial antipathy that might have existed was intensified a hundredfold by his own personal woes and wrongs. He always hated England. And it was a personal, not a national, animosity. He hated England, not simply as a patriotic American, but as an infuriated Andrew Jackson.

There were some emergencies in his career when this fierce antipathy wrought vastly and permanently for the public good. There were other emergencies when this implacable animosity created situations of public embarrassment and more than once brought the two countries to the verge of war from which no good could have resulted possibly commensurate with the shock to civilization it must have caused. But in this as in all other phases of his strange life, Andrew Jackson, whether right or wrong, was always sincere.

After his mother's death young Jackson spent most of his time for more than a year in the family of Mr. White. That worthy man was a saddler by trade, and, though he had no notion of following it as a means of livelihood, Jackson worked diligently at making and mending saddles and harness until he became quite expert. He earned enough at it to pay his way for the time being. Speaking of this period of his life he told the lady whom we have heretofore quoted as authority that he did not attend school, but read everything, book, pamphlet or newspaper, that he could get hold of. Few books were accessible, he said, and most of those were printed sermons or theological discussions from which little could be learned. But Mr. White's father, who lived in the same house, was a local magistrate or justice of the peace, and had a book of law-forms and rules of common practice. That

book he learned by heart, and it determined him to study law if he could get the opportunity.

The years 1782 to 1787 may be passed over briefly in the development of Jackson's body, mind and morals. The traditions that yet linger in the Carolina uplands, handed down through generations of village and neighborhood gossip, all tend to depict him as an active, sportive and rather wild youth; though neither more nor less so than the average of his contemporaries and compeers. He was horseman, hunter, card-player—in a small way—cock-fighter, and fond of athletic games as well for wagers as "for fun." But in those traits there is nothing to show that he was better or worse than his companions. Physically he grew much faster in length than in breadth; and yet, slender as such growth made him, he was exceedingly powerful in body and limb and his endurance of fatigue or privation was proverbial.

In the winter of 1782–'83, immediately after the evacuation of Charleston, he went thither and stayed some months. At this time Mr. Barton, with more indulgence than wisdom, allowed him to draw freely against the small heritage in his hands. It did not amount to much more than £300 in good money, and young Jackson soon began to trench upon the latter half of it. By the time he reached the age of seventeen nothing was left of it but a fine horse with elegant equipments, a fair wardrobe, a costly pair of pistols, a gold watch and some trinkets; all worth less than £100, and, of course, not very useful to a student. During those years he taught school; attended old Queen's College or Seminary at Charlotte a couple of terms; studied law off and on, with intervals of school-teaching to earn expenses, and

was finally admitted to the bar at the spring term of the circuit court, 1787, when he had just passed his twentieth birthday. This period was in the main uneventful. The incident of it which has made the most noise in history was one that the Whig organs dug up in the campaign of 1828 to figure as a preface to their horrible annals of Jackson as a duellist.* The incident itself was of trifling moment: Briefly, Jackson, when sixteen years old, offended Captain Matthew Galbraith, a resident of the Waxhaws Settlement. The captain threatened to chastise him with a horsewhip. Jackson, it was said, offered to "give him the satisfaction due a gentleman." The captain was additionally insulted by such a suggestion from "a mere boy," and went in search

*On pages 113 and 114 of his first volume Mr. Parton speaks of "the adoption of the Code of Honor" by young Jackson, and expresses marvel that "the rustic Jackson, son of such parents as his, etc., should have gone this road." These expressions, among many others, indicate Mr. Parton's inability to grasp one of the most vital elements of his theme: The social *lex loci* and *lex temporis* under which a young man must live and move and have his being in Jackson's age and environment. The inference is that Mr. Parton thought it strange that the son of poor and rustic parents should believe in the "Code." As a matter of fact the Code made the man, not the man the Code, in those days and those places. No matter how humble a Carolinian's parentage might be, if he would fight he was a gentleman. And conversely, no matter how well born he might be in family or worldly circumstances, if he wouldn't fight he wasn't a gentleman and couldn't be. That was the *lex loci* and the *lex temporis;* more peremptory and inflexible than constitution or statute, because it could not be repealed and because from decisions based upon it there could be no appeal. The moral merits of it need not be discussed. But one thing may be said of the Code: It levelled inequalities of physical size and strength and it compelled men to think twice or thrice before they took the responsibilities that arrogance or oppression were sure to bring swiftly upon them. Drastic laws against duelling have resulted in substituting for it deadly street-brawls, which may be fair fighting or may be assassination, according to the choice that one of the two contestants may make as to mode of action. Whether this be "reform" or not we leave for others to determine.

of a whip. Jackson examined the priming in a small pistol he had [the one that Colonel Davie gave him] and calmly waited. Then Major Thomas Crawford, who kept the tavern at Waxhaws, interfered. As a result young Jackson apologized for a remark he had made, the irate Captain Galbraith was appeased and serenity reigned in the uplands again.

But in 1828 the Adamsite organs made such a fuss about it that many nervous people were brought to believe Jackson, when a boy, had tried to assassinate a venerable and Christian neighbor. The story was particularly effective in New England and finally the Jacksonian mentor in that region, redoubtable Isaac Hill, of the New Hampshire *Patriot,* besought Amos Kendall to secure the true version of it from Jackson himself:

"Of course, if Ike Hill wants the facts, he must have them. But it was too foolish to talk about," said the General, somewhat bored; "merely a difficulty between a pompous man and a sassy boy. Galbraith had been commissary of a militia regiment and did good service as such. He had a habit of telling anecdotes in which he always figured as the hero. He had a way of telling them that was ludicrous, and I could mimic him so closely that anyone in the next room would think Galbraith himself was talking. He was a Highland Scotchman—one of the few Whig Highlanders—and he had a broad Caithness brogue, which I could imitate perfectly. Finally, one day, he happened to overhear me at this pleasant amusement, and took me to task for—as he put it— insulting a man so much older and so much superior; a man—or 'mon,' as he called it—who had so often risked his life for the country.

"Upon this I remarked that commissaries were not famous for risking their lives, and probably all the killing he had ever done was beef-critters and sheep to feed the real fighting-men of the army.

"This made him very mad and he went for a horse-whip, declaring his purpose to thrash me. Now the story that I proposed to defend myself is true. But I did not invite him to challenge me, as the story is. I did not say a word in fact. But Major Crawford, who was my uncle's brother and a very brave man, checked Galbraith and told him he must not strike me. Then Crawford said to me: 'Andy, I command you to offer Captain Galbraith a suitable apology for your rude and unjust remark.'

"I then said: 'Captain Galbraith, I had no malice in what I said. I was in fun. If it has hurt your feelings, I am heartily sorry and ask your pardon.'

"Captain Galbraith expressed satisfaction and took me by the hand. But I never liked him and always avoided him after that."

A quite simple story when told in Jackson's simple way.

Jackson's original law-preceptor was Spruce McKay, then the leading lawyer in the region of which Salisbury was the metropolis. But after he had studied with Mr. McKay about a year and a half, he went, by the advice of his preceptor, to finish his reading in the office of Colonel John Stokes. Colonel Stokes was not then an active practitioner, and, in fact, lived out of town on a magnificent plantation, said to have been the best in Rowan County. The reason why Mr. McKay advised Jackson to finish his reading in the office of Colonel

Stokes was that the law-library of the latter far exceeded any other in that region in reports of English decisions and in colonial statutes, which still formed the basis of American practice. Besides this, Colonel Stokes's office in Salisbury was then in charge of his son, Montford Stokes, clerk of the circuit court, and in other respects rapidly rising to high station in profession and politics.

Montford Stokes was five or six years the senior of Andrew Jackson. Born about 1761, he had served through the first four years of the Revolution in the Continental navy with signal honor. Joining the land forces in 1780, he had fought at King's Mountain and at the Cowpens. Finally, he had been at Yorktown in Colonel Samuel Blackden's * battalion of the North Carolina line. From 1782 he studied law in his father's office; in 1785 succeeded him in practice and was chosen clerk of the superior court; then elected to the State senate; then to the governorship of the State, and the United States Senate in succession. In 1831, his former law-student of 1781–'87 appointed him general commissioner for removal of the Indians to the Indian Territory. The friendship which began between Andrew Jackson and Montford Stokes at this time ended only in death.

At the spring (May) term of the superior court of North Carolina, 1787, Andrew Jackson, then twenty years and two months of age, was admitted to the practice of the law. A month or so after this event, he journeyed to a village called McLeansville, in Guilford Coun-

* Colonel Blackder was one of the intimate friends of Paul Jones. Being in Paris on commercial business when Jones died in 1792, Colonel Blackden was one of the witneses of his will and temporary executor.

ty, North Carolina, and "hung out his shingle." A friend and former fellow-student at Queen's Seminary, Charlotte, named Henderson, lived at this village, and it was through his advice that Jackson settled there. Finding no immediate law-practice, he accepted an appointment as constable and special deputy-sheriff. But this choice of location was quite temporary. He soon saw that in a comparatively old-settled community such as Guilford County was, his professional progress must be slow. Such a prospect did not suit his ambition. Fortune, as unexpected as it was auspicious, opened a way for him. John McNairy was just finishing his law-studies in the office of Mr. McKay when Jackson began. Thomas Learcy, a student in the office of Montford Stokes, was admitted to the bar with Jackson in 1787. The present State of Tennessee was then part of North Carolina and known as the "Western District." An effort to set up a new commonwealth to be called "the State of Franklin" had failed. The legislature of North Carolina passed a law creating the "Western District" and organizing a judiciary system, with Jonesboro as the seat of justice. A circuit court was created. John McNairy was appointed judge of this court; Thomas Learcy clerk, and Andrew Jackson, then just past his twenty-first birthday, prosecuting attorney—or, as it was called then, "public solicitor." Before this law went into effect, however, another was passed—or an amendment to it—making Nashville, a hundred and eighty miles farther west, the county or district-seat. The newly appointed officials at once made preparations for the long and arduous journey to their new field of operations and to—as it proved for at least one of them—the land of splendid destiny.

Here we may pause for a moment to survey Andrew Jackson, personally, as he stood on the threshold of a remarkable career:

Among the numerous lives of General Jackson that ephemerally illuminated our literature during the Presidential campaigns of 1824 and 1828 was one—anonymous—which contains a description of him as he appeared in 1787, on the occasion of his admission to the bar at the county-seat of Rowan County, North Carolina. The author of the description was Mrs. Anne Rutherford,* then (1824) living in Robertson County, Tennessee. She was born and reared in North Carolina, was about the same age as Jackson and knew him well when he was a law-student and she a young lady. Her maiden name, Jarret, indicates French-Huguenot descent. She was a relative of the family of Spruce McKay, Jackson's law-preceptor. This is her description of him at the age of twenty:

My best recollection of General Jackson as a young gentleman is the day he was licensed to practised law. The girls in those days had a habit of going to the court-house when any friend or acquaintance of theirs was going to be licensed. He and I were about the same age. While he was studying law in

*Mrs. Rutherford was the wife of a nephew and adopted son of Griffith Rutherford, a man eminent in the colonial and Revolutionary annals of North Carolina and afterward in the early history of Tennessee. Her maiden name was Anne—or "Nancy"—Jarret, and she was descended from the Huguenot stock that settled in the Carolinas soon after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Her father-in-law and husband were among the most intimate friends Jackson had in public and private life alike. Her husband was a lieutenant in one of Carroll's companies of the Tennessee Riflemen at New Orleans and he had also served under Jackson in the Indian campaigns of 1813–'14. Under these conditions the lady's view of General Jackson's personality was, to say the least, not likely to be pessimistic: but her description of him in youth is the best we have seen.

Salisbury I often met him at parties, balls and other social occasions, and also at the house of my relative, Mr. McKay. I knew him as well as I did any other young man while I was a single girl. It cannot be said that he paid any particular attention to me, but he was as attentive [to me] as to any other. He had no particular sweetheart then, but was equally polite, gentle and deferential to all the girls.

In this I must say he was superior to any other young man there; for his ways and manners with young ladies were the most captivating. He always gave us the impression of holding us in the highest and most delicate respect, and as if he would be glad of opportunity to perform some chivalrous act in our behalf. We all knew that he was wild among his own sex, that he gambled some and was by no means a Christian young man. But after all he had no very bad habits, he was never known to be drunk or boisterous or rude even among his own associates and out of the influence of ladies' society. The papers that oppose him now (1824) say he was quarrelsome and turbulent. This is not so. He settled ten disputes and composed a dozen quarrels among young men for every one he had himself. But this I must say—when he did have a quarrel of his own it was apt to be a serious matter. He was poor and had to teach school at times to help himself along. Yet he always dressed neat and tidy and carried himself as if he was a rich man's son.

The day he was licensed he had on a new suit, with broadcloth coat, ruffled shirt and other garments in the best of fashion. The style of powdering the hair was still in vogue then; but he had his abundant suit of dark red hair combed carefully back from his forehead and temples and, I suspect, made to lay down smooth with bear's-oil. He was full six feet tall and very slender, but yet of such straightness of form and such proud and graceful carriage as to make him look well-proportioned. In feature he was by no means good-looking. His face was long and narrow, his features sharp and angular and his complexion yellow and freckled. But his eyes *were* handsome. They were very large, a kind of steel-blue, and

when he talked to you he always looked straight into your own eyes. I have talked with him a great many times and never saw him avert his eyes from me for an instant. It was the same way with men. He always looked them straight in the eye, as much as to say, "I have nothing to be ashamed of and I hope you haven't." This and the gentle manner he had made you forget the plainness of his features. When he was calm he talked slowly and with very good selected language. But if much animated by anything, then he would talk fast and with a very marked North-Irish brogue, which he got from his mother and the Crawfords who raised him—all of whom grew to maturity in the old country. But either calm or animated there was always something about him I cannot describe except to say that it was *a presence,* or a kind of majesty I never saw in any other young man.

It was the same with his own sex. Put him anywhere among young men, though he was poor and they well-off, he became at once their leader and commander, and they followed him and obeyed him without knowing why they did it. This I and all the other girls in Salisbury noticed many times and often talked about it among ourselves. But we couldn't explain it. Perhaps we know better now why it was. We all know now that he was a born ruler of men. And yet the older people in and about Salisbury never prophesied much good of him or that he would amount to any great thing in life. None of them believed he would ever settle down. Most of them thought he would get himself killed before he was many years older. That shows that the judgment of older people is not always to be depended on about a young man. For my own part I have watched his rise in life with great interest, naturally. When he has happened to come our way [meaning Robertson County, Tennessee] he has never failed to pay his respects to me, and great as he has become, I always think of him as he was when the judge gave him his license to practise law in the old court-house at Salisbury, most forty years ago.

CHAPTER IV

FRONTIER LAWYER IN TENNESSEE

As we have intimated, the new judiciary of the Western District of North Carolina * rendezvoused at Morganton, then the outpost village on the eastern side of the mountains, in the fall of 1788. Judge McNairy had already been west of the mountains two years when he received his judicial appointment, and had come east in the summer of 1788. He was now ready to return with his new court. From Morganton to Jonesboro was a journey of seventy-five miles. The road is described in the *State Gazette* of that period as "safe for wagons carrying a ton weight." And the same authority in 1788 announces in a "public advertisement" that "the new road from Campbell's Station [a frontier post west of Jonesboro] to Nashville was opened September the 25th and the guard attended to escort such persons as were ready to proceed. About sixty families went on; among

* We have omitted to trace in detail the earlier history of this region because it is not germane to the purposes of this work. But for the sake of accuracy it may be stated here that, after the collapse of Governor Sevier's fanciful—and in the estimation of his contemporaries, treasonable—experiment to erect the new State of Franklin, or "Frankland" as some historians term it, the territory of North Carolina west of the mountains was called "the Washington District" and "Washington County," as well as the name we use, "the Western District." This confusion of names and titles is worth mention, if for no other purpose than to exhibit the chaos which prevailed there prior to the organization of the permanent government in 1788.

them . . . John McNairy, judge of the superior court."

The advertisement further indicates that "the guard" would attend at certain intervals to escort such other companies of emigrants as might be collected at Jonesboro or Campbell's. The meaning of this was that while the road as far as Jonesboro was secure from Indian attack, the trail from Campbell's Station to Nashville was still infested and dangerous. The mode of emigration, therefore, was similar to that familiar to modern generations as "across the plains," or "by the great Oregon trail" sixty or seventy years later; that is to say, by "emigrant trains," in which were assembled a sufficient number of men and well-grown boys to defend the families and property. In this early migration to Tennessee, however, it was deemed necessary to re-enforce the trains by a special escort or guard, composed of riflemen organized and paid by the State. The train with which Jackson journeyed included, as the advertisement says, "about sixty families." Jackson himself afterward told Amos Kendall that "it had about fifty able-bodied men, not including a score of boys old enough to fight; besides the public guard of sixteen men."

It would be interesting at this distance to know at what age Jackson classed a boy as "old enough to fight." In his own case, he seems to have set the standard at thirteen.

"The trail from Campbell's west," he continues, "was not practicable for four-wheeled wagons and very difficult in places for the strong two-wheeled ox-carts that went along. Most of the goods of the emigrants were carried on pack-horses, the rest on the backs of the way-

farers themselves. The whole distance was 180 miles by the shortest route, though this train actually travelled about 200, making the journey in fifteen days. But there were some halts of a day in a place to rest and refresh the animals and give the men a chance to hunt for meat-supply. As for myself," he concludes, "I had my saddle-horse—a fine young stallion—and a stout pack-mare carrying my personal effects. These were my spare clothes, blankets, etc., half a dozen books [his "law library," doubtless] with small quantities of ammunition, tea, tobacco, liquor and salt, and a set of surveyor's instruments.* These, with a hundred and eighty dollars in hard money, formed my worldly possessions when I entered what is now [1832] the State of Tennessee. For arms, in case of attack by Indians, I had a pair of fine pistols in my saddle-holsters, the smaller belt-pistol Colonel Davie gave me during the war and a new rifle made by Youmans [at Charlotte]; long considered the handsomest-finished and best rifle in that region."

A new rifle! How much those words mean to the progress of civilization in America. How little is known in America of the history of the rifle itself. Volumes enough to fill fair-sized libraries have been written about Whitney's cotton-gin, Fitch's steamboat and Morse's telegraph. But, without the rifle, not one of them could ever have found a place of usefulness or even a chance to develop on this continent.

From the beginning of the contest between France

*These surveying instruments—a compass, chain and plotting-pens—were not for his own use, though he understood the art of surveying. He was carrying them out to the new settlement for the surveyor of the district, Colonel Daniel Smith.

and England for mastery in North America to the submission of the last remnant of fighting savages—from the downfall of Montcalm to the destruction of Sitting Bull—the rifle has been the sign in which Americans have conquered America. In all the annals of frontier and pioneer; of struggles that wrested the continent from its savage owners and made it a freehold of civilization, the rifle has been the instrument of destiny and the symbol of progress. It is commonly called "the national weapon"; yet libraries may be searched in vain for the history of its origin and its development. Such a tool in the building of empire ought to be worth at least one page somewhere in the annals of the nation it has created and defended. But thus far that page has been begrudged. Let us write one.

The art of making rifles was brought to this country in the year 1721, when a small colony of Swiss refugees from religious persecution settled in what was then known as the "Conestoga country" of Pennsylvania, but now Lancaster. It was a singular dispensation that brought this colony of rifle-makers to our soil under the auspices of the peaceful and non-combatant "Proprietary" of William Penn and his Quaker progeny. The Quakers of Penn and his progeny were supposed to be the supreme architects of all that was patient and pacific—if not pusillanimous. And yet, their régime gave shelter to a little Swiss colony that in its time produced the most murderous weapon known to the annals of war.

The origin of the weapon, or the system it embodies, is lost in obscurity. The most that writers on the development of fire-arms—Blane, Greener, Chesney, Wilcox

and Loder—have been able to do is to trace the original principle of grooved bore and rotatory bullet to the sources of the Rhine, and its earliest manufacture to the Alpine mountaineers of Switzerland. The Swiss colony that settled at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in 1721, came from the Canton of Basle or Basel. They were all mechanics and most of them gunsmiths. Prior to their advent the only firearms known in America were smooth-bore muskets and fowling-pieces. At first the Swiss at Lancaster made rifles on the model of their own country. These were short, heavy, rather clumsy weapons and carried ounce balls. Their barrels were thirty to thirty-two inches long, and were rifled to a twist of about one-half revolution in the length of the bore. The frontier settlers and hunters at once saw the superiority of these rifles to the smooth-bores they had previously used, both in range and accuracy, and the industry grew rapidly. But the type was radically changed. The frontiersmen demanded longer and lighter barrels and smaller bullets. The Swiss gunsmiths at first protested, but the demand soon created the supply. In a few years the short, heavy, large-calibred Swiss "Yager" was laid aside and the new, distinctive American rifle took its place. In this the type was substantially uniform, though there were minor variations of length, calibre and weight of barrel to suit the taste or whim of the customer. The standard was forty inches long in the barrel, fifty-five inches over all, calibre forty-five spherical bullets to the pound, and weighing, full stocked, nine to ten pounds. The barrels were octagonal and of uniform diameter the whole length. This standard type very soon became known throughout the colonies as "the Lancaster rifle," and

prior to the conquest of Canada, its manufacture was practically monopolized by the town from which it took its name. After 1760 makers who had learned the art at Lancaster branched out for themselves and set up shops all along the frontiers of Pennsylvania and the Southern colonies.

The New England people never took to the rifle in those days, and when the Revolution broke out there was not a rifle-shop in existence anywhere east of the Hudson River. In 1768 Sir William Johnson induced several skilled gunsmiths to migrate from Lancaster, and they set up shops at Esopus, Schenectady, Johnstown and Canajoharie. But the main spread of rifle manufacture from Lancaster was south and southwest. By the outbreak of the Revolution there were rifle-shops at Baltimore, Cumberland, Alexandria, Winchester, Richmond, Hillsborough, Charlotte, Camden, Salisbury and Augusta, whose product rivalled in reputation that of Lancaster itself. The frontiersmen were armed with them almost universally, and many had found their way into the hands of the Indians belonging to the tribes most closely in communication with white traders—the Iroquois, Delawares, Shawnees, Wyandots, Miamis, Catawbas and Cherokees. The maker of Jackson's rifle, Youmans (spelled also Yeomans in some of the old documents), was among the most prominent and successful on the whole frontier, and his name was a guaranty of excellence.

While the type described as "standard" greatly predominated, there were some variations, but they were confined to length, weight and calibre. Prior to the Revolution, however, there were but two calibres aside

from that of forty-five to the pound. They were, respectively, sixty to the pound and thirty-two, or half-ounce. As to variations in length and weight, the author of this work possesses a collection of four historic old flint-lock rifles, made between the years 1753 and 1800. Two of them—one made by Starr at Lancaster, and one by Jacob Palm at Esopus, New York, in 1773—are of the standard pattern: forty-inch barrels, fifty-five inches over all, forty-five to the pound calibre and nine to nine and a half pounds in weight, respectively. One, made at Lancaster in 1753, by Dechert, and used in Braddock's expedition, is four feet long in the barrel, sixty-four inches over all, carries a half-ounce bullet and weighs twelve pounds. The fourth, made by Leman, Lancaster, 1800, and used at Tippecanoe, the Thames and New Orleans, is thirty-eight inches in the barrel, fifty-three inches over all, calibre sixty bullets to the pound and weighs eleven pounds. Reduced to modern calculation of calibre by hundredths of an inch the half-ounce bullet represents calibre 0.56; the forty-five to the pound, 0.45 (the two systems meeting at that point); and the sixty to the pound, calibre 0.38.

These may be considered the extremes of variation at any time prior to, say, 1825, or during the period of the flint-lock.

The names of the early rifle-makers bespeak their Swiss origin: Gaspard, Dechert, Busch, Leman (or Lehman in the old documents), Loder, Youmans, Riddel, Sneider, Stengel, Mayesch, Palm, Volkert, Franck, Follecht (or Folleck), Drippard, Gresheim, Lennard and others of less note. A little later, when English or North-Irish colonists had learned the art, such names became

famous as Hawkins, Bosworth, Bartlett, Ludington, Best, Starr and Reynolds.* The manufacture of rifles had become so important an element of military strength at the outbreak of the Revolution that the Continental Congess in 1776 took virtual possession of the Lancaster shops and also those at Baltimore and Alexandria, fixed a "government price" and required the makers to deliver all their product to the army. Among the old records of that Congress is an order for the arrest and detention of Louis and Michael Busch, of Lancaster, for "disregarding the ordinance of the secret committee."

The foregoing sketch may seem a trifle digressive, but it is less so in a history of Andrew Jackson than in that of any other man. Hardly anyone will except to the suggestion that the corner-stone of his temple of fame was laid by the riflemen of Tennessee and Kentucky at New Orleans. What might have happened there with the rifle left out and only cannon and smooth-bore muskets to defend the Louisiana Purchase, is not a pleasant theme for speculation. But the rifle *was* there, and there was the scene of its crowning glory; where its fame and the name of Jackson were interlinked in immortality.

The journey from Campbell's Station to Nashville was not eventful, except one night when the train encamped in what is now Cumberland County, Tennessee, just after passing the Crab Orchard spur of the Cumberland Mountains. Jackson had been riding through the woods on the flank of the cavalcade late in the afternoon and

*The grandfather of General John F. Reynolds, killed by a rifle-bullet at Gettysburg.

saw what he considered fresh "Indian signs." Arriving at camp about sundown he mentioned his suspicions to the commander of the guard—who, by the way, was Martin McGary, the Tory-hunter of Revolutionary memory. It happened that Martin's relative—brother or first cousin—the famous Hugh McGary, of Kentucky —was journeying with the train. The utmost vigilance was at once assumed. About eleven o'clock an unusual hooting of owls was heard. The camp was immediately roused and the fighting force disposed to meet any attempt that might be made to surprise it. No demonstration occurred, however, and the march was resumed at daybreak. The next night a party of six hunters camped upon the same spot and were attacked by a band of Indians, who killed four of them and captured another, whom they took home to their village and adopted into the tribe. He was then a boy of fifteen, and some time afterward escaped. When he returned to the settlements he said the Indians were about fifty in number and formed the same party that had alarmed Jackson's train. They were deterred from attack by the preparations to receive them, and the imitation of owls was their "code of signals" for retreat. The fighting force of the train outnumbered the Indians, anyhow, and they would have had little chance of success against about sixty pioneers, led by such men as the two McGarys and Jackson. The only other incident of the journey preserved was one which the General used to relate—the killing of two very large panthers and two half-grown cubs by himself and Hugh McGary on the present site of Lebanon, Tennessee, the night but one before arrival at Nashville. The panthers were prowling close to the camp and one of

them tried to kill a colt that was "hoppled out." McGary shot him, and almost at the same moment Jackson killed the female of the pair, both men shooting in the dark at the glaring eyes of their game. The two cubs, refusing to leave their mother, were tomahawked.

This was by no means an extraordinary incident for the time and place. But it seems worth repeating here if for no other purpose than to exhibit the various processes of education, experience and training required to produce the First President of the Plain People.

There seems to be no record of the exact date on which the "emigrant train," with Andrew Jackson as a passenger, arrived at Nashville. But Putnam, the indefatigable founder of the Tennessee Historical Society and author of its interesting Annals, ascertained that it was on a Sunday—the last Sunday in October or the first in November, 1788. This would make the exact date either October 26th or November 2d; probably the latter, as Jackson said they "left Jonesboro the middle of October" and were "on the road fifteen days."

Nashville, in 1788, was eight years old, viewed as an American settlement. But white men had been there before, and one man at least had lived there nearly forty years—from 1714 to 1751. That one was Monsieur Paul de Charville. At the beginning of the Eighteenth Century, when French enterprise in America was at its apogee of daring, and when Old Vincennes was the entrepôt and distributing point of the great Ohio Valley, de Charleville ascended the Cumberland with a small party of voyagers and built a block-house and trading-post at the "Big Salt Lick," not far from the present capital of Tennessee. He traded peacefully and prosper-

ously with the Indians, voyaging with his peltries once a year down the Cumberland, the Ohio and the Mississippi to New Orleans, and bringing back a freight of the simple merchandise in Indian demand. Occasionally he varied his route by going up the Wabash and so, by portages, to the Great Lakes and Canada. But, for some reason lost to history, Monsieur Charleville's French trading-post at the Big Salt Lick was abandoned in 1751.

Then solitude reigned, the block-house fell to ruin and nature veiled the scene with a compassionate canebrake until 1779. In that year a pioneer of unusual hardihood, Captain James Robertson, with nine or ten followers, reached the site of the old French post and made a camp there. In 1780 they were joined by Colonel John Donelson with a party of forty-odd people, including his own family, the wife and child of Captain Robertson and other women and children. Donelson came by water. That is, he and his party floated in rude flat-boats from the head of boat navigation on the Tennessee River down that stream to the Ohio; thence up the Ohio to the mouth of the Cumberland, and up the latter river to his destination—at least eighteen hundred miles as the rivers wind their sinuous courses.

They agreed to call the infant capital they founded "Nashville." The first suggestion, in 1783, was "Nashboro," but the present title was finally selected. Some writers say the place was named after Governor Abner Nash, of North Carolina, of which Tennessee was then a county or district. Others say that the individual the pioneers meant to honor in memory by the name of their new town was a brother of the governor—General Francis Nash, who commanded the North Carolina brigade

in Washington's army and was killed at Germantown. The latter version is probably the true one. At any rate, it ought to be.

In 1788, when Jackson settled at Nashville, it was the extreme outpost of American civilization in the Southwest. The nearest town to the eastward was Jonesboro, 180 miles away. Northward the nearest Kentucky settlements were over a hundred miles distant. To the southwest stretched 450 miles of wilderness—by land wholly impassable—to Natchez, which could be reached only by more than a thousand miles of river navigation. The name "Tennessee" had not then been given to the embryo State. It was officially known as the Western District of North Carolina. Some of the settlers, in compliment to the Spanish governor of Louisiana, had named that part of the territory lying between the Cumberland Mountains and the Mississippi River—now Middle and West Tennessee—the "Mero District."

Jackson refers to this designation in a letter to General Daniel Smith, dated February 13, 1789. In this letter Jackson suggests a mode of establishing freedom of trade with the Spanish dominions—afterward the Louisiana Purchase—and also urges co-operation between the American and Spanish authorities for the establishment of peace with the Indians. General Smith was at that time commander-in-chief of the militia in the Western District, and a few years later succeeded Andrew Jackson as senator. The letter introduces Captain Fargo, a Spanish officer, of whom Jackson says:

". . . I commit to you in this small piece of paper the business he wants with you; he expresses a great friendship for the welfare and harmony of this country.

He wishes to become a citizen and trade with this country, by means of which and through you, I think, we can have a lasting peace with the Indians. He wishes you to write to the governor [Mero] informing him of the desire for a commercial treaty with that country.* He will then importune the governor for privilege or permit to trade with this country, . . . and he will show the propriety of having a peace with the Indians; and also show the governor the respect this country honors him with by giving it his name. . . ."

The isolated chain of settlements, of which Nashville was the centre, extended along the Cumberland River or valley from about where Gallatin is now to Clarksville, near the Kentucky line. This was about eighty miles east and west, and the width of the settlements was nowhere more than ten or twelve miles. A thousand square miles would embrace the entire settled area in 1788, and the population was barely five thousand souls.

Of Nashville itself at that time but little of accurate description is extant. Even Ramsey, in his careful and valuable History of Tennessee, does not give much idea of the progressive growth of particular towns. The nearest approach to a description occurs in a letter of General James Robertson to Governor Blount, August, 1791, in which he says: ". . . Within five years this place has grown from forty houses to above 200, and from 300 persons to not less than 1,200. . . ."

*At that time and for several years afterward the Spaniards, who controlled the lower Mississippi, imposed vexatious and capricious regulations upon river navigation and trade; and were believed to be secretly instigating the Southern Indians against the American settlers. Governor Mero, however, was a more enlightened man than the average of Spanish colonial governors, and the settlers hoped to arrive at an understanding with him.

By "this place" General Robertson doubtless meant the settlement immediately around the Big Salt Lick as a whole; but probably all he intended to comprehend then is now included within the corporate limits of Nashville. The peril from hostile Indians had never been greater than it was in 1788. The Cherokees and Chickasaws, inhabiting the region now comprised in northern Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, had from time immemorial claimed Tennessee as their hunting-ground, the same as the Indians of Ohio and Indiana claimed Kentucky.

The Indians observed a kind of traditional law or usage, by virtue of which certain regions were set apart as hunting-grounds, in which no permanent villages should be established, and no habitation built more substantial than the camps of hunters; a sort of primitive "game-law" which their mode of living made absolutely necessary to self-preservation. Therefore an occupation of their hunting-grounds was resented and resisted quite as bitterly as an attack on their villages. The Cherokees east of the mountains had long been subdued. But their Western brethren were wild and ferocious as ever. The Chickasaws had never been beaten by white men; in fact, had not been much in contact with the white race except through French traders. Of the two tribes the Cherokees were the more numerous; the Chickasaws the more enterprising, or rather the more implacably hostile. The Creeks, whose habitat lay south of the Cherokees, and the Choctaws, living south of the Chickasaw country, doubtless were represented in the warfare waged against the Tennessee settlements. The total number of these four tribes, at

the end of the Eighteenth Century, has been estimated at 60,000; of whom about 20,000 were Cherokees, 14,000 Creeks, 18,000 Choctaws and 8,000 Chickasaws.

When Jackson arrived in Tennessee the practical situation was an effort on the part of, say, 60,000 Indians to drive out or exterminate 5,000 or 6,000 settlers. The available fighting strength of the Indians was one to every seven or eight of the total in tribes that had not been much at war with the whites, and one to every ten or eleven in tribes that had lost a good many of their braves in battle. The Southern Indians at that time had not been much punished by warfare with the white race and their fighting strength was at the maximum. It is, therefore, safe to say that they could muster at least 7,000 warriors at any time between 1780 and 1794; and that a considerable part of this force was on the war-path all the time against the Tennessee settlements, having not more than 5,000 to 10,000 people at any time during that period. In 1790, Tennessee became a Territory, and in 1792 it was definitely bounded as such. General Robertson, commanding the militia, stated that between 1786 and 1791, 236 *men* had been killed by the Indians, besides many women and children of whom he did not have particular information; and he urged that an expedition be organized against the most accessible towns of the Cherokees and Chickasaws.

Such was the condition of that frontier when Andrew Jackson began to practice law as "circuit attorney" or "public solicitor" for a circuit extending from Nashville to Jonesboro in one direction and to the Kentucky line in the other. The story of his personal adventures, skirmishes, escapes and incidents of Indian warfare in

general during the first six years of his career would make a voluminous chapter. Singularly enough, though in close contact with the savages many times, he was able to say, years afterward, that he had never killed an Indian; that he had never been fired at by one so far as he knew, and that only once had a companion of his been injured by them. That one was a hunter, making a journey with him toward Jonesboro in 1790. Discovering a party of Indians in their immediate vicinity, the hunter insisted on instant return to the nearest settlement. Jackson proposed to go ahead. Finally, he divided the provisions and ammunition with the hunter, who turned back, while Jackson proceeded on his journey alone. He reached Jonesboro safely, but the hunter was waylaid less than ten miles from the point of separation, and after a most desperate encounter with at least a dozen Indians, in which he received two severe wounds, escaped by burying himself in a "buffalo-wallow" until dark. The name of this hunter was McCardle, and he afterward figured with some prominence in the early history of Mississippi. Jackson said of him with rather grim humor: "Before that fight he had been reputed afraid of Indians. But after it he was one of the boldest Indian-fighters in the whole district and greatly distinguished himself in the Nick-a-jack expedition."

The most important skirmish in which he took part occurred in May, 1792. A party of fifteen or twenty Indians waylaid General Robertson and his son on the general's plantation, within gunshot of his house and less than three miles from Nashville itself. They wounded the general and killed his son's horse, but did no further damage. As soon as the news reached the

village, the court—happening to be in session that day—was adjourned, and the judge, clerk and circuit attorney, with most of the jury, some of the witnesses—and, possibly, the defendant and his counsel also—took the warpath. The party numbered twenty according to some accounts; fifteen according to others. But all agree that Jackson was in command. Naturally the whole community was aroused. Not before in ten years had the Indians ventured so near Nashville. Never before had they attacked the commander-in-chief of the militia in person.

The attack on Robertson's Station occurred before noon. The savages fled precipitately as soon as they saw that the settlement was aroused. It was three o'clock when Jackson and his party got fairly on their trail. The Indians had at least three hours the start. Not expecting a night pursuit they stopped in their retreat as soon as darkness came on, and camped in a rather open grove of timber about fifteen miles from Robertson's. But nightfall did not halt Jackson's pursuit. The night was clear, and though there was only about a half moon, it made sufficient light to guide them on a fresh trail. Just at daybreak they came upon the camp of the Indians and attacked them. The flight of the savages was so precipitate that more than half of them left their guns behind, together with all their cooking utensils. If any of them were killed or wounded by the fire of the settlers the fact was never known, because all escaped or were carried off.

Long afterward Jackson, relating the episode to General William O. Butler, of Kentucky, said that the escape of the Indians was due to the headlong bravery and

thoughtless zeal of the two youngest members of the party, one of whom was General Robertson's son. The party, he said, was advancing slowly and cautiously in single file, with the two boys on the flanks and a little ahead. Suddenly the boys smelled the smoke of a smouldering camp-fire, which taught them that the Indians were close at hand. Pushing quickly forward they reached the top of a slight rise of ground in their front, whence they saw the Indians, asleep; all but one, who was sitting close to the embers half dozing himself. Without waiting for the main party to come up, they fired their rifles, raised a yell and charged. The rest of the party, seeing that further stealth would be useless, rushed forward to support the boys, also raising the war-whoop. The Indians, imagining that a large force was upon them, fled without the least attempt at resistance; and the party, already tired out by their long night-march, were not in condition for rapid pursuit. During the day they leisurely retraced their steps, meeting on their way Governor Blount with the best part of the settlement's fighting force coming on to their support. Jackson believed that if his plan had not been deranged by the impetuosity of young Robertson and his companion, the band of Indians might have been destroyed or severely punished.

This affair was by no means remarkable or even unusual for the Tennessee or Kentucky frontier. Its chief importance is due to the fact that it was the first time Andrew Jackson figured in an active military command. He held the rank of militia major at the time.

Some idea of the appalling situation of the pioneers may be gained from the bare list of outrages and mur-

ders for the first five months of 1792, as compiled in Heywood's History of Tennessee; all occurring within less than ten miles from Nashville:

January 19th. Robert and William Sevier killed. March 3d. John Thompson, his wife, son and daughter killed and scalped, and another daughter, with Mrs. Caffery, her little son and another small boy carried off captives. March 5th. Four young men [not named] killed in an attack on Brown's Station, eight miles from the village. The same party of about thirty Indians the next day attacked Dunham's Station and killed a negro. On the 12th of March, Mr. [James] Murray killed in the doorway of his own house at the confluence of Stone's River and the Cumberland, near Nashville. April 5th. Mrs. Redcliff and her three children killed while trying to escape from their exposed cabin to the block-house at Dunham's. April 8th. Ben. Williams and seven men killed on the Jonesboro road within ten miles of Nashville. May 24th. The attack on General Robertson's plantation [already described].

This is a total of twenty-four persons murdered and four carried into captivity, besides several wounded, within five months, and all inside a radius of ten miles from the capital of the Territory. Soon after General Robertson recovered from his wound in the arm, which was severe, he and the governor and Ex-Governor Sevier sent a memorial to Washington, asking authority to invade the Cherokee country. This request was not favorably acted upon by the Washington administration. The war in the Northwest was in progress, St. Clair's defeat had recently occurred, Wayne's expedition was being organized and therefore, it may be, the General Government did not want more than one Indian war on its hands at a time. Finally, in August, 1794, the

pioneers organized on their own account, without authority from the Federal Government—or in defiance of it—and made what is known in history as the Nick-a-jack expedition. This affair need not be described here except to say that it was directed by General Robertson and supported by Ex-Governor Sevier, and it effectually chastised and crushed the northern Cherokees. Its force is nowhere exactly or officially stated; but the main column, under the immediate command of Major James Ore, was 550 strong, all mounted riflemen. Of these about 150 were volunteers from Kentucky, under Major Whitley. This was the force that actually reached the Nick-a-jack towns. In addition to these 250 or 300 militia were held in reserve under the personal direction of General Robertson to guard the rear and flanks against a possible surprise and to keep the road of communication with the settlements open. Besides these forces, directly engaged in the expedition, nearly or quite 300 men were embodied in the eastern settlements of the Territory, but they did nothing more than patrol the emigrant trail and guard the stations. The whole force embodied or employed was probably 1,100 strong. Some North Carolinians came over the mountains to join that part of the force which assembled at Campbell's Station. It was well organized, considering the scanty resources of the infant Territory, and in its command was displayed consummate skill. The Tennessee settlements were never seriously troubled by the Indians again. The invaders found in the Indian towns a degree of comfort and semi-civilization that surprised them; commodious log-houses, fields of grain, orchards and considerable live-stock. Everything was destroyed—even to cutting down

the fruit-trees—as completely as General Sullivan's army ravaged the Iroquois' country of Western New York in 1779.

Some of Jackson's eulogists, when he was a candidate for the Presidency, sought to endow him with laurels he did not need by asserting that he served as a private soldier in the Nick-a-jack expedition.

This was a case of superserviceable zeal. He had nothing to do with the expedition except to join in the original request or recommendation that it be authorized and supported by the Federal Government. He was a federal officer at the time—Territorial district attorney. When the expedition was organized, practically in defiance of the federal authority, he personally wished it well; but held that as a United States officer he could not participate in it without violating his oath to support the laws; the enterprise itself being technically unlawful. Evidence of these facts may be found in Putnam's researches for his History of Tennessee.

Musty archives of the early courts of Tennessee afford interesting and sometimes amusing glimpses of legal practice there in the Territorial days. One record, dated 1793, records a plea of William Pillows, charged with mayhem in biting off part of Abraham Denton's right ear, that he did, as alleged, "bite of his year aforesaid without intent of injuring him, the s^{d} Denton"!

Mr. Parton compiled from the court records of Davidson County that in the April term, 1790, Andrew Jackson was counsel in forty-two out of one hundred and ninety-two cases on the docket; that in the April term, 1793, he appeared as attorney of record in seventy-two out of one hundred and fifty-five cases docketed; that in

the July term, same year, he had sixty out of one hundred and thirty-five; and in the October term, 1793, sixty-one cases out of one hundred and thirty-two. Also, in the four terms for 1794 he was employed in two hundred and twenty-eight out of three hundred and ninety-seven cases. Mr. Parton made this compilation from the researches of Colonel Putnam in the Historical Society of Tennessee.

Of course many of these were cases of "continuance" and not new each term. But it was a large share of the local practice for a lawyer twenty-five or twenty-six years old and only a little over four years in the jurisdiction. And this does not include his practice in the eastern part of the Territory or in the lower part of the Cumberland valley.

One of his early cases was characteristic: Hugh McGary had sold a slave to a man named Mansker, on credit. The bill of sale was lost and Mansker disputed the terms. McGary, who was, if possible, a man of more fiery temper than Jackson himself, proposed to settle the whole thing by thrashing Mansker—or killing him—and then taking possession of the slave. Jackson dissuaded him from this purpose and advised him to bring suit for an order to prove the bill of sale. This was done, and the terms of the lost bill were proved by competent testimony; all of which was duly recorded in the October term of 1790. When Thomas H. Benton's attention was called to this case long afterward by Colonel Putnam, he remarked that it gave him unspeakable pleasure to learn, from record evidence, that Andrew Jackson had, at least once in his life, advised a friend not to fight.

Another case in East Tennessee was a suit for "defa-

mation of character." The alleged "slander" was embodied in "a loud and boysterous statement in presence of divers and sundry persons that 'he, the s[d] plaintiff, is nothing but a damd Quaker and had rather cheat than fight.'" The case was dismissed for want of evidence to show that the defendant uttered the said words with malice to injure and defame the good name of the said plaintiff!

Another record of Colonel Putnam's researches is that Miss Polly McFadden brings suit against John Irwin for defamation of character, in the March term, 1793. This case was evidently "settled," as the saying is. There is spread upon the court records a document as follows:

"I, John Irwin, of my own will and accord do hereby acknowledge and certify the raskelly and scandollous report that I raised and reported concearned Miss Polly McFadin is faulse and groundless and I had no right, reason or cause to believe the same. Given under my hand, etc."

Jackson was counsel for the plaintiff in this case and the thoroughness of the retraction—if not its orthography—might indicate that he had a hand in the composition of it. And, if Miss McFadden was a young lady in whom he took personal interest, he might also have had something to do with John Irwin's "own free will and accord."

The scale of fees in early Tennessee legal practice was as original as the records. Ready money was scarce, and what little existed was not always sound. But there was abundance of "currency." Colonel Putnam, in his researches, exhumed a resolution of the Territorial legis-

lature making "Receivable for taxes corn at 2s. 8d. the bushel; good, fat bear-meat (if delivered where troops are stationed), four-pence per pound; dried beef, six-pence; bacon, nine-pence; good, fresh venison (if delivered at stations for troops), nine-pence; buffalo-meat (delivered as aforesaid), three-pence the pound; salt, 2s. 4d. the pound; wheat, 4s. 6d. the bushel"; and several other commodities in corresponding ratio of value.

Land seems to have possessed all the qualities of legal-tender. The old records are full of real estate transactions, in which the consideration named includes nearly everything bought or sold. The terms used to describe various denominations of this universal currency were "a six-forty," meaning a section or square mile; "a three-twenty," meaning a half-section; "a one-sixty," meaning a quarter-section, and "an eighty," meaning eighty acres. The latter appears to have been the smallest denomination in current use. At the prices which prevailed it would not mean more than a ten-dollar bill or eighty "York shillings." For making small change corn, provisions of various kinds, peltries and whiskey by the gallon came in handy; also tobacco by the "roll," whatever that may have been; also live-stock. Jackson once told Mr. Blair that in the first eight years of his practice he "took in fees land enough to make a county, if all in one tract"; also that when he began farming—not at the Hermitage, but at his first farm, Hunter's Hill—he "had cattle and horses enough, received for fees, to stock it."

Much of the confusion in land-titles and the consequent litigation which distracted the West—and particularly Tennessee and Kentucky—at the end of the Eighteenth and beginning of the Nineteenth Centuries

had their source in this system of using land as currency. Small tracts were transferred from owner to owner so rapidly that there was no time or opportunity for proper record. In most of such cases the only evidence of transfer was a mere written agreement in which the location and boundaries of the tracts were insufficiently or erroneously described; there might be and generally were fifteen or twenty "conveyances" of such informal character to every one made in due form by deed and record. As the land increased in value these errors and irregularities grew in importance until, finally, the States chiefly affected found it necessary to create special "land courts" exclusively for the adjudication of conflicting titles, overlapping claims and unrecorded transfers.*

The first law-office of Andrew Jackson was unpretending as his early practice was adventurous. On his arrival at Nashville in the fall of 1788 he found board and lodging at the house of Mrs. Donelson. She was the widow of Colonel John Donelson, who, next to General James Robertson, is entitled to rank as an original pioneer of Tennessee. Colonel Donelson was a surveyor, and lost his life while engaged in professional work in 1785, three years before Jackson's arrival. He was murdered in the woods; but whether by Indians or by vagabond white men was never known.†

* In Tennessee this class of litigation had become frequent when Jackson was appointed judge. But it did not reach high tide until the term of his immediate successor, John Overton, whose career as a jurist from 1804 to 1816 was distinguished by the greatest number and variety of decisions in land-title litigation ever made by a single judge. He is on record as having disposed of over 600 cases in one term of court, lasting two or three weeks, and not one of his decisions was ever reversed.

† Colonel Donelson had three men with him as assistants in a survey he was making several miles from Nashville. He went out alone to make a

Mrs. Donelson had a large log-house in which she and her family lived. Besides that, she owned two or three smaller log-houses quite near her residence. One of these was about fourteen by twenty-two feet inside. It was one story high and had two rooms. In this house Andrew Jackson lodged. He had a fellow-lodger named John Overton; young lawyer like himself. Both took their meals in Mrs. Donelson's house. Jackson and Overton used the back-room of the cabin as a sleeping apartment. The front-room was their "office." It was about fourteen feet by twelve, and contained the table they used for writing, a shelf fastened against the logs where they kept their joint "law library" of ten or a dozen volumes, a fireplace, four or five chairs made of hickory poles, a rude "sideboard"—also a shelf against the logs—and buck-horns on which they hung their rifles and pistols—weapons they well knew how to use.

The family of Mrs. Donelson was herself, her son Samuel; her daughter, Mrs. Hay; her daughter, Mrs. Robards, and her husband, Lewis Robards; Mary Donelson, afterward the wife of General John Coffee; and the two boarders, Jackson and Overton. Mrs. Donelson was by no means "compelled to take boarders," as the saying is. She was in really affluent circumstances, for the time and place. But her house, with the three smaller cabins near it, was somewhat exposed to attacks of the Indians—being quite a distance from the heart of the village—and motives of security or protection quite as

"general reconnaissance" of some land he intended to survey the next day. When he did not return to camp in due time two of his men went in search of him. They found him dead; pierced by two or three bullets. His body had been plundered but his scalp was not taken. That fact caused his family to believe that he had been murdered, not by Indians, but by white men.

much as those of thrift impelled her to board and lodge the two young lawyers. In this selection she did not err. The protection of John Overton and Andrew Jackson was worth having.

For the rest, Mrs. Donelson was a matron of superior mind, abounding hospitality and the best house-keeper in the new settlement. The two young lawyers congratulated themselves upon their good fortune in finding so comfortable a home amid such congenial surroundings.

Ex cathedra, or without adducing evidence, Mr. Parton says (Vol. 1, p. 135): "It had not been his [Jackson's] intention to settle in the Western wilderness, etc." Mr. Parton's customary carefulness of assertion seems to have been disregarded here. Montford Stokes, mentioned as Jackson's final law-preceptor, related in a pamphlet published long afterward—1824—that "he became convinced, after a year's residence in Guilford County, of the advisability of seeking a newer field, and sought the aid of his friends in securing the appointment as public solicitor for the Western District; to give him a start in the new country with whose fortunes he had decided to cast his own."

CHAPTER V

REPRESENTATIVE AND SENATOR

It is safe to say that more has been written about the marriage of Andrew Jackson than about that of any other man who ever lived. For this there were two reasons. The first reason, which derived all its importance from the second, was that he married a divorced woman. The second was that thirty years after the marriage he became the most famous man in America. Leave out either one of these two circumstances and the subject would not have taken up more than a paragraph in history. In the primitive American society of 1790 wedlock was viewed as a serious institution. The putting asunder by man of what God had joined together was not lightly viewed.

In 1790 not even prophesy foresaw our modern day of stage-weddings, foot-light honeymoons and divorces between the acts. The absurd simplicity of the fathers and the mothers vanished when American duchesses became a staple of the export trade and when our millionaire-market of matrimony was selected by bankrupt dukes as a hunting-ground of fortune. But, as this work is not a treatise on moral philosophy or even a tract denouncing vice in high life and advocating reform, comparison between social tenets then and now may be omitted. On that point it suffices to say that Andrew Jackson married a divorced woman when divorces were

extremely rare, and every effort of society, both in Church and State, was to impede if not prevent them.

In this particular case was the additional and extraordinary complication caused by ignorance of or inattention to the nature and operation of the divorce-law itself; with the result that the marriage began before the divorce was ended. This is a brief statement of facts beyond dispute. But neither Jackson nor his bride had the least suspicion that the divorce was not complete when they married. They knew both by common report and official advertisement that the proceedings required by the laws of Virginia had been instituted; and they did not know that the proceedings instituted had yet another stage to pass before the record would be complete. In this neglect Jackson was at fault. He was a lawyer and upon him devolved the responsibility of ascertaining beyond doubt that, when he married Rachel Donelson Robards, she was not still in the eyes of the law, the wife of another man.

On their face and without explanation these facts would argue culpable negligence, to use the mildest term. But all the attendant circumstances were exculpatory.

Rachel Robards was the daughter of Colonel John Donelson. She was born in Virginia in July, 1767, and was therefore only four months younger than Jackson. She came to Nashville with her father in 1780, at the age of thirteen. In the fall of 1783 Colonel Donelson went to Kentucky, intending to stay there during the winter, and took his family with him. The next spring Rachel, not quite seventeen, was married to Lewis Robards, a young man living with his widowed mother in Mercer County, Kentucky. Colonel Donelson and his

family soon afterward returned to Nashville, leaving Rachel with her husband at the home of her mother-in-law. The young woman, but little more than an overgrown girl, was gay, lively, fond of excitement and pleasure, such as the frontier might afford. Her husband was morose, exacting, despotic, selfish and jealous. Perhaps the first four adjectives might be omitted in view of the last one; because jealousy presupposes all other conceivable faults or weaknesses. Jealousy is the confession of self-conscious inferiority. It argues, not so much want of faith in another, as want of sound esteem for one's self. It is invariably the offspring of weak vanity, and it feeds on the suspicions of a soul that is not brave.

Hardly a year had passed in the married life of Lewis Robards and Rachel Donelson, when he became insanely jealous of the alleged or fancied attentions of a neighbor, whom Judge Overton in his Statement of Facts calls "Mr. Short."

Judge Overton, then a law-student, took board in the house of the elder Mrs. Robards in 1787. At that time the jealousy of Lewis Robards had reached a stage at which his young wife could endure his conduct no longer. Overton observed that the mother of Robards, his sister, the wife of Captain John Jouett and every other member of the Robards family took sides with the young wife Rachel and declared that her husband had no cause for his conduct toward her. About the end of 1787 Lewis Robards wrote to Mrs. Donelson, declaring his intention to discard her daughter and requesting that she take her away. Mrs. Donelson at once sent her son, Samuel, to Kentucky, and he brought his

sister home to Nashville early in 1788. After a few months of separation, Robards besought his wife to live with him again. He proposed to buy land near Nashville and make his home there among her people. She consented, and he rejoined her at the house of her mother, Mrs. Donelson, in the summer of 1788.

This was the situation when Jackson arrived in November, 1788. Of this period Overton says:

> Not many months elasped before Robards became jealous of Jackson, which, I felt confident, was without the least ground. Some of his irritating conversations on this subject with his wife I heard amidst the tears of herself and her mother, who were greatly distressed. I urged upon Robards the unmanliness of his conduct. . . . At length I communicated to Jackson the unpleasant situation of living in a family where there was so much disturbance, and concluded by telling him that we would endeavor to get some other place. To this he readily assented: but where to go we did not know. Being conscious of innocence he said he would talk to Robards.

Then follows Overton's account of a conversation—or altercation—between Jackson and Robards, of which different versions have been published. While these versions disagree on minor points they all coincide in the statement that Robards proposed a fist-fight and that Jackson offered, instead, to meet him in the manner usual among gentlemen; at the same time vehemently protesting his innocence of any attempt to alienate his wife's affections. The next day Jackson left the Donelson house and took board with a family at Mancker's Station, a block-house several miles distant.

Robards left his wife and went to Kentucky, where he instituted proceedings for divorce, on the ground that

his wife had deserted him and was living in adultery with another man. This was in 1790. Kentucky was then part of Virginia and governed by the laws of that State. Under Virginia law in 1790 divorce was exceedingly difficult. First, the legislature must pass an act authorizing one or the other party to bring suit, authorizing a court to impanel a jury and take testimony, and finally, empowering the court and jury, if the evidence appeared sufficient, to annul the marriage. In 1791 the legislature of Virginia passed such an act in favor of Lewis Robards, and the act, pursuant to its own provisions, was advertised in the Kentucky *Gazette*. The act was in four sections: Section 1 conferred authority upon Lewis Robards "to sue out of the office of the Supreme Court of the District of Kentucky a writ against Rachel Robards, which writ shall express the nature of the case and shall be published eight weeks successively in the Kentucky *Gazette*. Whereupon the plaintiff may file his declaration in the same cause and the defendant may appear and plead to such issue, in which case, or if she do not appear within two months after such publication, it shall be set for trial by the clerk on some day in the succeeding court," etc.

Sections 2 and 3 provided for commissions to take deposition and for the publication of notice thereof in the Kentucky *Gazette*.

Section 4 provided that the case should be tried before a jury, and that if the defendant be found guilty as charged, the marriage should be "totally dissolved."

This act was published in the Kentucky *Gazette* eight weeks in the summer of 1791. Jackson read it, as did Mrs. Robards. But Lewis Robards took no immediate

action. The logic of his delay—or its natural inference—is that he was not sure of being able to prove his charges of "desertion and adultery" as the facts then stood, and proposed to await further developments. If that inference be correct, he played a cunning game, and Jackson and Mrs. Robards unwittingly played into his hand.

That they were both anxious—and justly so—to be legally rid of Robards at any cost is self-evident. Their desire to be married as soon as that obstacle was removed is equally clear. Then, by some fatuous interpretation never explained, they seemed to assume that the act authorizing Robards to sue for divorce was tantamount to the divorce itself, and in the fall of 1791 they were married at Natchez, whither Mrs. Robards had gone to visit some of her mother's people settled there. Returning to Nashville, they lived as man and wife unmolested until December, 1793. Then they were astonished to learn that the circuit court, Mercer County, Kentucky, had just granted a divorce to Lewis Robards under the act of 1791; and that the evidence upon which the court granted the decree was the proof that "she had been living with Andrew Jackson in adultery since their alleged or pretended marriage in November, 1791."

This, in the strictest legal sense, was not adultery. But it was a degree of bigamy that often occurs innocently, in cases where parties contract marriage supposing themselves to be single when they are not. When such misapprehension is due to long desertion or to reason for belief that the husband or wife is dead, the courts invariably condone the technical bigamy. In this case

the misapprehension was clear enough, but was it wholly justifiable? In so important a matter, an affair so vital not only to his happiness but to hers, was it not strange that Jackson, lawyer himself, should have overlooked the clear and unmistakable intent of Section 4 of the act? This need not be discussed, because it cannot be.

The sequel was that as soon as they could obtain official verification of the action of the court of Mercer County, Jackson and Mrs. Robards procured a license and were remarried in January, 1794.

This is the complete story without embellishment or homily. They lived together in extraordinary harmony and happiness thirty-seven years. But in some respects their marriage, with all its incidents and circumstances, did not tend to external peace. It cost one man his life and other men wounds. The comments made upon it embittered Jackson's soul—none too gentle at best—until at times he became more a ferocious animal than a chivalrous man. It was a singular dispensation of fate: Singular that as devoted an affection and as tender a love as ever a brave man bore to a virtuous and devout woman should have been the mainspring of a career of quarrel and violence hardly exceeded in our history.

Jackson might have fought duels and he might have had shooting affrays if he had not married Rachel Donelson Robards. But as it was, he had only one affray and fought but one duel that did not grow directly or indirectly out of the scandal and slander incident to that union. His duel with Avery and his affray with Benton arose from other causes and had no reference to his marital history. And Avery and Benton were the only

men whom he ever fought and afterward liked or even tolerated.*

The five years between Jackson's first marriage (1791) and the admission of Tennessee to the Union were uneventful. They were devoted to arduous practice of his profession all over the Territory, from Jonesboro to Clarksville and to laying the foundation of the fortune in land, slaves and now and then a little surplus money which he afterward enjoyed. His occasional adventures with Indians during this period have been mentioned—or some of them—in the preceding chapter. In the whole seven years—1789 to 1796—of his active law practice he made twenty-two round trips on horseback between Nashville and Jonesboro, two hundred miles, most of the way through the wilderness, with never more than three or four companions and sometimes alone. It was this constant journeying the length and breadth of the region and his frequent appearance in court at the most important points in it that gave him his wonderful personal acquaintance with the pioneers—the plain people—and prepared the way for the almost miraculous ascendency he afterward held over them. His traits were exactly adapted to supremacy in such environment. He had the rare faculty of accommodating himself to the social status and mental stature of those with whom

*Many years after his affray with Jackson, Benton said to Dr. John S. Moore, of St. Louis: "Yes, I had a fight with Jackson. A fellow was hardly in the fashion then who hadn't. But mine was different from his other fights. It was not about Aunt Rachel. It could not have been, of course. because I never would have provoked him on that subject. As it was, *I ascertained that his skill with the pistol was overrated,* did not hurt him seriously, and on the whole made him like me after the fight better than he ever did before. But if it had been about Aunt Rachel he would never have forgiven me."

he might have to deal for the time being. In his long and often solitary journeys he as frequently stopped for the night at the humble cabin of some wayside settler as at the primitive taverns of the little villages or "stations" en route. In either case, he was hail-fellow-well-met; equally at home whether amusing the family of the pioneer at their rude fireside or entertaining the concourse of men at the little log-tavern.

He was a remarkable story-teller, but it is singular that so few anecdotes have been preserved of a man who was so full of them. In the art of telling quaint stories and inventing odd illustrations he has had no superior in our history except Abraham Lincoln. Yet almost every one of Lincoln's queer sayings has been preserved; but very few of Jackson's. The reason is that in Jackson's time the reporter was not so ubiquitous and the types not so broadcast or so busy as in Lincoln's. Such of Jackson's sayings and anecdotes as have been preserved indicate that their tone was, on the average, doubtless more decorous and less witful than those of Lincoln. But they were both of the same general type, having the free-and-easy, reckless, devil-may-care flavor of the frontier.

This trait of bonhomie and of camaraderie in Jackson has not been accorded to him in history proportionately as he deserved it. Unfortunately for his memory, most of those who have written about him have chosen, if his friends, to elevate him in eulogy to an absurd and unnatural pinnacle of stateliness and grandeur; and, if his enemies, to hurl him into an abyss of *gaucherie* and savagery even more preposterous and false. Between the two, his real character has been obscured from the nation

that, despite the mistaken zeal of his sycophants and the frenzied hate of his detractors, still delights to honor him very near the top of its saints' calendar in patriotism.

As the years wore on, Jackson more and more narrowed the scope of his law practice and enlarged that of his general business as a planter, a land-speculator and an all-round citizen of affairs.

Very soon after his marriage in 1791 he took up and rapidly improved a tract of land near Nashville, commonly known in those days as the farm at Hunter's Hill. There he lived until his final location at the Hermitage in the spring of 1804. By the year 1796 he had withdrawn from all kinds of "small cases" in law practice; turning over most of his circuit-riding business to newer attorneys, whom he carefully selected from among the throng of young lawyers now flocking into the embryo State; selected with a keen and, as the sequel proved, infallible eye to their probable usefulness as future henchmen.

Much as it has pleased a certain school of historians to depict Jackson as a great political accident, an immense popular *lusus naturæ,* the careful and unbiassed student of his life cannot help perceiving an exceedingly straight thread of method in all his alleged madness; an unbroken constancy of ambitious plan and calculation in all his fancied eccentricity.

The prosperity of Tennessee during the five years under consideration was amazing. Jackson got his full share of it. At the end of 1791 the total population of the Territory from the mountains to the Mississippi, was not 20,000. At the end of 1793 it was not over 30,000. But in November, 1795, an official census, taken to

ascertain the right of Tennessee to statehood, showed a population of 67,000 white people and 11,000 negroes; of whom 400 were classed as "free persons of color."

This population, under the law of apportionment in force at that time, entitled the Territory to statehood, and a convention to frame a constitution was chosen. Upon assembly of the convention it was agreed that a committee of twenty-two of the fifty-five members should be chosen to make and submit a draft of organic law for the new State. Andrew Jackson, being one of five members for Davidson County, was chosen as the second member of the constitutional committee.

This convention sat twenty-seven days. During that time it framed and adopted an organic law and passed the usual resolution affirming fealty to the Federal Constitution and asking admission to the Union—as the sixteenth State. The first draft of the organic law of Tennessee excluded clergymen from holding any civil or military office of trust or profit within the State. Jackson opposed this on the ground that to make a profession or calling of any kind a disqualification for office was contrary to republican principles. He called attention to the fact that many—in fact, most—of the schools were taught by preachers, and he expressed the belief that men capable of educating the youth of the State could not be rationally debarred from its councils or forbidden to share its honors. After considerable debate, on a motion by Mr. Carter, seconded by Andrew Jackson, the clause disqualifying clergymen was stricken out and a substitute adopted which prohibited them from holding seats in the legislature only. Another amendment was proposed, and supported by Jackson, prohibiting the re-

ception of the oath in judicial proceedings of any person who did not believe in the existence of God or in a future existence of the soul, subject to reward or punishment for deeds done in the body.

The first draft of the organic law provided for a legislature to consist of a single house only. Jackson opposed this vehemently and, after the most animated debate accorded to any one subject before the convention, carried by a vote of 28 to 27 an amendment making the legislature to consist of two bodies—"a Senate and House of Delegates." In this debate he appeared more prominently and more effectively than in any other part of the proceedings. He held that a new State applying for admission to a union already established could not do less than accommodate its legislative system to that of the federal whole; and, as the congress which must approve their action consisted of two bodies—Senate and House—their own organization should in the nature of things conform to it.

When it came to selecting a name for the new State there was considerable diversity of preference. Some of the delegates from the eastern part—including their leader, Governor Sevier—wished to revive the name of "Franklin." Many of those from the middle and western parts—including Judge McNairy and General Robertson—thought that, as the Territory had formerly been known as "Washington County" or "the Washington district" of North Carolina, it might be a graceful tribute to the Father of the Country to call the new State "Washington."

Jackson opposed the idea of naming a State after an individual. He called attention to the fact that Georgia

had been named after a king; the Carolinas, Virginia and Maryland after queens; Pennsylvania after a colonial proprietor who, in his estimation, represented the most abhorrent form of government; Delaware after a lord; and New York after a royal duke. New Hampshire, he said, was not so bad, or New Jersey, because one was named after a county in England and the other for an island in the Channel. But now, since Independence, there was no reason for copying anything from England in our new geography. He then expressed admiration for the good taste of the people of Kentucky, admitted to the Union four years before. They, he said, had perpetuated the Indian name in the designation they gave their State. He objected to the spelling—"Kentuck-y"—and said they would have made the name prettier if they had stuck to the Indian pronunciation—"Kain-tuck-ee"—but, so long as they had preserved the aboriginal idea, it was all right.

In the present case, he declared, the convention whose members he had the honor to address could surpass the Kentuckians in the beauty of a word if they would adopt for their new State the Indian name of "The Great Crooked River" which rose in its eastern mountains and then flowed in majestic current through its most fertile part—the Tennessee—a word which, he said, "had as sweet a flavor on the tongue as hot corn-cakes and honey!" *

So, finally, upon motion of the sturdy old original pioneer, General James Robertson—whom Jackson had persuaded away from the name "Washington"—"sec-

* Speech of General "Bill" Carroll, governor of Tennessee in 1824, when Jackson was running for President the first time.

onded and supported by Andrew Jackson," the convention voted, 41 to 14, to name their sixteenth star in the constellation of freedom "Tennessee."

In connection with this event, which was Jackson's introduction to the stage of statecraft, it is worth while to note his parliamentary tactics. "It will be observed," said old Mr. Blair, speaking of this convention in one of his reminiscences, "that Jackson, though exerting a paramount influence in its deliberations, made few important motions himself. His method was to have someone who agreed with him—always some earlier settler than himself—make the desired motion. Then he would second it and speak at once powerfully in its support. He was not then or ever afterward what is commonly termed an orator. But he was a fluent, forceful and convincing speaker. When he addressed a body of men, whether jury, convention or political mass meeting, he talked to them. He did not orate. He had none of the arts of oratory, so-called. His voice, though strong and penetrating, was untrained. He had no idea of modulation, but let his inflections follow his feelings, naturally, as he went along. His gesticulation was even less trained and less artful than his voice. About the only gestures he knew were the raising of both hands above his head to indicate reverence or veneration; the spreading of both arms wide out to indicate deprecation; and the fierce pointing of his long, gaunt forefinger straight forward, like a pistol, to indicate decision, dogmatism or defiance. And," pursued the venerable Mr. Blair, "candor compels me to say that he used that forefinger more than any other limb or member in his gesticulation.

"His vocabulary was copious and he never stood at

loss for a word to express his sense. When perfectly calm or not roused by anything that appealed to his feelings rather than to his judgment, he spoke slowly, carefully and in well-selected phrase. But when excited or angry he would pour forth a torrent of rugged sentences more remarkable for their intent to beat down opposition than for their strict attention to the rules of rhetoric—or even syntax.

"But in all situations and mental conditions his diction was clear and his purpose unmistakable. No one ever listened to a speech or a talk from Andrew Jackson who, when he was done, had the least doubt as to what he was driving at."

The constitution of Tennessee as adopted at the end of twenty-seven days' session, embodied among other things a property qualification of suffrage and of eligibility to office, together with certain other restrictions upon citizenship. In view of Jackson's subsequent attitude as the exponent and apostle of universal suffrage, it seems a bit singular that he should have favored qualification and restriction in the first constitution that he helped to make. But he did; and the reason why has never been explained either by those who knew him at the time or by himself. The only restriction he opposed and defeated —or prevented—was the one relating to clergymen which has been mentioned on a previous page. The probability is that the influence of North Carolina traditions, in the midst of which he had received his scanty education at school or in the law, was still strong upon him and that he considered it best to try only one experiment at a time. He knew that the admission of a young Western State almost sure to be Democratic would be disputed at Wash-

ington, and he did not wish to place any unnecessary arguments at the disposal of those who would resist it.

The first election in the new State resulted in the choice of General John Sevier for Governor and a legislature that, on joint ballot, chose for United States Senators William Blount, former Territorial Governor, for the full term and William Cocke for the short term. Andrew Jackson was elected the first Representative in Congress from Tennessee. Notwithstanding the extreme youth of the State, what would now be termed "the machine" seems to have been full-powered in its early politics; for all the important officers above mentioned had been "slated" for their respective positions even before the constitutional convention adjourned, and there was no regular opposition to any of them. Jackson afterward said that he could have had one of the Senatorships, and that Blount really preferred to go as Representative. But Jackson did not want to be Senator because, as he explained, "the term was too long and he did not intend to remain in federal politics." And he also used to say that the only reason why he ran for Congress at all was because he wished to help along the claims the new State and its citizens had against the General Government for expenses incurred and supplies furnished in the Indian wars.

As had been anticipated, the northeastern Federalists resisted the admission of Tennessee. They had not opposed Kentucky four years previously; but that was partly because party lines had not been sharply defined then and partly because they were willing to let in one new Western State as "compensation" for their own Vermont, admitted formally in 1790. But in Tennessee

they saw the beginning of a procession of new States, destined ere long to trample Federalism under their feet. Therefore, under the leadership of Rufus King, the Federalists exhausted every technicality to retard the admission of Tennessee. After an animated contest, in which party lines were more clearly defined and more rigidly drawn than ever before, the Democrats,* led by Aaron Burr, overbore all opposition and the new State was admitted by a close vote, June 4, 1796. It is not uninteresting to note that the first great leaders of the two parties in the debates of Congress—King and Burr—were both representatives of New York; King, the Federalist, born in Massachusetts and a Harvard man; Burr, the Democrat, born in New Jersey and a Princetonian—or, as they used to say, "a son of Old Nassau."

Jackson's journey from Nashville to Philadelphia, over eight hundred miles by the route he had to take, was performed wholly on horseback. His route was the old emigrant trail to Jonesboro; thence to Salisbury, to Hillsboro; to Halifax, North Carolina; to Chesterfield, to Richmond, to Alexandria, Virginia; thence via Baltimore to Philadelphia. He left Nashville the 27th of October and arrived at Philadelphia the 8th of December; forty-two days en route, or an average of about twenty miles a day, Sundays included. Still it was not considered a particularly remarkable trip in those days. But Jackson did not travel every day. He stopped at Jonesboro and again at Salisbury, two days or so at each place. He traded horses twice on the route; once at

* For convenience we shall in this work describe the party to which Jackson belonged as "Democratic"; though as a matter of fact, they called themselves "Republicans" or "Democratic-Republicans" for many years after 1796.

Salisbury and again at Richmond. Whether or not he paid any "boot-money" is not of historical record. But he told Mr. Blair that the horse he rode into Philadelphia was worth three like the horse he rode out of Nashville. And he also said that the horse he got in Richmond he kept and took back to Tennessee when his term in Congress was over—a four-year-old black stallion that flourished many years thereafter on his farm at Hunter's Hill and even at the Hermitage. The probability is that he must have paid "boot," because Virginia horse-fanciers in those days were no novices in the Yankee art of "swapping." Jackson himself was no fool on a matter of horseflesh, but there were more "David Harums" east of the mountains than west of them.

We have said that he arrived in Philadelphia the 8th of December, 1796. That was a Thursday. The legal day for assembling of Congress that year was Monday, December 5. Mr. Parton says (Vol. I, p. 203) he was there on that day. Jackson said his credentials, forwarded by express-post, were presented and filed on the 5th, but he did not appear in person till the 8th. This is unimportant, except as one among almost innumerable instances of disagreement on questions of fact between Jackson and some of his biographers.

The new member's first experience was one not likely to be forgotten. At that time it was the custom of the President to attend Congress in person upon its opening. The Chief Magistrate has the same right to do that now as then, but the custom has fallen into deserved disuse. It was a relic of monarchism, inherited from royal England or from English royalty.

On this occasion Washington, whose term was to expire with that Congress, made his last appearance on the floor of the House under the custom referred to. He briefly addressed the members, speaking about twelve minutes by the clock. Having delivered this address, the text of which is familiar to most Americans who know much about the rudiments of their country's history, he withdrew. Another custom—prevalent then, but for nearly a century and for the best of reasons abandoned—was the presentation by Congress of an "Address to the President," in acknowledgment of or in response to his annual message. Prior to December 8, 1796, this address had been a mere matter of form, voted *nem. con.* But now, for the first time it was held for debate, clause by clause, in an almost continuous session of two days. This fact did not necessarily reflect upon Washington or indicate a want of confidence in his administration. It was merely taken as an opportunity to open party debate and draw party lines on questions mentioned in the annual message, some of which were of the gravest character, notably our pending relations with France.

Reproduction of either the message, the address or the synopsis of debate, as preserved, is not requisite to the purposes or even germane to the scope of this work. Suffice it to say that on the final call of the roll—yeas and nays—sixty-seven members voted in favor of the address and twelve against it. One of the twelve was Andrew Jackson. Another was Edward Livingston, of New York. The names of the other ten have disappeared from history, excepting, maybe, Samuel Maclay and Nathaniel Macon. In after years the Federalist and

Whig organs and orators tried to make "political capital" against Jackson by parading the fact that "his first vote in Congress was cast against George Washington."

It was indeed "his first vote in Congress" on a call of the yeas and nays. But he had a good, logical explanation of it—though he did not offer the explanation to his enemies.

In October, 1875, the author of this work, then a newspaper correspondent, had an interview with Governor William Allen, of Ohio, at his farm near Chillicothe. Among the venerable statesman's reminiscences was this:

"In 1833, General Jackson told me why he voted against the address. It was not, he said, because of anything in the paper, though he did not altogether agree with all the acts and policies of Washington's administration. What he voted against was the theory and practice of an 'Address to the President' on principle and at large. 'I looked upon such an address,' said Jackson, 'whether to Washington or to any other President, as the survival of an English custom, out of place in this country and alien to the spirit of our institutions. In England, when Parliament assembles they have what is called 'The King's Speech.' Then the House of Commons answers it in an 'Address to the Throne.' In my mind, this address of Congress to the President was a servile imitation of that custom. It may be well enough in countries that have a king and a throne. But I thought it absurd in a country where neither existed or could exist. My vote was not against the address as such, but against the custom, or the servile imitation of a kingly custom that it grew out of. That, Mr. Allen, is the whole story.'

"In this," pursued Governor Allen, "may be found the key to a great deal of Jackson's policy and action which historians have not yet discovered. He was essentially a man of loves and hates. He knew no such thing as a middle ground. He was either for or against a thing with all his might. In either case he could not be swerved to the right or to the left by attendant circumstances. He loved his country and his friends. He hated England and his enemies. He feared none but God Almighty! As for Washington, he revered him as everyone else did. But he did not worship him, nor would he put aside or stifle the promptings of one jot of principle for his sake. He voted against the address because it was an address, and as such represented to his mind an imitation of a monarchical custom. That was all. It happened that the address he voted against was eulogistic of Washington. But if it had been condemnatory in the last degree he would have voted against it just the same."

This was the second or short session of the Fourth Congress and its term expired by law March 4, 1797. As Tennessee was admitted in the middle of that session Jackson was elected both for the short term ending March 4, 1797 and the long term ending in 1799. The only measure with which he was prominently identified during the short term was a claim for expenses and supplies in Governor Sevier's Indian campaign of 1793, known to history as the "Etowah Expedition." This expedition had not been authorized by the Federal Government and, in fact, stood on a footing similar to or identical with that of the Nick-a-jack campaign in 1794, already described. Jackson's constituents wished him to

make a claim for the latter as well as the former. But he thought it would be better to make a precedent of one and then let the other follow it in natural course.

December 29, 1796, he offered a joint resolution, as follows:

"Resolved, etc., that General Sevier's expedition into the Cherokee Nation in the year 1793 was a just and necessary measure and that provision ought to be made by law for paying the expenses thereof."

The House already had before it as a test case the petition of Hugh L. White, who had been a member of Sevier's expedition and had distinguished himself by killing the war-chief Kingfisher in single combat at the battle of Etowah. This petition had been referred by the Secretary of War back to Congress with a recommendation that it was for that body to decide whether the danger and provocation justified the action of the settlers, of whom the petitioner was one. The Secretary in his report gave a version of the facts as they were understood by the administration.

As a preface to his resolution, according to the printed minutes of debate, "Mr. A. Jackson" said:

Mr. Chairman: I do not doubt that by recurrence to the papers presented it will appear evident that the measures taken on the occasion were just and necessary. When it was seen, Sir, that war was waged upon the State and that the knife and tomahawk were held over the heads of women and children, and peaceable citizens murdered, it was time to make resistance. Some of the assertions of the Secretary of War (in his report) are not founded upon fact, particularly with reference to the expedition having been undertaken with the avowed purpose of carrying war into the Cherokee country.

In fact, such assertions are contradicted by General Sevier's letter to the Secretary of War. I trust it will not be assuming too much if I say that, being an inhabitant of the country, I have some knowledge of this business. From June to the end of October the militia acted entirely on the defensive; when twelve hundred Indians came upon them, carried their station and threatened to attack the seat of government itself. [Knoxville.] In such a state of affairs would the Secretary [General Daniel Smith], upon whom the executive power rested in the absence of the Governor of the Territory [Blount], have been justified, had he not adopted as he did the measures of pursuing the enemy? I believe he would not. I believe the expedition was necessary and just and that the claim of Hugh L. White ought to be granted.

A motion was made to refer the petition to the Committee on Claims.

Jackson opposed this and in the debate on the motion said:

As the troops were called out by a superior officer they had no right to doubt his authority. Admit a contrary doctrine and it would strike at the very root of subordination. You might as well say to soldiers, "Before you obey the commands of your superior officer, you have a right to inquire as to the legality of the service upon which you are about to be employed, and until you are satisfied you may refuse to take the field." . . . If, even, the expedition was unconstitutional, which I am far from believing, it ought not to affect the soldier, since he had no choice, being obliged to obey his superior. . . .

After considerable debate, in which James Madison, of Virginia, Albert Gallatin, of Pennsylvania, and Edward Livingston, of New York, forcibly supported Mr. Jackson, of Tennessee, the resolution was adopted and

the sum of $22,816 was appropriated to pay the expenses of the expedition.

This success was profoundly appreciated and enthusiastically applauded by the people of Tennessee. It made Andrew Jackson their foremost citizen and leading public character for life. All things considered, it was a remarkable achievement. A new member, from a new State, in less than a month after taking his seat, had carried an appropriation to pay the expenses of an expedition not only not authorized, but actually opposed by the administration. He had measured his untrained powers in debate against the best minds the Federalist party could muster and, though his diction was simple and his elocution primitive, he had held his own and won his case.

For the rest of that Congress, which considered several subjects of primary importance, Jackson figured only as a voting member. He voted strictly with the Democratic party as led by Gallatin in the House and Burr in the Senate, with one exception. That was the vote on increase of the navy, which came before the House in the form of an appropriation to complete and equip the three frigates—United States, Constellation and Constitution—originally authorized in 1794. On this question there was no drawing of party lines. Some of the more radical Democrats had misgivings about placing a strong naval force in the hands of John Adams, then —February, 1797—President-elect by count of the electoral votes. They feared, or professed to fear, that a Federalist President might use the naval force of the nation to make war on France or help England. But when the appropriation was put to vote party lines for

the moment disappeared. Jackson voted for the new ships. He even took interest enough in the subject to visit Humphrey's shipyard in Philadelphia, not very far from the "Congress House," for the purpose of seeing the United States, 44, then on the stocks, in frame and planked to the bilges. But his interest in the "infant navy" was based upon considerations other than our relations with England or with France. He was vehemently opposed to the paying of tribute to the Dey of Algiers, voted against an appropriation for that purpose, and believed we ought to have a navy strong enough to protect our Mediterranean commerce against the Barbary corsairs.

Soon after Congress adjourned, March 4, 1797, Jackson returned to Tennessee. Before the time for regular assembly of the Fifth Congress he was appointed Senator, vice ex-Governor William Blount, who had been expelled for alleged complicity in a plot to seize New Orleans—then held by Spain—and to hand over the sovereignty to Great Britain. He returned to Philadelphia in December, 1797, took his seat in the Senate and held it until the following June, when he resigned and retired to private life. During the single session of his service as a Senator no record of his attitude or action appears. He was regular enough in attendance, but his only record in calls of the yeas and nays is that of being "paired" with some absent Senator. He was always on the Democratic side of the pair. The only expression known to have fallen from his lips on any public topic during that session was a remark—not reported in the abstract of debate—that he did not believe in secret sessions for any purpose other than the consideration of treaties.

Executive sessions for the discussion of nominations to office he thought were wrong; holding that the confirmation or rejection of appointments was or ought to be as open and above-board as any other part of the public business. He thought that secret sessions to consider the fitness of appointees gave Senators opportunities to say things about men that they might not utter so freely in public, and he did not consider that fair play. There might be and usually was good reason for secret deliberation upon treaties, because it was not wise to let foreign nations know too much about our policy or our reasons for it. But so far as concerned individuals, he held that their fitness for office should be debated openly or not at all.*

On the whole, Jackson's experience in Congress was chiefly notable in the acquaintances it gave him opportunity to make. He was, of course, courteous to all, and as popular as any new member can reasonably expect to be. But he formed very few close or lasting friendships. From all that can be learned at this distance, he reached intimate terms with no one but Burr, Livingston and Gallatin. The last named seems to have taken particular pains to befriend him. More than any other member, Gallatin was helpful in putting Jackson's claim resolution through. In birth, early breeding and education the two were wide apart. But as they met in that early House of Representatives, both came from pioneer districts; both were "backwoods Congressmen." The Southwestern District of Pennsylvania, which Gallatin represented, was almost as much on the frontier as Tennessee, and, though comparatively quiet in 1796,

* Blount Papers, Tennessee Historical Society.

Gallatin's district was well within the zone of Indian troubles when he first settled at Fayette in 1784. Though born of what they call "patrician lineage" in Switzerland and migrating to this country in his twentieth year, Gallatin was an instinctive lover of free institutions, a hater of monarchy and aristocracy in every form, a Democrat through and through, and as American a man as any ever born on the soil. He used to criticise, in a vein of humor, Jackson's style of dress and is said to have advised him on one occasion that "it would be more becoming to tie his queue with ribbons than with eel-skins." * But Jackson took it all in good part, and he and Gallatin were very good friends—until they parted on the Bank question thirty-odd years later. For a time, while Jackson was a Senator, they were fellow-boarders. The hostelry which sheltered them stood upon part of the ground now occupied by the Philadelphia Post Office. Mrs. Gallatin, daughter of Commodore Nicholson, was a leader in official society.

All the ladies liked Jackson for his grave courtesy and chivalric deference toward their sex, and they wished to bring him out in society more than he felt like being brought out. His disinclination for the social gayeties

* In a voluminous Whig campaign document, which its author, Mr. Hildreth, facetiously called A History of the United States, this anecdote is related with sufficient distortion to give it the flavor of a sneer. Of course, the intention of Hildreth was to ridicule Andrew Jackson, who, though dead at the time the voluminous campaign-document was published (1846), had not yet passed from the range of Whig venom. But in his effort to ridicule Jackson this author unwittingly imputes to Gallatin the coarse and vulgar trick of trying to make personal or political capital out of a public man's peculiarity of attire. It is probable that those who revere Jackson's memory for what he did, will be quite content to leave a monopoly of abuse for what he wore to his Whig enemies.

of the Capital was due to the absence of his wife. She could not be persuaded to undertake the overland journey of 800 miles on horseback, and therefore Jackson was compelled to leave her at home. Without her he took no interest and found no pleasure in the occasions of society; and it may be remarked here that his principal reason for permanently renouncing Senatorial honors was the fact that service at the National Capital unavoidably entailed upon him long periods of separation from his wife.

Besides Burr and Livingston, Jackson also made the personal acquaintance of Thomas Jefferson. But he never liked Jefferson as he did the others. Jefferson was, indeed, extremely gracious toward him and did everything in his power to help him along. He saw, with the keen vision of presidential ambition, the force and commanding power that lay almost inert in the tall frontiersman, and recognized in him the coming leader of Democracy in the New West. Jackson on his part was grateful to Jefferson for the kindly interest he exhibited, but never could quite shake off the impression that there was more of condescension than of fellowship in Jefferson's graciousness. Nevertheless he looked up to Jefferson as the intellectual head of Democracy, shared enthusiastically his predilections for the French as against the English and unstintedly revered him as the writer, if not wholly author, of the Declaration of Independence. But in some way never clearly explained—perhaps instinctively—Jackson's personal contact with Jefferson produced at a very early period the impression that the statesman of Monticello lacked courage. And, no matter what his other qualities might be, no man

whom Jackson suspected of deficiency in that trait could ever gain his entire confidence or perfect esteem.

Under such conditions and influenced by such impressions, Jackson gave up his seat in the Senate to his brother-in-law, General Daniel Smith, and returned to the valley of the Cumberland in June, 1798.

CHAPTER VI

JUDGE, PLANTER AND MERCHANT

When Jackson left the Senate in 1798 his fixed intention was to devote at least several years to his private business. Various writers have assigned diverse reasons for his resignation, but the true reason was his desire to live at home with his family and a fondness he always had for the pursuits of industry and thrift. He loved the soil. To see crops grow and live-stock flourish under his management and for his profit was a passion with him to the last day of his active life.

While not avaricious in the common acceptation of the term, he found great pleasure in making money and in the anticipation of being, some day, a rich man. Even in the earliest days of his law practice, ten years before he had a seat in the Senate to resign, he began trading in a small way and speculating in land. The first thing he did after his marriage in 1791 was to begin a plantation and take an interest in a mill. As soon as he was able to do so he acquired slaves and set them at work clearing land. His law-practice he always viewed simply as means to an end, and that end was an ambition to be the leading planter and stock-breeder in Tennessee. From the time when he cleared his first ten acres at Hunter's Hill till he lay down to die at the Hermitage —fifty-four years—his greatest delight was to pilot some

visitor around his plantation, exult in spreading fields of corn and cotton and exhibit with pride his fat cattle and thoroughbred horses. He was not only an enthusiastic but a scientific farmer. Anyone who had an improved farm-implement or a blooded animal or a superior variety of fruit-trees or grape-sets, or any other advanced thing in the agricultural line to sell, could always find a ready customer in Andrew Jackson. There were larger plantations than his, but none better cultivated or, for its extent, more profitable. Whitney invented the cotton-gin in 1793. In less than four years Andrew Jackson had on his plantation the first one in use in the Cumberland valley.* He brought horses and cattle of the best breeds from the older States, at great trouble and expense. In every respect he was a model farmer and the acknowledged leader or pioneer of agricultural progress in the Southwest. We are aware that this is not altogether the picture of him that tradition paints, but it is the true one or a very important part of it. But this was not all. Jackson had commercial as well as agricultural instincts. He realized and understood that prosperity consists as much in buying and selling commod-

* The Southern people, not being themselves inventive, were hostile to the law of patent-right in general and to Whitney's patent on the cotton-gin in particular. Infringements occurred in every cotton-growing State. Jackson believed that the inventor was entitled to compensation, but he held that the State ought to buy the right for its own territory and then make the use and manufacture of the machine free to all its citizens. South Carolina adopted this plan. North Carolina and Tennessee also made an agreement by virtue of which the inventor was to receive a fixed sum for each "saw" used in ginning cotton by the Whitney process. But Tennessee, contrary to Jackson's opinion and advice, subsequently abrogated that arrangement. Some cases of infringement came before him during his term on the Supreme Bench, but they were compromised without reaching judicial decision.

ities as in raising crops or breeding live-stock, as well in cultivating the market as in tilling the soil.

Imbued with such ideas, the last thing he did before leaving Philadelphia at the end of his Senatorial career in June, 1798, was to buy a large stock of goods—large for those days—with a view of combining the business of a merchant with the industry of a planter. His capital was land. He had no other available resource. So he sold to David Allison, of Philadelphia, ten thousand acres of Tennessee land, to which he could give valid title, for $6,666.66—or two-thirds of a dollar an acre. David Allison was then—or was supposed to be—one of the solidest capitalists and most prosperous merchants in the principal city of America. He was a Quaker of lineal descent from one of William Penn's original proprietary colonists of 1682. Like many members of his sect in his time, David Allison was a Quaker "for revenue only." But at the moment when he bought Senator Jackson's Tennessee land his credit was at or above par. At any rate, he gave to the Tennessee statesman his notes in payment for the land. These notes were three in number, dated June —, 1798, and payable respectively in one, two and three years from and after date, with interest at 6 per cent per annum. Each note was for $2,222.22.

David Allison's credit was such at that moment that Jackson was able to use those notes as currency wherewith to lay in a large stock of goods suitable for the Tennessee market. In other words, he negotiated Mr. Allison's notes at par in Philadelphia banks and with the proceeds bought his stock of merchandise. He did not use all the proceeds for that purpose, but reserved about a thousand dollars in cash to defray the expenses of

shipping the goods to Nashville. In the main the merchandise was dry-goods of all kinds for men's and women's wear, with some household utensils and a few sets of table-ware and small articles of silver—such as spoons, knives, forks, etc.—calculated to tempt the aspirations to the rudiments of luxury which even then had begun to animate the good housewives of the new State.

Shipment of such a consignment of merchandise at that time from Philadelphia to Nashville was no joke. It involved transportation over a rough mountain road in Conestoga wagons to Pittsburg; thence down the Ohio River in flat-boats to the mouth of the Cumberland, and from that point the boats must be propelled up the latter stream to Nashville by diligent use of "setting-poles" powered by the sturdy shoulders of stalwart frontier flat-boatmen. Jackson, sometimes on horseback and sometimes in flat-boat, accompanied his possessions as far as Louisville. There he found his young nephew-in-law—husband of his wife's niece—John Hutchings, who was to be his partner in this branch of his business. Mr. Hutchings took charge of the flat-boats and Senator Jackson rode from Louisville home to Nashville across country—a distance of one hundred and eighty-odd miles by the roads he had to travel—on horseback. Tradition says—almost incredible—that he made this journey in three days. But it must be remembered that it was the "last stage" of a thousand-mile trip, with Mrs. Jackson waiting for him at its end. History does not record the fate of the horse—or horses—he rode.

Arriving home, he took up the affairs of his plantation with characteristic energy. Its interests had been well cared for by Mrs. Jackson, who was herself one of the

most capable planters in the region, and who in the long run had more to do with the management than her husband. The General used to say that the place prospered more when he was absent than when at home, because Mrs. Jackson had a knack of inducing the colored people to be diligent which he could never acquire. "In fact," he would say, "they take advantage of me in all kinds of ways, but they do not try any monkey-shines with her!" He never flogged his slaves or put them on allowance of food, as most planters did, and he never refused a "pass" to one who wished to go away on a visit. Therefore the "discipline" of his plantation was lax, according to the ordinary standards of the time and place; but for all that the general results of his planting were satisfactory beyond the average. To the last day of his life he was reputed the most indulgent "master" in Tennessee. This was due to a trait universal in all his relations with men. He was uniformly kind and patient with those inferior or subordinate to him, whatever may have been his bearing at times toward his equals in social or public rank.

In due time the "new store" was established, an old block-house on his land being renovated and refitted for that purpose, and young Mr. Hutchings was installed as managing partner, with general supervision by Jackson himself. He now considered public life a thing of the past and looked forward to a long career of that personal independence of which the prosperous Southern planter was always the ideal embodiment.

This pleasant illusion did not last long. In the fall of 1798, only a few months after his return to Tennessee, there was a triangular contest for the nomination to a

Supreme Court judgeship. A deadlock ensued, which was finally broken by a general compromise on Andrew Jackson.

A Democratic nomination was equivalent to an election in Tennessee, and he qualified for the high judicial office on the 8th of January, 1799, a date destined to further celebrity in connection with his name. The Supreme Court of Tennessee then consisted of three justices. Each had a circuit, in which he held *nisi prius* or trial courts at certain county seats, three terms a year. All three judges, sitting *en banc,* were the Supreme Court of the State and had final appellate jurisdiction. There was no titulary chief justice by statute, but the senior judge had that title by courtesy and presided *en banc* as such. The term was six years, one judge being elected every two years. The three judges chosen at the birth of the State, in 1796, were Howell Tatum, William C. C. Claiborne and Archibald Roane. Judge Roane's term—the short or two-year term of the original organization—expired in 1798. Claiborne, holding the middle or four-year term, had been elected to Congress when Jackson was appointed Senator. Two vacancies therefore existed. Judge Roane was chosen to fill Claiborne's place and Jackson was elected for the long term that would expire in 1804.

Of his judicial career a vast number of anecdotes have been told in the form of campaign stories, all strongly colored for or against him, according to their origin or object—whether Federalist-Whig or Democratic-Republican. No public or official record exists, however, for the reason that the reporting of decisions did not begin in Tennessee until after he had left the bench. Some of

the anecdotes are interesting, some absurd, and most of both kinds are imaginary. In the Blount papers, Jackson's judicial character is described as that of "trying always to apply common sense to questions of law and equity." We are told that "he seldom took a very long time to consider evidence or papers, but reached his conclusions quickly. When holding criminal court it was noticeable that his charges to the jury invariably leaned strongly toward the side of the defence; some thought too much so; and not a few lawyers practising in his courts believed that the great preponderance of acquittals was due to the leniency of his charges to juries."

Among the anecdotes of his judicial career was one which, having a basis of truth, has been told so many ways and tortured into so many versions that it might be consigned to the apocrypha but for a version of his own which he gave to Amos Kendall:

When he was holding court at Clarksville a noted ruffian, who had been convicted at a previous term and pardoned by Governor Sevier, came to the door of the log court-house armed with a pistol, butcher-knife and a heavy club and began in a loud voice to abuse the judge who had held the court when he was convicted—who happened to be his colleague, Judge Roane. Jackson ordered the man arrested, intending to fine him for contempt of court. He defied arrest and the sheriff informed the court that he would have to shoot the man in order to take him, at the same time asking proper authority to do so. Jackson then adjourned court and accompanied the sheriff out of doors.

"Are you sure, Mr. Taylor [the Sheriff] that you cannot take him by other means?"

"I am sure, your honor, that an attempt to overpower him would result fatally to one or more of the posse, and his life is not worth an honest man's little finger."

"Well, then, Mr. Taylor, the responsibility of taking a man's life is one that cannot be delegated. If he must be shot the duty devolves on me—let me have your pistols a moment."

All this conversation, which took place outside the court-house, had been heard by the man. The sheriff handed his pistols to Judge Jackson. They were old-fashioned "horse-pistols," carrying ounce balls. Jackson looked at the priming and then, turning suddenly to face the man, raised the pistol *without saying a word.* Before he had time to pull the trigger, the man dropped his own weapons to the ground and exclaimed, "I give up!"

Jackson then ordered him to come into court, which he did. Resuming the bench, the judge arraigned the man for contempt of court, lectured him, made him apologize for the language he had used regarding Judge Roane and sentenced him "to the custody of the sheriff during the rest of that term of court"—about three or four days.

This affair has been confounded in history with another, which occurred in Knoxville, the truth of which, as related by Colonel Isaac Avery, is not particularly dramatic, and hardly worth space here.

When asked by his interlocutor whether he really intended to kill the man, Jackson replied in a manner calculated to end the discussion: "Well, sir, as you see, I didn't kill him!"

The most noteworthy event—or at least the one most

talked of then and worst distorted in subsequent campaign writing and oratory—that occurred during his six years on the Supreme Bench was the culmination of the long feud between Governor Sevier and himself. Like most other affairs in Jackson's early career this one has been so much distorted and warped by party zeal in one direction and malignity in the other that the exact truth of it is now wellnigh inexhumable from the mass of rubbish which has overwhelmed it in history.

The two versions most likely to be true are that of Isaac T. Avery, who related his father's story, and Colonel Waldo Putnam, historian par excellence of Tennessee, who derived his information from indefatigable research among family papers and the memories of contemporaries. Colonel Putnam's version is the clearer and more consecutive of the two, and the fact that his wife was Governor Sevier's granddaughter does not seem to have caused any undue bias on account of family.*

The first disagreement of any kind between them occurred in 1795, when Jackson was conducting a land case at Knoxville, in which Sevier was interested on the other side, not as counsel but as a party to the suit. No collision occurred then, but each spoke pretty freely of the other, all of which was carefully repeated, with the usual embellishments, by "mutual friends." In 1796 Jackson was at Knoxville to receive his credentials as

* Colonel A. Waldo Putnam was a great-grandson of the French War and Revolutionary hero, affectionately known in our annals as "Old Put." He was born at Marietta, Ohio, 1799, and settled at Nashville about 1835. He was a man of exceedingly chivalrous nature, doubtless hereditary, and was one of the most popular men of his time in Tennessee. Though a grandson-in-law of Governor Sevier, he was also an ardent admirer of Jackson, and in the declining years of the latter—1836 till his death—they were warm friends.

Representative in Congress, and he found that the governor had forwarded them with other official papers by express, so that the credentials reached Philadelphia some time before he did. This was regular enough, but Jackson took offence because the governor had not given them to him in person.

During Jackson's stay in Knoxville on this occasion the legislature was in session. The constitution of the State created the office of major-general of the militia, but provided no mode of filling the place. A bill was introduced in the legislature making the office appointive by the governor. Jackson drew up a bill, which his friends offered and supported as a substitute, providing for election of a major-general by the field-officers of the militia itself. But the governor's bill passed and George Conway was appointed as soon as it went into effect. Conway is unknown to the history of the country; hardly remembered in that of Tennessee itself. He had been a soldier under Sevier at King's Mountain and a subordinate officer in the Indian wars after the Revolution. Jackson's candidate was General James Robertson. He himself was not an aspirant then. This was the beginning of the actual feud. While Jackson was in Congress he discovered that extensive frauds had been perpetrated by the forging of warrants for Tennessee lands under the law of North Carolina granting lands in that region for services in the Revolution. Through his instrumentality the matter was investigated by the Tennessee legislature, and many titles were declared fraudulent and void. Governor Sevier suffered by this action. He was indeed an innocent holder, having bought the lands in good faith. But he was far from thanking Jackson for his

instrumentality in exposing the frauds. Jackson took no pains to conceal his satisfaction at having caught the old man in his trap. "When you set a bear-trap," he said, "you never can tell what particular bear is going to blunder into it!"

Sevier expressed the opinion that Jackson was "a meddlesome young cuss with more gizzard than brains!" The major-generalship rested until 1798. The election that made Jackson Supreme Judge also resulted in a legislative majority strongly anti-Sevier, though it chose the old hero of King's Mountain and Etowah governor again.

In the spring of 1799 Jackson went to hold his first court at Knoxville. Meantime the "mutual friends" had been busy. Among other things they told him that Sevier was saying he "could not see why the people were so infatuated with Jackson. For his part he knew of nothing Jackson had ever done to deserve so much celebrity except a trip to Natchez after another man's wife!" This was false. Sevier was not the kind of man to make war on a woman, or upon another man over a woman's shoulders. But Jackson believed he had said it, and that was enough. He had made up his mind that any man who dared breathe a word derogatory to his wife must either die or kill him. The governor was absent from Knoxville when Jackson arrived, but returned before the term of court was over. One evening just after adjournment of court they met on the street in front of the principal—perhaps only—tavern in the little town.

An altercation began at once. The question as to which of the two was the aggressor has never been definitely settled, but the weight of evidence is against Jack-

son. Colonel Isaac Avery says he was the one who opened the conversation. Colonel Putnam—Sevier's grandson-in-law—cautiously says: "There was so much confusion and so many conflicting accounts of it were given that it cannot be ascertained who said the first angry word."

The Blount papers say broadly that "Jackson attacked the governor," and Blount himself was a "Jackson man."

Jackson himself could never be persuaded to give his own version of the affair—not even to Amos Kendall, whom he had selected to be his Boswell. The most that anyone could induce him to say about it was: "It belongs to a class of affairs that no gentleman can be his own witness in regard to."

This much, however, is known: At some point in the altercation Jackson reproached Sevier with "resorting to the baseness of assailing the fair fame of a woman in quarrelling with a man," and then repeated the remark which had been repeated to him as above related.

Sevier retorted: "You ought to have sense enough to know that I am incapable of such a dastardly remark. Your informant is an infernal liar, and if you believe it you are a —— —— fool!"

Both drew pistols, as did their respective friends standing by. Several shots—at least four—were heard. Jackson fired one. Governor Sevier and his friends declared to their dying days that he did not fire. Jackson and his friends averred with equal vehemence that Sevier did shoot at least once, and some of them said twice. At all events, two shots came from Sevier's direction and another was fired by one of Jackson's friends. The only person injured was a young man standing about three

feet to one side of Sevier and some ten feet behind him. Jackson's bullet grazed the hip of this youth, just barely breaking or bruising the skin. Jackson had but one pistol —the small one that Colonel Davie gave him during the Revolution, which he customarily carried in his belt. It was not more than seven or eight inches long and threw a half-ounce ball. Sevier had also but one pistol, of the type and calibre used by cavalry soldiers in those days.

With this harmless exchange of shots the affray ended and the two principals went away from the scene with their friends in opposite directions. Shortly afterward the judge of the Supreme Court challenged the governor of the State.

Sevier declined or refused to consider the message on several grounds. Among them were, first, that the provocation alleged by Jackson had no foundation in fact. Second, that he was twenty-two years the senior of Jackson. Third, that he could afford to risk his reputation for courage on battles he had fought for the Independence of his country when Jackson was a school-boy. Fourth, that his life was too valuable to the large family dependent upon him for him to feel warranted in risking it where no substantial question of honor was at stake.

Jackson pursued the matter no further. But a few days afterward, when he was about to leave Knoxville, a friend of the governor—Mr. George Rutledge—came with a message to the effect that Sevier regretted the harsh and profane language he had used at the end of the altercation and desired to withdraw it. To this Jackson replied: "Give Governor Sevier my compliments and say that I received his message."

The feud then slumbered two years. In 1800 a legis-

lature was elected which passed Jackson's bill taking from the governor the power to appoint the major-general of militia and making it elective by the field-officers. The candidates were Jackson and Sevier. The former at first proposed to use his influence in behalf of General James Robertson, but he declined the honor, though his election was assured. Jackson then entered the lists himself and beat Sevier by one vote. This was a crushing blow to the veteran's pride. He never forgot or forgave it, though civic honors were showered upon him for years afterward. This time, in his angry humiliation, he did say many savage things about Jackson. Among them was the sneering inquiry: "What has this red-headed upstart ever done that entitles him to be military commander-in-chief of Tennessee? Other and better men conquered its independence and then defended it from the savages. Has he ever struck a blow in its behalf? His whole warlike experience and service may be summed up in leading fifteen or twenty men on the trail of about a dozen Indians and then letting every red devil of them get away—almost out from under his feet! He has the reputation of a fighting man, his friends say. Fighting whom? A fellow-attorney in a clumsy farce he and his friends call 'a duel'! * I defy anyone to show me another fight except his unprovoked assault on me in Knoxville two years ago, 'egged on' by his lying friends!" With much more of the same sort, all of which was literally true.

Jackson became a major-general without a battle or

* This was a reference to a meeting between Jackson and Colonel Waighstill Avery at Jonesboro, which will receive attention later on, somewhat out of its chronological order.

even a military command of any kind previously. We can imagine the chagrin of a man who could boast that he had fought in Pontiac's War, in 1763; had been a member of Colonel Bouquet's expedition against the Ohio Indians in 1764; had followed Andrew Lewis in the campaigns of 1770, 1772 and at Point Pleasant in 1774; who had seen service in Morgan's Riflemen and commanded a battalion at King's Mountain—with other gallant deeds too numerous to recount even by name—we can imagine the chagrin of such a man at being beaten for the major-generalship in a State he had founded and by one who was studying law while he was founding the State!

It was remarkable, or it would have seemed so, had he been beaten by any other man than Andrew Jackson.

But now the irate old "war-horse" did not stop at words. Having once declined a regular challenge, he coud not now in his turn send one. But the next time he met Jackson the old quarrel was renewed. This time the latter held his peace and left all the vituperation to Sevier, who was heavily armed and surrounded by his friends, while Jackson was alone. He, however, listened to all the governor (or ex-governor then) had to say, and, after the one-sided altercation was over, challenged him again. Sevier accepted this challenge and, after a great deal of finesse about weapons, terms, place of meeting and other details which might have been settled in half an hour by men in cool blood and dead earnest, he agreed to meet Jackson at a certain point just over the State line in the Indian country. The proposed place of meeting was on "Robertson's Trail," in Kentucky, just west of Cumberland Gap. Jackson went there at the

appointed time and waited two days. But Sevier did not put in an appearance and Jackson started back toward Knoxville. On the road he met the ex-governor with a party of eleven friends, all mounted. Determined to end the affair then and there, Jackson invited Sevier to dismount and fight it out right in the road. The ex-governor dismounted, but when he reached for his pistols, which were in the saddle-holsters, his horse broke away and ran. The mishap was hastily explained. Jackson offered him the choice of one of his own pistols. By this time the friends of both interfered and a sort of armistice was agreed upon in the middle of the road. Sevier's horse was caught and the two parties rode back to Knoxville together.*

We have given considerable space to this incident—or to these incidents—because great prominence has been accorded to them, not only in the history of Tennessee, but also in the annals of the country at large. Also because the feud represented not merely a quarrel between the two men, but the factional politics of the State in its early years. Generally speaking, Sevier represented the old men, Jackson the young men, of the new Tennessee. Sevier embodied its past traditions; Jackson in-

* Colonel Putnam says: "There were no explanations and no apologies. But Governor Sevier vehemently declared he had never said a word or harbored a thought derogatory to Mrs. Jackson or in any way reflecting upon family affairs. Judge Jackson accepted this assurance without hesitation and intimated that he preferred so to believe. . . . After this they ceased to talk of the difficulty, and so far as their conduct toward each other might indicate, they ceased to cherish enmity. But in some of Governor Sevier's children a feeling of bitterness toward General Jackson was long perpetuated; and, perhaps in the bosom of no one so intense as in that of my father-in-law, Colonel George W. Sevier. But even he visited the Hermitage and dined there with the General after his retirement from the presidency."

carnated its future aspirations. Naturally, in a State growing so rapidly as Tennessee then grew, the old men would soon lose their power, particularly when the younger generation had a leader so forceful, so intrepid and so magnetic as Andrew Jackson. It also embodied to some extent a sectional issue which long prevailed between East Tennessee and the rest of the State. After 1794–'95 that part of Tennessee west of the mountains grew by leaps and bounds. East Tennessee stood almost still. About all its people saw or felt in the marvellous growth of the State was the long procession of emigrants passing over their mountain roads. For any thousand that passed through hardly ten in those days would stop and settle east of the mountains or among them. In this sectional feeling, Sevier represented the stationary condition of East Tennessee; Jackson the exuberant and exultant progress of the middle and west sections of the State. Naturally his fortunes rose with his surroundings, while Sevier's star stood still or relatively declined with his.*

The feud between the two men, therefore, found vastly more historical importance in what it represented than in what it really was of itself. Of such a feud a perfectly colorless account is impossible. We have done our best to sift a few undisputed facts from an infinite mass of partizan rubbish, and we have at least avoided

*For these concluding observations we are indebted to the venerable Harvey Watterson—father of the illustrious journalist, Henry Watterson—who related to us the situation at that time many years ago in Washington. The words may not be exactly those used by Judge Watterson, but the sense is his. To the best of our recollection he said he had published a similar review of it when he was editor of the Shelbyville (Tenn.) *Democrat* in 1832. Or, it may have been when he was editor and proprietor of the Nashville *Union* in 1850 and thereafter.

the tone and tenor of a homily on the then prevailing state of civilization in the Southwest. Governor Sevier and Judge Jackson acted according to the lights and the social laws that guided and governed the conduct of brave Americans in the Seventeenth Century. If, according to present standards, they made mistakes, nothing that could be said now would rectify them.

Two more incidents of Jackson's original if not unique career as a jurist may be related, partly because they have hitherto escaped the types and partly because they are characteristic—*sui generis,* one might say. In 1803 he was holding court at Nashville and a case came before him involving certain land titles which had been clouded some years before by a decision of his friend McNairy, then Teritorial judge. At that time Jackson was Territorial district attorney and as such had represented the government in these cases. The story is too long for detail here, but in general it may be said that the principle involved was the relation between the confused and ill-defined grants of North Carolina prior to 1790 and the public land sales of the General Government after the Territorial organization and cession of the unoccupied domain as public lands of the United States. Judge Jackson reversed the ruling of McNairy. Counsel for the reversed side filed exceptions for appeal to the United States court, and in them cited an argument Jackson himself had made on behalf of the Territory, as a ward of the United States, in the original cause. He overruled the bill; first, on the ground that the Federal court had no appellate jurisdiction, and second, because the decision of the Territorial judge had been contrary to the law and the facts! Counsel then suggested that the decision of

the Territorial judge had been clearly and unmistakably based upon the argument and citations of the Territorial district attorney, whose name was Andrew Jackson. To this the judge of the supreme court of Tennessee replied that his oath as district attorney bound him to do his best to protect the interests of the General Government, or words to that effect; whereas, his oath as judge of the State supreme court bound him to mete out impartial justice in causes arising between citizens of the State; and, besides, there was nothing in the constitution or the laws to prohibit him from altering his own legal opinion, in the light of riper experience, more thorough study and graver responsibility! His ruling stood, and stands to this day.

The other incident is even more racy of the man. In the last term of court he held at Knoxville a cause was on the docket in which the plaintiff was a personal enemy of Jackson. It was near the head of the calendar and was likely to be called the first day of the session. Before the court assembled in the morning, Judge Jackson sought the plaintiff's attorney—Rutledge—and said to him:

"George, I wish you would ask a continuance to the next term in that case."

"Why, if I may inquire, Judge?"

"I'll tell you, as one gentleman to another. You know, of course, that the personal relations between your client and myself are not friendly."

"Yes, sir; I know that, Judge."

"Well, now, George, let me tell you, confidentially, that this is the last court I shall ever hold here. I am going to retire from the bench. Now, if this case should

be tried before me and it should go against your client a good many people would say it was because the judge was against him personally. God knows, George, that I would be as fair to him as to the best friend I have in the world; but there are people who would never believe it. Now, on the other hand, if it should go in his favor, there are people who would say that the judge was in his favor; because, knowing that everybody knew the plaintiff and he were at outs, the judge would try to stand up so straight as to fall over backward. Don't you see?"

Attorney Rutledge asked a continuance to the next term, which was granted without argument.*

Not to point the moral too finely, this came as near cowardice as Jackson was capable of coming. Still, in his conception, it was not a shirking of duty so much as it was what might almost be called a terror of public opinion. Most people picture to themselves a Jackson defiant of popular sentiment, glorying in himself, scorning alike the opinions and the feelings of others. As a truth, we never had a great public man so sensitive as he was to the criticisms of his opponents, so fervently grateful as he was for the fealty of his friends, or so keenly solicitous as he was for the verdict that history, away yonder, when all passions had cooled and all transitory hates were frozen in the tomb, would pass upon his memory.

Judge Jackson's first year in office was one of content. He could spend at least half of his time at home. His plantation was assuming an aspect of old-settled pros-

* Anecdotes related to the author by Senator Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee.

perity. The new store found abundant custom. Young Mr. Hutchings proved a capable merchant and desirable managing partner. The salary of his office, too, was ample—six hundred dollars a year! Next in emolument to the gubernatorial chair itself, the incumbent of which drew the munificent stipend of seven hundred and fifty dollars per annum.

From this flush of present and prospect of future prosperity to the verge of bankruptcy would seem a long step; but in Judge Jackson's experience it proved a short one, quickly taken. In the summer of 1799 he received notice that the first of David Allison's notes had gone to protest, and with it information that the eminent Quaker was hopelessly bankrupt. This meant not only that Jackson must protect the note already protested—$2,222.22—but also that he would have to take up the other two as they matured. Moreover, these were not Tennessee notes, payable in corn, cotton, live-stock or colored people, or any other local product; but good, strong Philadelphia Quaker promises to pay real money; that is to say, notes of the United States Bank or their equivalent in hard coin. This was the worst part of it. There may not have been at that moment $2,222 of coin in all Nashville. As soon as Jackson received notice of protest he went into the Federal court and confessed judgment. The Philadelphia house that held the paper —the now venerable Bank of North America—did not press him, but took the judgment and gave him breathing time; its managers rightly calculating that a confessed judgment against ex-Senator and Supreme Judge Jackson, of Tennessee, was sufficient to protect the promissory paper of a bankrupt Quaker. Meantime,

Jackson paid and took up the protested note before the next one became due. This he accomplished mainly by selling more land. A similar procedure was followed with the other notes, falling due in 1800 and 1801 respectively; except that he provided to meet those when due, and did not have to confess judgment again.

By this transaction he lost his land and his money too, having to show for both only his stock of goods. It was a savage blow. And its force was aggravated by the fact that the ten thousand acres he conveyed to David Allison were of the best and readiest saleable lands he had, situate, as they were, in the valley of Stone's River, not far from Nashville. But time, as it always does, wore on, and eventually made things even.

In 1803 occurred an event in the history of the United States next in importance to the conquest of Independence. It was the Purchase of Louisiana. No man in the United States was quicker to perceive the tremendous significance of that event than Andrew Jackson. It summarily put an end to all difficulties that the Spaniards had so long imposed upon navigation of the Mississippi; outrages that had already cut the pioneers of the Great Valley to the quick and had more than once set them thinking—after they had crushed the Indians with Wayne on the Maumee and with sturdy old James Robertson at Nick-a-jack—set them thinking of a grand raid down the river in flat-boats, to pitch the surly Spaniards headlong into the Gulf of Mexico!

There are two letters extant, written by Andrew Jackson in the early spring of 1804, which indicate that he desired the appointment of governor of the new Terri-

tory of Louisiana. One of these letters was dated Washington, April 28, 1804, and was addressed to George W. Campbell, then representative in Congress from Tennessee. In this letter, after some reference to personal matters, he says:

. . . Who the choice is to fall upon is not known here, unless to the Secretary of State. But I have reason to conclude that Mr. Claiborne will not fill that office. I have also reason to believe that if a suitable character can be found who is master of the French language, he will be preferred. I think that [a knowledge of French] a proper qualification for the Governor of that country to possess, provided it is accompanied with other necessary ones. I have never had any sanguine expectation of filling the office. . . .

The other letter was addressed to his old friend in Congress of 1797, Edward Livingston, who had then (1804) recently removed from New York to New Orleans. This letter is also dated Washington, April —, 1804, but without day. In it he says:

. . . Appointment of a Governor for the new territory may be [made] any day now. The now Governor of Mississippi Ter.—W. C. C. C. [meaning Mr. Claiborne]—expects it, I am told. He has the advantage of birth in Virginia; a great thing in the eyes of T. J. [Jefferson.] There is no more reason why he should be chosen to fill that office than I, except as I have said, his Virginia birth. I have not applied for it. As you know, I have not the courteor's arts. I would not dance before the throne of power for the throne itself.

Yet, I think the appointment ought to be a man of the Mississippi Valley with the interests of its people at his heart. But I think it would be best if the person appointed could speak the French language. Mr. C. [Claiborne] cannot do that, but

you can. I think also you have the other necessary qualities. I think your appointment would be great good to the new Territory; also a wise thing for our party in the North. But T. J. does not care much about our party in the North. He seems afraid of Republicans in New York—thinks himself safer with Federals from that direction. Yet I hope he may appoint you, unless he should take someone from west of the Mountains. . . . *

Claiborne was appointed; and, but for these two old letters, the world would never have known that the man who rescued the Louisiana Purchase from the clutch of England in 1815 humbly aspired to be its governor in 1804.

Jackson's presence in Washington in April, 1804, was merely incidental. The main object of his trip East that spring was to settle a complicated state of affairs grow-

*When Jackson wrote this letter to his "old Congressional friend," he evidently did not know the peculiar financial conditions under the stress of which Edward Livingston had been constrained to remove from New York and cast his fortunes with Louisiana. However, he seems to have been aware of the attitude of Mr. Jefferson toward the leadership and management of his own party in New York at that time—an attitude which he, aptly as quaintly, describes by saying that "He [Jefferson] seems afraid of Republicans in New York—thinks himself safer with Federals from that direction."

This episode has historical value for as much as it clearly exhibits that as early as 1804, Jackson, not content with the rank of what might in modern party parlance be called "Boss" of the Tennessee Democracy, had a keen eye single to the ins and outs of national politics. It also serves to indicate the chronic stage of feeling toward Jefferson which, only three years later, became acute in degree and unstinted in expression—as we shall soon see. To this feeling in its nascent or latent stage, we have already referred in tracing Jackson's career as a Representative and Senator. In that reference it was suggested that Jackson doubted Jefferson's courage; a most damaging doubt, wherever Jackson's respect for a man was concerned. That was in 1797–'98. Now, in 1804, he had begun to doubt Jefferson's honesty; a perfectly fatal doubt in every respect from the Jacksonian point of view.

ing out of the bankruptcy and death of David Allison, whose estate was his debtor to the amount of several thousand dollars. He also wished to arrange a general and permanent credit in Philadelphia as a basis for the purchase and shipment of goods for his store—or stores—at Nashville, Gallatin and Clarksville. He made such an arrangement with or through the Bank of North America, whereby his nephew and managing partner, John Hutchings, could raise money in Philadelphia on his (Jackson's) notes, secured by lien upon his Tennessee real estate. Having effected this deal, he decided to return home by way of Washington and thence through Virginia and North Carolina, instead of going over the mountains to Pittsburg and thence home by the rivers. His particular purpose in visiting Virginia was to buy some thoroughbred horses; and it resulted in the purchase, from the Berkeley estate, of the famous "Truxton," together with three young brood-mares, all pedigreed lineally from the old Godolphin Arabian. This was a strain of equine noble blood that in a few years revolutionized the turf and horse-breeding generally, not only in Tennessee but in the Southwest at large, placed him at the head of horse-breeders there, and ultimately brought to him no small share of the modest wealth he amassed.

Just before leaving Tennessee for this trip east, Jackson had sent in his resignation from the bench. His term would expire by law in January, 1805, but he was anxious to get out of office at once. Besides, his friend, John Overton, by that time by far the leading lawyer in the Southwest—hardly excepting Henry Clay—was ambitious of judicial honors, and Jackson was zealous to

help him. Before he returned his resignation had been accepted and Overton was in his place—temporarily appointed by the legislature, pending popular election the next fall.

For the first time since 1788, Jackson, after sixteen years of steady office-holding—from public solicitor, through both houses of Congress to the Supreme Bench of Tennessee—was now a private citizen. He held the office of major-general of the State militia, it is true; but that did not absorb much of his time. In this connection it must be said, however, that during the three years between 1804 and 1807 he did give a great deal of personal attention to the organization and equipment of the militia under his command, and exhausted his influence with the legislature to procure the passage of appropriations for its armament and equipment. The result was that, by 1807, Tennessee, with a population of 200,000, could turn out at tap of the drum no less than a division of militia, well-armed, fairly equipped and ready to "go anywhere or do anything," five thousand strong.

At this point, and in conclusion of this chapter, it seems proper to recall attention to a fact already mentioned—the fact that Jackson became a major-general of militia before fighting a battle or even holding any kind of military command in service. Yet he proved the greatest "major-general of militia" this or any other country ever saw or heard of.

His aspiration to military rank and command was instinctive. His political career had already demonstrated a marvellous power to command and control men; to bend even unruly or refractory wills pliantly to his own.

He was probably not at that time definitely sensible of the martial talent that lay latent in his brain; but it was clear that he felt something of its possibilities, should events ever open the way. He told Mr. Blair that command of the militia in time of peace was not the object of his desire, but to have the position whenever war might come on. He never for a moment doubted that England would attack the United States again. He expected it to come when the Leopard fired upon the Chesapeake, and he viewed Mr. Jefferson's policy thereafter as that of pitiable timidity if not contemptible cowardice. "A glance at the books he read during this period," said Mr. Blair, "was enough to show where his bent of mind lay. Next to a book he had on the breeding and handling of horses, those of his small library most thumbed and marked were a translation of French army regulations and tactics, two or three English works on similar subjects, an old history of the campaigns of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, and some pamphlets on certain campaigns of the Revolution. I don't believe," pursued Mr. Blair, "that he glanced at a law-book after leaving the bench. In fact, he was not his own legal adviser; but regularly took counsel either from George W. Campbell or Judge Overton in all legal matters of any importance. In short, at any time after 1804 his spare time was all employed in study of warlike problems and military science to the exhaustion of the means at his command. Unconsciously, perhaps, but none the less effectively, he was in those years of peace preparing for the Horseshoe Bend and New Orleans."

CHAPTER VII

DUEL WITH DICKINSON

During the period now under consideration—say, 1804 to 1808—the two events in General Jackson's life that have received most attention in history were his duel with Charles Dickinson and his relations with Aaron Burr. The fact that, during those years he was the most extensive and successful horse-breeder in the Southwest; the most enterprising if not altogether the largest planter; owned and directed the management of as important a commercial business as there was in the region; owned and operated saw- and grist-mills and a water-power cotton-gin for public use; was interested in a "boat-yard," where flat and keel-boats for river navigation were built on a large scale; such facts as these cut no figure, apparently, in the history of any man in any epoch. They are peaceful pursuits. No matter how useful or how beneficent, their triumphs pass all unheralded. Yet, to plain, workaday people there is a pleasure in contemplating Andrew Jackson, the historic man of "blood and iron," busy with the affairs of his farm, his live-stock, his store, his mills and his flat-boats —just like any other diligent citizen—all unsuspecting of the dazzling glory that lay in wait for him only a few years ahead. We could fill a long chapter with legend and anecdote of his industrial, commercial and financial ins-and-outs, ups-and-downs during this period; his

ventures and his enterprises; his profits and his losses; his horse-races and his cock-fights, and all that kind of occupations or amusements. But I fear that my readers would pass that chapter by in search of some story of vicissitude that excites or some deed of daring that thrills.

The Dickinson affair may be considered first, because it was the less important of the two. Had Jackson never been a candidate for the Presidency that duel would have found no place in history, except, perhaps, in Major Ben Truman's ingenious and interesting Annals of the Field of Honor. Leaving campaign documents out of the question and considering only biographies more or less standard, it will be found that General Eaton, writing prior to 1824, does not mention it. The same is true of the admirable little work by An American Officer in 1825. Dr. John Frost, in 1847, disposes of it in less than a page of his valuable biography; and even that brief mention seems to have been introduced as a preface to some remarks on Jackson's earnest support of a law against duelling, debated in the Tennessee legislature in 1817. Amos Kendall gives only such parts of the correspondence as may be necessary to an understanding of its origin and describes the meeting itself tersely. Judge Walker devotes to it about twenty lines, in the prelude to his History of the Louisiana Campaign. Colonel Benton describes it in an *en passant* fashion, as one among a number of incidents calculated to show the marvellous nerve and prodigious fortitude of the man.

All these men, except Dr. Frost, were themselves believers in the Code and had practised it, except Mr. Kendall. Mr. Parton gives up to it fifty-three pages of his voluminous work at one stretch, and makes numer-

ous references to it for various purposes elsewhere in his three volumes. It is hardly necessary to add that Mr. Parton did not believe in the Code or that a good many of his fifty-three pages are filled with his own method of exhibiting that fact. For our part, we remark that the reading public is not interested in our opinion of duelling or of anything else, and cares only for such part of the record in the Dickinson affair as may tend to illustrate the character of Andrew Jackson. Mr. Dickinson derives his sole claim to a place in American history from the fact that Andrew Jackson killed him.

Before proceeding with this subject it is proper to say that General Jackson was known as a duellist before the Dickinson affair occurred. In his early law-practice twelve years prior to that time he had fought a so-called duel with Colonel Waightstill Avery, of Morganton, North Carolina. This affair occurred at or near Jonesboro, Tennessee. It grew out of a heated argument in court over a case in which the two men were opposing counsel. Colonel Avery was a master of satire and sarcasm. In the course of the discussion he criticised certain law-points advanced by Jackson. He had every advantage over his young opponent in such debate. He was twenty-two years Jackson's senior; native of Connecticut; full-blooded old fighting Puritan stock; graduate of Princeton, 1767; settled in Mecklenburg, North Carolina, 1770; was first attorney-general of the Revolutionary State; signed the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, and Jackson had wanted to study law in his office in 1786. So far as concerned legal acumen, learning or forensic power, Jackson was a baby in his hands. On this occasion Jackson, as public solicitor,

represented the Territory. Avery was counsel for the defence. Among his irritating comments on Jackson's law-points were:

"It would pay the Territory to employ competent counsel to conduct its solicitor's cases!" And, "The authority you cite must be Dutch law, as there is nothing like it in the English books!" And, "My young friend on the other side seems to think he can make up in noise what he lacks in knowledge!"

Fair enough court-room sparring, no doubt, but Jackson got angry. Finally he said:

"May it please the court, I thought until now that I was dealing with a lawyer and a gentleman!"

To which Avery retorted:

"May it please the court, I never suspected the young man of being a lawyer! As for the gentleman, I am willing to leave that question for his own decision in a more sober moment!"

Avery's friends said Jackson had been drinking on this occasion. Jackson's friends said Avery was drunk. Both may have told the truth. Jackson drank a good deal, but he could stand it pretty well. Avery drank a great deal and could not stand it so well. Neither, however, could be called a drunkard or even an intemperate man.

Be this as it may, Jackson challenged Avery, who promptly accepted. Jackson's second was John Overton. Avery's was, according to some accounts, John Adair; according to others, George Rutledge. The meeting took place about two miles from Jonesboro, near the old Emigrant Trail. In consequence of some delay in the preliminaries, it was after sundown—almost dusk—

when the two men took their places, ten paces apart, with Avery's own pistols. They were not regular dueling pistols, but heavy, rifled weapons, which Avery habitually carried in his saddle-holsters when "riding the circuit." There was one exchange of shots. No one was hit. Neither demanded a second fire. It was all over. The principals shook hands and the whole party went back to Jonesboro together.*

On such a record and on his abortive efforts to force Governor Sevier into single combat—already related—rested Jackson's reputation as a duellist when Charles Dickinson migrated from Maryland and settled at Nashville in 1801, a young man, just admitted to the bar and twenty-three years of age.

It has been stated that Colonel Avery admitted his language to have been more rasping than the strictest rules of professional courtesy would sanction. As for Jackson, he emphatically declared he would never again make a personal affair of words uttered in legal debate. Though often sorely badgered after that he kept his word. But at least twice he interrupted opposing

*Mr. Parton, in his account of this affair, says there was "a humorous incident connected with it which Jackson often laughed over but never would relate, etc." It was, however well known and often told by others: When they were walking back to Jonesboro, Avery, who was as blunt in his friendliness as he was sarcastic in debate, said: "Jackson, don't you think we are both d——d fools?" "Do you?" inquired Jackson. "I most certainly do." "Then, Colonel Avery, allow me to say I am glad there is one subject we can agree on."

Jackson was six feet one, and very slender; Avery much shorter and broader. After a brief pause Avery resumed the conversation: "I shot at least six feet over your head, Jackson; pretty high shooting that, don't you think?" "And I shot at least a yard to one side of you, Colonel; pretty wide of the centre, don't you think?" retorted Jackson.

That was "the long and the short" of the humorous incident referred to by Mr. Parton.

counsel afterward to say that if they persisted in the style of language they were then using, he should be compelled to ask the court whether their conduct could be considered gentlemanly. And on another occasion, when prosecuting a case of betrayal of a young woman, he compelled the lawyer for the defence to refrain from gross imputation upon her in his speech to the jury. But he never again resented language used in open court.

In order that the Dickinson affair may be understood without the reproduction of a tedious correspondence carried on through the columns of the *Impartial Review and Cumberland Repository,* it may be stated that it involved three men: Andrew Jackson on one side, Charles Dickinson and Thomas Swann on the other. Without figuring General Jackson as the windmill, it must be said there was something quite Quixotic in Dickinson's tilt against him; and as for Thomas Swann, his performance in the rôle of an obsequious and superserviceable Sancho Panza was enough to shake the dry bones of old Cervantes. Jackson dealt with each according to his quality. He caned Swann and killed Dickinson.

Those who have written about this affair do not go quite far enough back to reach its real origin. It began a long time before Plow-Boy forfeited to Truxton in the great match for $2,000 a side. The dispute over certain promissory notes included in the forfeit was only a pretext. Its only effect upon the real affair was that of enabling Thomas Swann to worm his youthful personalty into it.

When Charles Dickinson came to Nashville in 1801, he came to conquer. Scion of an old Maryland family,

in whose veins flowed the blood of the Carrolls and the Claytons; college-bred; law-pupil of Marshall, whose letters of introduction he bore; faultlessly handsome; with rare social gifts and graces, he became a young man of mark in the little city before he had been there a year. In less than two years he had gathered about him a choice and clannish set of gay young fellows whose undisputed leader he was. In less than three years he had achieved the stunning social triumph of marrying Miss Ervin, daughter of Captain Joseph Ervin and belle of the place. He was ambitious of public honors. His young wife shared his aspirations. So did all her family. But for some reason office did not seek Charles Dickinson so ravenously as he thought it ought to. After waiting a while in vain for office to seek him, he concluded to try the other plan and seek one himself. Then he discovered that the dominant party had a manager—a leading and directing head who, in these days, would probably be described as a boss. That important personage he found to be Andrew Jackson. It is probable that, had Dickinson pursued a conciliatory course, he might have won Jackson's friendship and with it his powerful support. The Judge liked young men; and, though of humble descent and limited lore himself, he believed as much in "blooded men" as in blooded horses; in other words, he was always inclined to favor young men of good pedigree and superior education. But in an evil moment Dickinson conceived the fatal idea that the proper plan to get Jackson out of the way was to throw him out.

The surest passport to the confidence and admiration of gay young men in that time and environment was

reputation as a duellist. It was mysteriously given out among Dickinson's set that he fought a duel somewhere in the East before coming to Nashville. No particulars of any such duel ever transpired. The affair, if any, wholly escaped the almost preternatural scrutiny of Major Ben Truman. Even the indefatigable Colonel Terrell failed to unearth its history. However, almost before he knew it, Dickinson found himself a duellist of renown in the somewhat circumscribed horizon of Nashville. Whether deserved or not, he considered it a good reputation to have, and decided to sustain it. The gay youths who followed and admired him may not have been able to obtain details of his previous affairs of honor elsewhere, but they could see for themselves that he was a marvellous marksman with the pistol and that he "practised" all the time. They knew, at any rate, that he was "a dead shot," and that was the next best thing to a whole grave-yard full of victims.

It was agreed among the young bloods of the Dickinson set that Jackson must be deposed from his leadership. He may have answered a purpose in the pioneer days, when the Indians were on the war-path and coonskins were legal tender; but now that Nashville had real "society," a plain, rather uncouth man, as they viewed Jackson, was clearly obsolete for purposes of leadership. He was therefore an incubus or a nuisance; and who so qualified to remove or abate him as the unerring marksman from Maryland?

As early as 1804, slighting or supercilious remarks by Dickinson concerning Jackson began to be repeated in the gossip of the younger set. Jackson heard them, but made no sign. Finally, one day there was a militia

muster at which the Major-General appeared in full uniform.

Some of the young bloods wondered what great military exploit he had ever peformed that entitled him to such exalted rank, such gorgeous trappings and such a broad sash.

Dickinson is said to have vouchsafed to them the desired information. It was reported that he told them:

"Why, gentleman, he has done a most daring exploit. He has captured another man's wife!"

In that form the story reached Jackson. Meeting Dickinson soon afterward, the General asked him if he had used such words. Dickinson denied them. But Jackson did not believe his disclaimer. There was too much evidence; too many had heard the remark. But, for obvious reasons, he did not wish to force an issue openly on those grounds. He knew Dickinson wanted to fight him. He also knew that Dickinson was too much of a gentleman, by family tradition if on no other score, to fight in support of a half-drunken jeer at the name of one whom everyone knew as among the noblest of women. There must be some other pretext. He waited for it nearly two years. It came at last in the dispute over the notes involved in the race-forfeit already mentioned.

At this moment young Thomas Swann appeared upon the stage. Like Dickinson, he was an aspiring young man from the East, dissatisfied with Western political methods and zealous to reform them. He was younger than Dickinson and sprang from a first family of Virginia instead of Maryland. He too was college-bred and called old William and Mary his alma mater. His letters

of introduction indicated that he had read law in the office of Randolph. The dispute about the notes led to voluminous correspondence through the columns of the *Impartial Review*. Of it about four-fifths was conducted by young Mr. Swann. Those who have taken the trouble to read it all are not likely to derive from its literary style a very favorable impression of the curriculum at William and Mary in the matter of English composition. It is clearly the product of an overgrown boy with more desire for notoriety than discretion or courtesy; in short, a pitiable exhibit of mingled vanity and bravado. The other one-fifth of the correspondence was shared about equally by Dickinson and Jackson. Even their exchanges might have been improved upon in the matter of dignity, but they did not transgress the bounds of decorum.

Finally, Jackson, considering that he had sufficiently indulged the vanity of young Mr. Swann, gave him a severe caning with a stout cane in the bar-room of the principal tavern. Swann challenged him, and Jackson declined on the ground that he was not entitled to the privileges of a gentleman. At that point Swann seems to have dropped out of the proceedings. There is reason to believe that he considered civilization a failure in Tennessee. We have searched the archives in vain for a prolongation of his biography beyond the point where he achieved the somewhat transitory and altogether passive eminence of being caned by Andrew Jackson. He may have concluded, a few days later, that he got out of it better than his mentor did, after all.

As for the voluminous correspondence, which has been described in bulk, none of it seems to require repro-

duction here *in extenso* except an extract from one of Mr. Dickinson's letters and the whole of another—his final one—with General Jackson's ultimate rejoinder. The reason for omitting the correspondence *in extenso* is that it has no historical significance, consists largely of the lucubrations of young Mr. Swann, and, above all, obscures rather than reveals the real, bottom cause of the feud.

January 10, 1806, Mr. Dickinson, on the eve of a trip to New Orleans, addressed a letter to General Jackson, the conclusion of which is as follows:

"As to the word *coward,* I think it as applicable to yourself as anyone I know, and I shall be very glad, when an opportunity serves, to know in what manner you give your anodines, and hope you will take in payment one of my most moderate cathartics."

Mr. Dickinson carefully arranged that this letter should not reach General Jackson until he (Dickinson) was out of immediate reach on his journey. The ethics of such conduct the reader is as capable of judging as the author. Dickinson was absent from January 11th till May 20, 1806. During that interim Mr. Swann kept the columns of the *Impartial Review* full of "statements," which elicited two rejoinders from General Jackson, produced a not very harmful duel between John Coffee * and Nathaniel McNairy, and finally procured for Mr. Swann the caning that the General evidently thought he was in search of. In the well-nigh bloodless duel, Mr. (afterward General) Coffee represented the Jackson side and Mr. McNairy the Dickinson side of the controversy.

* McNairy fired before the word and slightly wounded Coffee in the right thigh.

In the caning Mr. Swann appears to have represented himself.

Two days after his return to Nashville, Mr. Dickinson had in type in the office of the *Impartial Review* a communication. The same day General Jackson and Judge Overton saw a galley-proof of it. The proof they saw—and it was published without change May 24—was as follows, directed to the editor of the paper:

MR. EASTIN:—In looking over the tenth number of your *Impartial Review,* I discover that a *certain Andrew Jackson* has endeavored to induce the public to believe that some inconsistency has been attempted by me relative to his dispute with Mr. Thomas Swann. My letter to *Andrew Jackson,* as published by Mr. Joseph Ervin, is, I consider, a sufficient answer with any impartial person.

I should have never condescended to have taken any notice of *Andrew Jackson* or his scurrilous publication had it not been promised by Mr. Ervin when he published my letter at length, which Mr. Jackson, for some cause unknown but to himself, had not the generosity to have published but in part.

I shall take notice but of those parts of his publication which are intended for myself. The first is in his publication of the 8th of February, which reads thus: "Mr. Charles Dickinson's letter is referred to; see Mr. Dickinson's letter. He states no such thing, but refers to a different list [of the notes in dispute]. These two correctative informants speak, one of different notes actually offered, the other of a different list of notes. Happy concordance! These two gentlemen possess the key of consistency."

I have no such accommodating disposition as to compare what I intend to offer to the public with that of any witness whatever, and, if it should differ, to correct in such manner as to correspond. What any person offers for publication, if called on, I think it is his duty to swear to. Andrew Jackson has had several disputes, which have appeared in different

prints of this State, and, if his mode of publishing his thoughts on his different quarrels is such as to alter his publications to make them answer with those of his witnesses, I can only exclaim, *O tempora! O mores!*

Another part of his publication of the same date, is as follows: "He," alluding to Mr. Thomas Swann, "has acted the puppet and lying valet for a worthless, drunken, blackguard scoundrel, etc., etc."

Should Andrew Jackson have intended those epithets for me, I declare him, notwithstanding he is Major-General of the Militia of Mero district, to be a worthless scoundrel, "a poltroon and coward"—a man who, by frivolous and evasive pretexts, avoided giving the satisfaction which was due to a gentleman whom he had injured. This has prevented me from calling on him in the manner I should otherwise have done, for I am well convinced that he is too great a coward to administer any of those anodines he promised me in his letter to Mr. Swann. His excuse I anticipate, that his anodines have been in such demand since I left Tennessee that he is out of the necessary ingredients to mix them. I expect to leave Nashville the first of next week, for Maryland.

Your ob't serv't,

CHARLES DICKINSON.

May 21, 1806.

Comment on this letter would be cruel. It was the farewell address to mankind of an ambitious young man on the verge of the tomb, and that tomb of his own seeking. Questions of tone, tenor and taste cannot be discussed in such a shadow. No historian, with a gleam of charity or a glow of pity in his soul, can do anything with that letter but leave it utterly alone.

But it did one thing that had not been done before. It gave Jackson a valid pretext for challenging Dickinson that would not in the slightest degree appear to be

resenting a slander on the fair name of his wife. It equally gave Dickinson a pretext for accepting a challenge without seeming to fight for the purpose of sustaining a slander upon an honest woman.

Jackson wanted to kill Dickinson for saying, two years before, that his sole military exploit was "capturing another man's wife." But, simply to save Mrs. Jackson's feelings, he did not wish the world to know that that was what he killed him for.

Dickinson wanted to kill Jackson on general principles—or to get him out of the way of his own ambition—but he didn't dare to fight in support of a libel on a woman, because he knew that no man could stand on such ground in Tennessee.

In short, it gave to both an ostensible fighting-point at which they could get together without exposing the real cause of the feud. That was what both wanted. Both were brave. One because he couldn't help being brave; the other because he didn't dare to be anything else.

General Jackson did not wait for this letter to be printed. The galley-proof was enough. Within an hour after he had read it, the following letter, borne by Judge Overton, was in Mr. Dickinson's hands:

CHARLES DICKINSON,

SIR: Your conduct and expressions relative to me of late have been of such a nature and so insulting that it requires and shall have my notice. Insults may be given by men of such a kind that they must be noticed and treated with the respect due a gentleman, although (in the present instance) you do not merit it.

You have, to disturb my quiet, industriously excited Thomas Swann to quarrel with me, which involved the peace and har-

mony of society for a while. You, on the 10th of January, wrote me a very insulting letter, left this country, caused this letter to be delivered after you had been gone some days, and viewing yourself in safety from the contempt in which I hold you, have now in the press a piece more replete with blackguard abuse than any of your other productions. You are pleased to state that you would have noticed me in a different way, but my cowardice would have found a pretext to evade that satisfaction if it had been called for, etc., etc.

I hope, Sir, your courage will be ample security to me that I may obtain speedily that satisfaction due me for insults offered, and in the way my friend [Judge Overton] who hands you this will point out. He waits upon you for that purpose and, with your friend, will enter into immediate arrangements.

I am, Sir,

ANDREW JACKSON.

Before dark that day—May 22, 1806—Jackson received, by the hands of Dr. Catlett, the following note from Mr. Dickinson:

SIR: Your note of this morning is received, and your request shall be gratified. My friend who hands you this will make the necessary arrangements.

CHARLES DICKINSON.

To ANDREW JACKSON.

All this was done before dark, May 22d. Overton, acting for Jackson, and Catlett, acting for Dickinson, conferred that night. The Dickinson party wished to make Friday, May 30th, the day, and a place near Harrison's Mill, Logan County, Kentucky, the ground for meeting.

Jackson preferred the next day or, at farthest, the day

after, and had no choice as to place. All he wanted was to end the matter at the earliest possible moment and in the most permanent possible way. One place was as good as another, he said. If they [the Dickinson party] wanted to ride forty-odd miles to reach a fighting-ground in Kentucky, well and good. He would be there. As for himself, he could not see why Kentucky was any better State to fight in than Tennessee, unless, perhaps, Overton, who was judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, might prefer to be second in a duel outside rather than within his own jurisdiction. But these, he thought, were minor considerations. The main thing was to have it over and done as soon and with as little circumlocution as possible.

The reason for delay assigned by the Dickinson party was that they wished to use a pair of duelling pistols belonging to a gentleman living some distance away, and it would take some days to procure them. As a matter of fact, they did not succeed in obtaining these pistols prior to the date fixed for meeting and were finally compelled to fight with those originally offered, which belonged to Overton—the same ones that had recently been used by Coffee and McNairy.*

Saturday, May 24, 1806, Judge Overton and Dr. Catlett made on behalf of Jackson and Dickinson the following agreement:

* It is difficult to perceive any valid reason for the preference which caused this delay; unless Dickinson had practised with the pair he desired to use. That might have made a difference. But there is no evidence to indicate that he had ever done any target practice with the pistols he desired to have. The weight of inference is that his delay was an affair of strategy; and that he believed or hoped that Jackson's chafing under it might impair his nerve. If this be true it serves only as further evidence of Dickinson's singular delusion that he was dealing with a coward.

MEMORANDUM OF AGREEMENT.

It is agreed that the distance shall be twenty-four feet; the parties to stand facing each other, with their pistols down, perpendicularly.

When they are READY, the single word, FIRE! to be given; at which they are to fire as soon as they please. *Should either fire before the word is given we pledge ourselves to shoot him down instantly.* The choice of position shall be decided by lot on the field, as likewise the person to give the word.

We mutually agree that the above regulations shall govern in the affair of honor impending between General Andrew Jackson and Charles Dickinson, Esquire.

Signed { THOMAS OVERTON (for A. JACKSON).
HANSON CATLETT (for C. DICKINSON).

It was further agreed—though not in writing, for obvious reasons—that the meeting should be Friday morning, May 30, 1806, at a place not farther than two miles from Harrison's Mill, Logan County, Kentucky, between the hours of seven and eight o'clock, or as soon thereafter as the field arrangements could be completed, but neither party could be absent from the field later than eight o'clock.

The fighting-ground was forty miles from Nashville by the roads the parties would have to travel. Both left Nashville by daylight, May 29. There were nine men in Dickinson's party, five in Jackson's. Many stories have been printed about the behavior of the respective parties on their way to the field. Some of these stories describe the journey of the Dickinson party as a sort of revel, during which the hero made many marvellous exhibitions of his skill with the pistol. These anecdotes have no basis in extant evidence. We prefer to discredit

them for the sake of Dickinson's memory. The performances they relate are not such as would be characteristic of a brave man on his way to the field where he was to fight for his reputation and his life. None of the nine members of Dickinson's party has ever verified any of these countryside traditions. It seems safe, therefore, to conclude that they were imaginary. So far as any respectable record of history shows, Mr. Dickinson rode to the fatal field with dignity.

There is, however, a record of General Jackson's journey to the field. It was printed at St. Louis in 1828, and was inspired, if not actually written, by Thomas H. Benton, who received his information from General Jackson's second, Judge Overton. Without quotation-marks we offer a synopsis:

General Jackson rose about five A.M., May 29, and, after a light breakfast, informed his wife that he was going away for a couple of days, during which time he was likely to have some trouble with Mr. Dickinson. She asked no questions. The General and Judge Overton rode away about half-past six. It was a warm day and they decided to traverse as much of the distance as they could before ten o'clock—or half-past—and then rest themselves and their horses until toward sundown, when they would finish the journey. During the long ride Jackson was in high spirits and talked more than was his wont.

Only twice in the whole day did he refer to the impending affair, and each time very briefly. Near the outset of the journey he expressed the hope that "the other side would be on hand promptly." He also said that Mr. Dickinson was a quicker, if not better, shot

than himself; that he would undoubtedly fire sooner after the word than he (Jackson) could, and that the chances were nine in ten that Mr. Dickinson would hit him at the first fire. But that, he said, would not be likely to affect the result. As for the rest, no definite tactics could be planned in advance and everything must be left to instant judgment at the moment and on the spot.

He proceeded to talk about public topics which then absorbed the popular mind. He noted the constantly increasing aggressions of England, the arrest and detention of our merchant-ships, impressment of our sailors and other outrages. He expressed fear that President Jefferson would not be found to possess the stamina required to deal properly with all these thickening difficulties, and hoped that his successor, to be chosen two years thence, might be a man of sterner stuff. "We must fight England again," he said, "and before long. In the last war [meaning the Revolution] I was not old enough to be of any account. I earnestly hope we may try conclusions with England again before I get too old to fight."

Judge Overton, with a grim kind of pleasantry, asked him about what age he thought that would be. He said he couldn't tell, but it might probably be somewhere in the neighborhood of a hundred years, if England was the enemy.

After a while he began to talk about Burr. Just a year ago that day [May 29, 1805] he had been Burr's principal entertainer in a grand banquet at Nashville, when the latter was first opening his Southwestern project to the people there. The General related a good many anecdotes of his personal relations with Burr in 1797

and 1798 when he (Jackson) was Congressman or Senator from Tennessee. But he said that Burr could not succeed in his scheme with Jefferson in the Presidency. The Federalists, he said, would assail Burr and his scheme, tooth and toe-nail, and as soon as they did Jefferson would "run like a cotton-tail rabbit." He said that Jefferson was "the best Republican [Democrat] in theory and the worst in practice he had ever seen."

Then he spoke of Hamilton and the duel between him and Burr. He said he had never met Hamilton officially, because Hamilton left Washington's Cabinet a year before he (Jackson) entered Congress. But he had met him personally at Philadelphia, in 1797 and 1798, when he was there on private business. "Personally," he said, "no gentleman could help liking Hamilton. But his political views were all English; not in the least American."

He then went on to say that Burr made a mistake—a political mistake—in killing Hamilton. He declared that Hamilton was really at the end of his tether when he fought Burr. And he said that he had told Burr, while his guest at the Hermitage the year before [1805], that Hamilton dead would prove a much more dangerous enemy to him than he ever could have been alive.

Hamilton, he said, believed that men were more important than principles. This was monarchism pure and simple, and he never had any other estimate of Hamilton than that he was at heart a monarchist. "Why, gentlemen," he exclaimed, "did he not urge Washington to take a crown?"

Then he said that Burr had a lot of faults, too. In his estimation, Burr was too sanguine. He relied too

much on what people said, and did not sufficiently watch what they were doing at the same time. "Burr is as far from a fool," he said, "as I ever saw, and yet he is as easily fooled as any man I ever knew."

These were the main topics of conversation during the forty-mile ride. At its end Jackson was informed that the other party had passed along, intending to stop at another tavern two miles further down the Red River road. Upon this information he remarked to Overton: "This is good news. It means that they don't intend to keep us biting our thumbs any longer."

They arrived late—about 8 P.M.—at the tavern. The General ate a hearty supper of fried chicken, waffles and sweet potatoes, with coffee. After supper he lounged about on the piazza smoking his corn-cob pipe and chatting with the citizens until ten o'clock. Then he went to bed, was asleep in ten minutes, and had to be shaken pretty rudely to wake him up at five in the morning. His breakfast was light—only one hot biscuit, two eggs and one cup of coffee. There was but one noticeable departure from his usual habits in this journey. Ordinarily he would drink a stiff toddy before meals and a number more during the day. During this journey, however, from leaving Nashville until the duel was over, he took but one drink—a mint-julep at the tavern where they halted for midday.

Both parties were prompt in reaching the designated ground. It was a small open space in a grove of large trees. The rays of the rising sun did not penetrate the foliage, so the choice of position amounted to nothing. Giving of the word was won by Overton. Without delay, General Jackson and Mr. Dickinson took their places,

twenty-four feet apart, with their right shoulders toward each other and turning their heads to the right enough to face one another squarely. General Jackson wore a long frock coat of dark-blue cloth, buttoned closely, and trousers of the same material. Mr. Dickinson's attire was a shorter coat, also blue, with trousers of a light-gray color.* Both exhibited perfect composure. To the question, "Gentlemen, are you ready?" both answered quickly —Mr.. Dickinson simply repeating the word "Ready," General Jackson saying, "Yes, sir."

In a loud voice and very quick pronunciation, Judge Overton said, "Fire!"

Mr. Dickinson fired almost with the word, and then, as if involuntarily, stepped back a pace from the mark. Seeing this, General Jackson reserved his fire a moment.

"Back to the mark, sir!" said Judge Overton to Mr. Dickinson, who instantly resumed his proper place. This episode caused a difference of, say, five or six seconds between Mr. Dickinson's fire and that of General Jackson. Upon the return of the former to his proper place, General Jackson fired and Mr. Dickinson, after reeling four or five steps, sank to the ground. His second, Dr. Catlett, examined his wound. The bullet had entered his body just above the right hip bone and passed through the intestines, lodging against the inner surface of the left hip bone.

General Jackson with his party at once left the field and walked away until well out of sight of the other party. Then the General stopped, unbuttoned his coat

*Some accounts and a picture we have seen represent Mr. Dickinson as having taken off his coat and fighting in his shirt-sleeves.

and exhibited a very severe wound, which had already saturated his shirt and waistcoat with blood.

"I do not wish those people to know this," he said, "at least, not now. Let us move on."

He evidently, though not so expressing himself, wished Mr. Dickinson to pass away without knowing that he had hit him. It is believed, however, that Mr. Dickinson, who lived the day out, learned before death that he had severely, if not fatally, wounded the General.* His bullet struck the General about an inch and a half back of the right nipple, which it carried away. It was deflected by the breast-bone from entering the cavity of the body, but ploughed a deep furrow two-thirds of the way across his breast, not only tearing the flesh but badly abrading and bruising the bone itself. When the wound was examined, the General said:

"He pinked me worse than I thought at first."

Then he said: "Did you notice a mistake Mr. Dickinson made?"

"What was that?" Judge Overton asked.

"Why, when he came back to the mark he folded his

*Colonel W. H. H. Terrell in his History of Noted Duels, says: "Dickinson lived through the day and until a few minutes to ten that night. Jackson's ounce ball had lacerated his intestines beyond hope of cure. In fact his endurance of the wound fourteen hours was a marvel of physical strength and fortitude. Ninety-nine out of a hundred men would have died at once from the shock and paralysis of such a wound. So far as the pain was concerned he bore it without flinching, but bitterly cursed his ill-luck almost with his last breath. He remained conscious to the last and the first intimation he gave of collapse was his question to the doctor:—"Why do you put out the candles?"— thereby indicating that his vision had failed. His last moments, however, were soothed by a report brought to him from Harrison's, that General Jackson had been shot through the breast and was sinking rapidly. He died fully believing that his antagonist must soon follow him to the tomb."

arms across his chest. He should have let his right arm hang down to cover his side. His arms, you know, are very large and strong, and as his waist is small for a man of his size, his right arm would have covered nearly half of the exposed side. Had he done so, my bullet would probably have struck his arm and been thereby turned from entering the body."

None of the other members of the party had observed the significance of this, though they recalled the fact itself.

Mr. Dickinson survived his wound about fourteen hours. It was inflicted a few minutes before 8 A.M. and his death occurred at a quarter to ten P.M. the same day.

General Jackson returned to his home at Nashville, where he was laid up with his wound over a month.

The foregoing version, which for convenience may be described as that of Judge Overton and Colonel Benton, omits two incidents to which great prominence is given in many other accounts. These are, that Dickinson, when he stepped back from the mark, exclaimed: "Great God! Have I missed him?" Also that the lock of General Jackson's pistol, at the first pull of the trigger, stopped on the half-notch, compelling him to re-cock it before firing. The narrative we have adopted makes no mention of either. It is highly improbable that Jackson's lock caught on the half-notch. The pistols used were of the regulation Galway Code pattern: smooth-bore, nine-inch barrels, ounce balls (calibre 0.70), with set locks and hair-triggers. The locks of such pistols were almost invariably made with "saddles" on the tumbler-blocks,

which absolutely prevented stopping in the half-notch.

We have given so much space to this event in deference to the general public view of its importance, judging from the avidity with which descriptions of it are always sought and read. From our own point of view its importance is sensational rather than historical, and we have reason to believe that General Jackson so regarded it. In his later life, while he never introduced it as a subject of conversation or made any connected statement concerning it, he would always courteously answer questions about the affair the same as about any other incident of his career.

He always considered his own conduct in the matter not only justifiable, but unavoidable, and viewed it simply as a case of self-defence. He believed that unless he killed or crippled Mr. Dickinson the feud would go on indefinitely, and therefore he thought it best to end it conclusively.

The amiable and philanthropic Mr. Parton, toward the close of his homily against duelling based on the Dickinson affair, seems to have reached a degree of zealotry bordering upon the emotional. On page 305, Vol. I, of his Life of Jackson, Mr. Parton ventures the astounding statement that in consequence of this duel, "it is certain that at no time between the years 1806 and 1812 could General Jackson have been elected to any office in Tennessee that required a majority of the voters of the whole State. Almost any Tennesseean old enough to remember those years will support me in this assertion."

It is difficult to deal with a man who writes history

as he would write an editorial to be printed in a thick-and-thin party organ just before election in a desperately contested political campaign. Mr. Parton, writing in the culminating years of the anti-slavery crusade (1856 to 1859), felt justified in depicting Andrew Jackson as at once the most exalted and most hideous type of what was then termed "the slaveholding Democracy of the South." His Life of Jackson, either by or between its lines, as published in 1859, bore the same relation to history in Northern or Republican literature that Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin bore to the fiction of that period. Each, in its way, was a masterpiece—as a Republican campaign document, as an anti-slavery tract, as an anti-Southern sermon. That was all. But Mr. Parton, zealot though he was, might have saved himself that error; not for the sake of Jackson's memory as a great American, but for the infinitely more trivial sake of his own memory as a writer of American history.

The fact is—and it is not necessary to call in witness Mr. Parton's "almost any Tennesseean," etc.—that there was never a day, from his practically unanimous election to Congress in 1796 till his death in 1845, when Andrew Jackson could not have been elected to any office within the gift of the people of Tennessee by majorities all the way from two-thirds to unanimity.

Mr. Parton also says (Vol. III, pp. 635–636):

> To the day of his death General Jackson preserved the duelling pistols with one of which he had slain the hapless Dickinson. That very pistol was lying on the mantel-piece of his bedroom during these last years of his life. To a gentleman who chanced to take it up one day the General said, in the most

ordinary tone of conversation: "That is the pistol with which I killed Mr. Dickinson."

In December, 1874, and January, 1875, the author of this work was at Nashville to report for the Missouri *Republican* the Senatorial contest which resulted in the choice of ex-President Andrew Johnson. In the course of a conversation with Mr. Johnson about Jackson, the foregoing anecdote was mentioned.

"That story, sir," said the ex-President in his characteristic idiom, "is a d——d lie! Jackson never talked like that at all! The phrase, 'I killed Mr. Dickinson,' has an air of braggadocio about it, than which nothing could be more foreign to his nature or more abhorrent to his sense of chivalry. When asked about those pistols, General Jackson invariably said, 'They are those used in the Dickinson affair.' He never spoke of them in any other phrase. I have myself heard him describe them in those words half a dozen times. Besides, I do not believe he could tell which was the one he used. They were exactly alike; no distinguishing mark on either. Nor did the General keep them in his bedroom, as the story says. They were always on the mantel-shelf in the big sitting-room—one at each end. The story is of no consequence except as it puts into General Jackson's mouth words that he never used or would use; words that misrepresent his character. In your Western experience, my young friend, you have doubtless observed that gentlemen who kill men are not in the habit of talking about it that way."

Only a few lines remain to complete this singular and —to the author at least—by no means attractive chapter

in American history. The corpse of Mr. Dickinson was brought back to Nashville for interment. The obsequies were among the most impressive ever observed there. The funeral occurred Tuesday, June 3, four days after he died. His friends and those of his wife's family were numerous. They joined in a request to Mr. Eastin, editor of the *Impartial Review,* that he should "dress his paper in mourning" as a symbol of the public woe, and print a memorial as follows:

"The subscribers, citizens of Nashville and vicinity, respectfully request Mr. Bradford and Mr. Eastin to put the next number of their paper in mourning as a tribute of respect for the memory and regret for the untimely death of Mr. Charles Dickinson."

Over seventy names were signed to this request. Mr. Eastin proposed to publish it—with the signatures of Mr. Dickinson's father-in-law, Captain Ervin; Mr. Dickinson's second, Dr. Catlett; Mr. Dickinson's sore-backed but still superserviceable Sancho Panza, Thomas Swann; Mr. Dickinson's partner, McNairy; Mr. Dickinson's probable brother-in-law, Lytle, "and many other eminent citizens."

General Jackson, at the Hermitage, racked with agony from his wound, heard of this project. He at once perceived the trick of emotional politics involved in it. He dictated and signed a letter to the editor:

MR. EASTIN:—Though I know your personal attitude, [which was that of hostility] I yet believe you to be a fair man. Friends have informed me in my crippled condition that, at the request of sundry citizens of Nashville and vicinity, you are about to dress your paper in mourning "as a tribute of respect to the memory and regret for the untimely death of Charles Dickinson."

Your paper is the public vehicle and is always taken as expressing the public will unless the contrary appears.

Presuming that the whole public is not in mourning for this event, in justice to that *whole public* it is only fair and right to set forth ALL THE NAMES of those citizens who have made the request.

To publish A FEW NAMES and lump the rest as "MANY OTHERS" or some phrase like it, might and would convey a false impression, alike unjust to the WHOLE PUBLIC and unworthy of your paper.

The whole thing is so novel and without precedent in any community, that the names—ALL OF THEM—ought to appear, in order that the real public might judge whether the true motives of the signers were "a tribute of respect for the deceased," or something else that, at first sight, does not appear on the surface.

Far be it from me to object to a simple tribute of respect to the memory of a man who has passed away, no matter what the circumstances. But, *in justice to the whole public,* it is only fair that the part of it sharing in this demonstration shall be known by name.

Crippled as he was, Jackson signed his autograph to this letter. As soon as he received it, Mr. Eastin notified the signers. Nearly half of them erased their signatures and washed their hands of the whole affair.

Forty-odd names were printed. When Jackson saw them he said that he now had at his disposal, for reference, a directory of the men in Nashville who needed watching. The men who let their names stand appended to the Dickinson memorial, he said, were those whom he could count upon in all the future to be his own enemies and the partisans or the parasites of Dickinson. The men who, when brought to the real test, had cancelled their signatures were those whose sympathies could be

played upon at the expense of their judgment; whose emotions could be wrought up to the point of paralyzing their common-sense for the moment; but who, when brought face to face with a condition that might haunt them in the future, were sensible enough to act upon a second thought.

In this hysterical tribute to a man who was dead, simply because that man had long planned and plotted and intrigued to kill him and had failed miserably, Jackson saw only a feeble and futile effort to imitate in the Southwest a political strategy that had already succeeded beyond the dreams of its authors in the Northeast.

Jackson—wounded, crippled and agonized as he was —could yet see far enough into the future to checkmate the designs of men whose grave-robbing purpose was to make partisan or factional capital out of a corpse.

CHAPTER VIII

RELATIONS WITH BURR AND JEFFERSON

DURING the latter half of the year 1804 the people of the United States saw the singular spectacle of their Vice-President a technical fugitive from justice: indicted for murder in New Jersey; disfranchised and disqualified from office in New York. Near the end of that year the frenzy which Federalism had roused was so far abated that he felt safe in emerging from the seclusion of his daughter's home in South Carolina and assuming, for the brief interim between that time and the 4th of March, 1805, his duties as president of the Senate. But his race was run. The bullet from his pistol that killed Alexander Hamilton on Weehawken Heights, July 11, 1804, had no less surely done Aaron Burr to a living death in politics and society. True, the murder case was never prosecuted in New Jersey, and the disabilities were removed in New York long afterward, when cooler counsels prevailed. But that forbearance did not restore Burr to political life any more than the acts themselves could raise Hamilton from the tomb. It was, beyond question, the most momentous duel ever fought, measured by the tumult it caused and the apparently unshakable tenacity of its hold upon history.

Other men equally eminent have fought duels. Even the Duke of Wellington, in Byron's verse,

> "Cocked, fired and missed his man,
> But gained his aim."

About all that modern readers know of the Iron Duke's duel is embodied in two lines of "The Waltz." But the fatal meeting of Burr and Hamilton seems as fresh a topic now as it was then, and a hundred devour its details to-day for every one who read them a century ago. Its merits or the reverse, its rights or its wrongs form a subject foreign to these pages; but its history at large serves to show how bitter and how brutal were the political feuds and partisan passions that racked the frame of our infant republic.

The three months of official life left to Burr flew quickly by. In him there seemed no change, no matter how altered his fortunes were. During those three months he presided over the Senate with—if possible—more graceful courtesy and more commanding dignity than ever before.

In this last session, and under such a cloud, the most important and historic event in his whole legislative career occurred. He presided over the Senate, sitting as a high court of impeachment upon Associate-Justice Samuel Chase of the Supreme Court.

One day during the trial Chief-Justice John Marshall entered the Senate Chamber—a mere spectator. Rufus King—also a spectator—said to him in an undertone: "It is hardly conceivable, Marshall, that the hand wielding that gavel is the same hand that murdered Hamilton a few months ago."

Marshall, a little irritated by the introduction of such a subject at such a time, replied: "Well, King, what has that to do with the trial? Isn't he presiding fairly and ruling impartially?"

"Yes," rejoined King, "with the impartiality of an angel—and the rigor of a devil."

He counted and announced the electoral vote that re-elected the man he hated and buried himself beyond resurrection.

On the 5th of March, 1805, Burr found himself the Alexander Selkirk of American politics. He had no place to lay his head. To be alone on a desert isle was a light and easy fate compared with his. The lone man would at least be beyond the reach of persecution. But not he. The Federalists hated him with a hatred which could not be comprehended if described, and of which description would be beyond our command of language. The Democrats, whom he once led in glory and triumph, had discarded and degraded him. It is an open question as to which was his bitterest enemy—the Federalist Adams, who had always fought him openly and above-board, or the Democratic Jefferson, who had for years been smiling in his face and knifing him in the back. Burr knew both these truths perfectly. In view of them, he despised Jefferson and respected John Adams.

Most men in such a situation would have sunk at once in a vortex of despair. Burr was not only a political wreck, but a financial bankrupt. But he faced—or tried to face—the fate that had overtaken him with the same grim nerve and deathless resolution which inspired him in front of the battlements of Quebec, on the field of Monmouth Courthouse, or that fatal morning of Weehawken.

The wretched destiny that must have cowed and crippled most men seems only to have stimulated the ambitions and broadened the conceptions of Aaron Burr. There is abundant circumstantial reason to believe, though no extant documentary evidence to prove, that Burr began to meditate his Southwestern scheme as soon

as the Purchase of Louisiana became an assured fact. That, to him, conversant as he was with executive secrets of the Senate, must have been known at least twelve months before he killed Hamilton. But he also knew and realized at the same time that his race as national politician in the old Northeast was run, and that his future, if any remained possible to him, must be found in the new Southwest. He had killed Hamilton, not to remove an adversary, but to avenge what he considered a personal wrong. Hamilton had been the chief architect of his political ruin and, to all intents and purposes, had also wrecked himself in destroying Burr. Had both lived, the issue between them could not have been much altered. As it was, Hamilton had done his worst for Burr politically and Burr had retaliated in another way. He could not retaliate politically, because Hamilton was already dead in politics when Burr slew him in the flesh.

Survey for a moment Burr's situation when he stepped down from the chair of the Senate, the fourth of March, 1805: Bankrupt; almost penniless; indicted, but not tried, for murder in the State of his birth; disfranchised, disqualified from office and disbarred from practice of his profession in his adopted State; homeless; friendless; loathed by many, pitied by a few, trusted by none! And all this bitterness and desolation of the present redoubled by the anguish of brilliant hopes vanished and heroic memories turned to sackcloth and ashes.

Yet nothing was further from his thoughts than surrender; nothing more remote from his spirit than despair.

For a little while he disappeared; no one knew whither—unless, perhaps, it might have been his Theodosia, daughter of his brain and of his heart alike. It

is even doubtful if she knew where he was from the time when he left Washington in March until he appeared in the Ohio Valley two months later.

Howsoever deserted and desolate Burr may have been east of the Alleghanies in March, 1805, he was no less the lion of the Ohio Valley in May. The pioneers knew him as the steady friend of territorial expansion, the ready sponsor for new States—Kentucky, Tennessee and Ohio alike. They remembered that when Northeastern Federalists resisted their admission to the Union by every trick and stratagem parliamentary *finesse* could contrive, Burr was always the alert, astute and forceful Democratic leader who beat down opposition and compelled recognition of their rights.

Therefore the Western pioneers received Burr with enthusiastic hospitality. They did not share either the partisan antagonism of Adams or the factional prejudice of Jefferson against him. On the contrary, both decorated him in their eyes. As for his killing of Hamilton in a duel, that was a sort of thing most of them believed in as a matter of general principle, and they all hated Hamilton in particular as an enemy of their section and their interests. Had not Hamilton, when Secretary of the Treasury, devised the odious whiskey tax? Of course he had. Was not that special taxation upon a principal staff of life in the new settlements for the benefit of Eastern aristocrats? Of course it was. Reasoning that way, they were ready to adopt Hamilton's enemy as their own friend, and a great many of them were willing to view Burr's bullet as "good enough for him anyhow"! So, instead of averting their faces from Burr, they spread rude but plenteous banquets before him. Instead of os-

tracising, they heroized him. Penniless as he might be, his credit with them was boundless.

Under such conditions Burr arrived in Nashville May 29, 1805. He at once became the personal guest of Andrew Jackson; also the public guest of West Tennessee. He freely unfolded his scheme of Southwestern conquest to Jackson. There were two reasons for this confidence. One was that he knew Jackson better than anyone else there; knew him as Congressman and Senator in 1796–'97–'98. The other reason was that, as major-general of Tennessee militia, Jackson would necessarily be in closer touch with the warlike resources of the country than anyone else.

The scheme, as he unfolded it to Jackson, contemplated invasion and subjugation of the Spanish territory west of the Louisiana Purchase, then a temporary provisional government over it; and finally, when the proper time might come, annexation of it to the Union. In short, Burr's scheme *in posse* was not much different from Sam Houston's *in esse* thirty years later. There was more than one argument commending this scheme to the Southwestern mind. In the first place, the American pioneers of the Mississippi Valley were ferociously hostile to Spain on general principles. From 1763 to 1803 Spain had controlled the mouth of the great river. During that period Kentucky, Ohio and Tennessee had been settled. With the single exception of Governor Mero, all the Spaniards in control of the colony had been haughty, domineering, arbitrary; often either venal or cruel; sometimes both. Of course the recession of Louisiana to France by secret treaty and its immediate sale to the United States by Napoleon had settled the

Mississippi River question. But the old resentment against Spain, the traditional hatred of Spanish proconsuls, was as fresh and fierce as ever in the bosoms of the pioneers and their sons. Besides, they were anyhow a restless, daring, warlike race. The Indians had almost ceased from troubling. The good old rifles might get rusty!

At such a moment and into the bosom of such a society Burr now came with a scheme of conquest whose vastness dazzled their imaginations, while its mystery enthralled their sense of the romantic. And Burr, of all men, was least lacking in the style of eloquence calculated to make such a scheme coruscate as if its surface were studded with diamonds.

This is no place for discussion of Burr's project in merit or in detail. We have to deal with it only as Andrew Jackson saw it in 1805–'06–'07. But we think there will be little hazard in remarking that Burr was tried for this scheme on charge of treason; tried before a Virginia jury, in a court held by Chief-Justice Marshall, prosecuted by the ablest and least scrupulous special pleader ever known to the annals of the American bar —and acquitted. Nor do we think much will be risked in saying that, after a century of historical retrospect, the ultimate court of appeal embodied in American public opinion at large has affirmed that judgment.

With this summary, we may proceed to consider Burr's scheme from the bona fide point of view; as Jackson viewed it until anonymous or obscure malignants temporarily poisoned his mind; and as he soon viewed it again when truthful evidence had extirpated the seeds sown by malice.

Burr's first visit to Nashville was brief. Though there only five days, the people found time to give him a grand banquet; also to hear him deliver an extemporaneous oration on the glories of the New West and the wickedness of the old and corrupt East.

Leaving Nashville June 3, Burr went by the rivers to New Orleans. In August he was at Nashville again on his way to Washington, overland. He stayed ten days, during eight of which he was the guest of General Jackson at the Hermitage; the other two days he spent in town at the house of General Robertson. No record of these visits is in existence except two brief passages in letters written by General Robertson, now in the archives of the Tennessee Historical Society. One of these letters states that Robertson "questioned Burr as to the attitude the Federal Government would be likely to assume toward his project, if it should develop into an armed expedition," and "gained but little satisfaction." This letter was written more than a year afterward, and when Burr had begun to get into trouble. Whether he was as mysterious with Jackson as he seems to have been with Robertson, cannot be ascertained from any extant papers. But collateral evidence embodied in Jackson's correspondence with George W. Campbell indicates that Burr did not at any time unfold to him more than the outlines of his project and its ultimate purpose. It is also clear that Jackson understood the whole affair to be contingent upon war with Spain, which Burr led him to believe was imminent; already, in fact, under consideration at Washington.

It is true that during the years 1805–'06–'07 there was much friction between our government and Spain,

growing out of the indefiniteness of the boundaries of the Louisiana Purchase and the intrigues of Great Britain to defeat or impede our occupation of the region involved in it. But there is no documentary evidence to show that this friction ever reached a stage verging upon war. In fact, the "Government of Spain" during that period was itself an indefinite organism; rather a pawn in the colossal game Napoleon was playing than an independent or sovereign state.

Therefore, if Burr held out to the Southwestern people the prospect of such a war as an adjunct to or an explanation of his scheme, he presumed beyond the actual facts, or assumed probabilities which were not justified. That he was capable of such assumption no one conversant with his character or aware of the desperate state of his fortunes at that time will be likely to deny. But, at the worst, it was not criminal deception, and, putting the best face on it, his conduct may be viewed simply as "a wish that was father to the thought." At any rate, he knew that his project, if carried out as he had unfolded it to Jackson, Robertson and others, would bring on war between the United States and Spain; so that, even if the existing situation did not justify his representations, the sequel would. Spain deserved little consideration from anyone then, and from the Southwestern people she got none at all except outspoken hostility; wherefore, for Burr's purposes, her name was a good one to conjure with.

During the year from September, 1805, to September, 1806, Burr stayed away from Nashville and he and Jackson did not meet. But some correspondence passed between them, the tenor of which, on Burr's part, was

calculated to keep alive the impressions he had made during his visits to Nashville in person. The most noteworthy of his letters to Jackson is one dated at Washington, March 24, 1806. In that letter, Burr admitted that the administration was determined to avoid war [with Spain] "if it could be avoided with honor or even without." But he also called attention to the expedition of General Miranda which had been fitted out in New York, supplied with American arms, munitions and supplies, recruited by over two hundred American adventurers and carried to Venezuela in two American ships; having for its avowed object the fomenting of a revolution on the Spanish main and gaining the independence of that country, then a Spanish colony. Burr argued that this expedition, though disavowed by our government, would in all probability be viewed at Madrid, and also at Paris, as a *casus belli.* In that event, he said, a force would be sent to reduce New Orleans and the defence of the new purchase would devolve mainly on the Southwest. He then advised Jackson to "make out a list of officers, from colonel down to ensign, for one or two regiments, composed of fellows fit for business and with whom you would trust your life and your honor."

In the conclusion of this letter Burr, after complimenting Randolph for his denunciation of Jefferson's administration, said:

"All these things, my dear sir, begin to make reflecting men to think, many good patriots to doubt, and some to despond."

The letter reached Jackson in the midst of the quarrel —or series of quarrels—leading up to the Dickinson duel; but those troubles apparently did not seriously dis-

tract his thoughts. He promptly made out a list of officers for two regiments and forwarded it to Burr. It is noteworthy that the name at the head of the list was John Coffee, destined not very long afterward to become the redoubtable rifleman of Tallushatchie, Tohopeka and New Orleans—but then Jackson's commercial partner.

If Jackson accompanied this list by a letter, Burr does not seem to have preserved it. But there is evidence that Jackson did not consider Burr's scheme feasible. We have seen, as recorded in the preceding chapter, that, while on his way to meet Dickinson at Harrison's Mill, he expressed such opinion and gave at least one reason for it.

The unpublished papers of David Buell * also mention Jackson's doubts on the subject.

It will be noted that everyone, from Generals Jackson and Robertson down to our young surveyor, complained of the "vagueness" of Burr's scheme. They were all

*David Buell was, in 1806, a young surveyor, employed in Indiana Territory, by Governor Harrison. Born in Ulster County, New York, in 1780, his parents took him to Ohio in 1789. In 1806 he went with others up the Missouri River to find out, if possible, the fate of the Lewis and Clark expedition. On his return he met Burr in Louisville just after the collapse of Jo Daviess's legal raid upon him. He agreed to join Burr's expedition, with many other young men of the Ohio Valley. In his journal he relates some of his conversations with Burr. He personally knew Jackson then, and afterward served under his command among the Kentuckians whom John Adair led at New Orleans. He first gives the outlines of Burr's scheme, as imparted to himself, Langford Butler and others, in rather vague terms. He then says that Burr told him he would have about two thousand men, equally divided between Tennessee and Kentucky. He asked if General Jackson would lead the Tennesseeans. Burr replied that he would not, and said that Jackson had doubts as to the practicability of the project; saying among other things that the administration of Jefferson would be hostile to it; and he, Burr, instanced the recent abortive effort of

practical men and they thought that a plan of such magnitude should be worked out in some detail. But, from all that extant evidence indicates, Burr's plans themselves were as vague and undefined in his own mind as were his descriptions of them to others. Generally speaking, he proposed, with a force of about 2,000 Kentuckians and Tennesseeans, to rendezvous upon a 40,000-acre tract of land he had purchased on the western border of Louisiana; and, from that starting-point, to conquer his way to the City of Mexico on the south and the bay of San Francisco on the west. But he knew little of the geography, the topography, or what military scholars would call the "logistic conditions" of the vast region to be dealt with. Perhaps he believed that 2,000 young Tennesseeans and Kentuckians, as the breed ran in 1806, could go anywhere, do anything and endure everything. In this he was partly right. They had demonstrated all that in small bands of hunters, trappers, surveyors or explorers. But between such small bands

Jo Daviess to persecute him as having been dictated from Washington. He also said that Jackson considered the physical difficulties—transportation, supplies, etc., and the great distances to be traversed overland—insurmountable. But, while he had great faith in Jackson's judgment, generally speaking, he would not permit it to discourage him in this case. Burr also said that no obstacles could be insuperable to the young men of the Southwest who were going with him; also that Spain could bring no force of any account to resist them, and that the expedition would doubtless march to the Rio Grande without encountering anything more formidable than herds of buffalo and wild horses—unless, indeed, it might find in its path the real masters of that country, the Comanche Indians.

"We all thought that his plans were vague. He did not appear very conversant with the geography of the country to be operated in. He seemed to think that it would be easy to take a strong expedition from the head-waters of the Rio Grande over the divide to the head-waters of streams flowing into the Pacific in order to conquer and occupy the Spanish territories on that coast." [The present California.]

and an army of 2,000—or even half of it—there was an organic difference. Questions of subsistence, transport, etc., in the case of the army would be imperative. In that of the small bands they would be trivial. In this Burr was at fault. He trusted too much to the possibilities of the pioneers and their sons. He provided too little for the inexorable problems of distance, supply and means of transport.

These facts are historically important only as they serve to show that Burr was consistent and uniform in his explanations of the project, and held out the same purpose to all, from Andrew Jackson to much less prominent men, no matter how vague in detail.

Burr returned to Nashville early in September, 1806. As before, he was Jackson's guest, though he dined with General Robertson, Patten Anderson, Judge Overton, and, perhaps, others. A public ball was also given in his honor, at which Jackson made the formal introductions. After a stay of about ten days in Nashville, he returned to Kentucky, whence he sent orders to the firm of which Jackson was the leading member to purchase supplies and build flat-boats for the transport of his expedition and its supplies down the rivers. This order was backed up by $3,500 in Kentucky bank paper, then generally current in the Ohio Valley and its tributary regions.

Thus far all had gone well. But before the middle of November a mysterious person, whose identity is not revealed by history, visited Jackson and led him to doubt not only the practicability but also the integrity of Burr's scheme. However, he—or rather his firm—went on with the boat-building, paid for the supplies that had been bargained for, and Patten Anderson, who had

charge of the recruiting, seems to have continued to enlist men. At all events, part of the money Burr sent from Kentucky was used for that purpose. But Jackson said that no new or further contracts should be made with Burr until all suspicions were removed.

On or about the 12th of November, Jackson wrote to Burr informing him of the charges that had been made and requesting that he at once clear himself of them. This letter was not preserved and its contents are known only by Jackson's own terse description of its tenor.

On November 12th he wrote to Governor Claiborne, of Louisiana Territory, warning him of a supposed plot in general terms and advising measures for defence.

"My knowledge," he said, "does not extend so far as to authorize me to go into detail; but I fear that you will meet with an attack from quarters you do not at present expect. Be upon the alert. Keep a watchful eye upon our General [meaning Wilkinson] and beware of an attack from our own country as well as from Spain. . . . Beware of the month of December. I love my country and government. I hate the Dons; I would like to see Mexico reduced; but I will die in the last ditch before I would yield a foot to the Dons or see the Union disunited."

He then wrote a letter to President Jefferson tendering the services of his division of militia. It should be observed here that Jackson's reference to General Wilkinson in his letter to Governor Claiborne affords a key to the real drift of his suspicions. His mysterious informant had evidently implicated Wilkinson in the scheme. He knew in a general way that Shelby and Sevier, fifteen years before, had exposed a plot, or alleged

plot, of Wilkinson, to detach the Mississippi Valley from the Union and ally it with Spain. At least he knew all that Sevier and Shelby did. He was now ready to believe anything to Wilkinson's discredit. Burr, he thought, might be implicated. Yet he could hardly believe that Burr would play a secondary rôle with Wilkinson as the chief actor. On the whole, he was completely "at sea," and thought the safest course was to place himself promptly and unequivocably on record for maintenance of the Union and support of the laws.

Then came the farcical arrest of Burr by Jo Daviess, United States district attorney, in Kentucky. The almost ludicrous denouement of this travesty to some extent reassured Jackson as to Burr, but left him filled with all suspicion of Wilkinson. On the heels of this news from Frankfort came Burr himself once more to Nashville, the middle of December. He stayed a week; this time not Jackson's guest at the Hermitage, but living at a roadside tavern near the old station of "Clover Bottom," where the boats were built and the supplies gathered.

During this visit Burr exhausted his powers in efforts to allay Jackson's misgivings or suspicions. The circumstantial evidence of transactions then and immediately subsequent indicates that he did not wholly succeed. The boats already built and the supplies bought and paid for were delivered to him. The expenses incurred by Patten Anderson in recruiting men were also deducted from the $3,500 which Burr had sent from Kentucky. The balance, $1,725.62, was then handed back to him by John Coffee, General Jackson's partner.*

*See Coffee's testimony in the case of Blennerhassett *vs.* Jackson, U. S. District Court, Natchez, 1815.

This transaction would indicate that, while Jackson felt under obligations to complete up to date an agreement originally accepted in good faith, he was not willing, under existing conditions, to prolong the relation.

Burr took his boats, loaded them with the supplies on hand and at daylight December 22, 1806, started on his voyage down the Cumberland. Late that night, or very early the next morning, an express courier arrived from Washington bringing a copy of President Jefferson's proclamation denouncing Burr as a conspirator, traitor and public enemy and warning all well-disposed citizens to abstain from giving him aid or comfort. The proclamation was published the same day (December 23d). Nashville was in a furore. All counsels of calmness were overruled or disdained. A mob gathered in the public square and burned an effigy of Burr, together with other demonstrations, among which were speeches by Captain Ervin, father-in-law of the late Charles Dickinson, and Thomas Swann, Mr. Dickinson's erstwhile Sancho Panza and the passive hero of Jackson's caning.

This demonstration did more than annoy Jackson. It worried him. He and everyone else saw that the burning of Burr in effigy and the accompanying speeches were a tactical operation of the Dickinson faction to discredit Jackson rather than to express popular disapproval of Burr. The Dickinson faction was not formidable in numbers, but it was respectable in the social position and the wealth of its members. Under Dickinson's own leadership, which had some elements of ability, it might have become numerically strong. Under Swann's management it could never be anything worse than annoying, and even that only in case of some great misfortune or error on Jackson's part.

The Burr denouement seemed for a moment to offer that chance, and the followers and parasites of the dead duellist took every possible advantage of it.

Jackson held no office except that of major-general of the militia. Of that he could be dispossessed only by court-martial. But he held an unofficial position equally dear to himself and his friends—that of Democratic leader in Tennessee. Of that position he might be deprived if the faction opposed to him could implicate him in a treasonable plot. Nothing less than that was the purpose of those who, while they burned Burr in effigy, denounced Jackson in speeches. It might be observed here that these speeches were couched in guarded terms; because Jackson had recovered from his wound, and his cane or his pistol was ready as it ever had been. Men denounced Jackson at that mass-meeting. But they carefully avoided mention of his name or too direct reference to his personality when they did it. It is probably not hazardous in the historical sense to say that Andrew Jackson's position as leader—or "Boss," if that term be preferred—of the Tennessee Democracy, from his election to Congress in 1796 till his death in 1845, was never so critically endangered as the night of December 23, 1806, when the Dickinson faction burned Burr in effigy at Nashville.

His feud with Siever, still fresh in men's minds, had told against him in East Tennessee, particularly in the immediate vicinity of Knoxville, which was then the capital of the State. The Dickinson affair had not seriously affected his popularity in Middle and West Tennessee; though there were many men—and fighting-men at that—who believed and declared that, marksman

as he was, he might have crippled Dickinson without killing him deliberately when he had him at his mercy. Neither of these—nor both of them—had sufficed to depose Jackson from his leadership. But if implication in or with a treasonable design—even unsuspectingly on his part—could be fastened upon him, his end had come in the politics and society of Tennessee. This even Thomas Swann had sense enough to perceive, and this was the reason why the Dickinson faction, led by Swann, burned Burr in effigy and attacked Jackson by inference in their speeches.

Seeing all this and realizing the possible force and effect of such a concourse of circumstances, right or wrong, Jackson met the situation more than half way. He issued a proclamation to his division of militia, informing them that he had tendered their services to the President to resist any treasonable designs that might be on foot. He sent a messenger—Jack Murrell, who afterward served him in more momentous or less farcical emergencies—with an express to Captain Bissell, of the regular army, commanding the post of old Fort Massac on the Ohio. He warned Captain Bissell to watch for a probable or possible fleet of flat-boats to descend the river toward New Orleans; loaded to the washboards with treason and sedition—or words to that effect.

Bissell, being a captain of regulars, was not inclined —even in that infancy of our regular army—to receive orders or even suggestions as to the proper performance of duty from a major-general of militia, and he replied to Jackson's alarming epistle in a vein of the sardonic that deserves preservation:

There has not, to my knowledge, been any assembling of men or boats at this or any other place, unauthorized by law or precedent; but should anything of the kind make its appearance which carries with it the least mark of suspicion as having illegal enterprises or projects in view hostile to the peace and good order of government, I shall, with as much ardor and energy as the case may admit, endeavor to bring to justice such offenders. . . . On or about the 31st ultimo, Colonel Burr, late Vice-President of the United States, passed this post with about ten boats of different descriptions, navigated by about six men each, having on board nothing that would even suffice for a conjecture more than a man bound to a market.

If Jackson appreciated this truly "regular" snub, he made no sign. But about the same time he received a letter from the Secretary of War, General Dearborn, couched in terms of similarly strict militarism, and this letter he denounced in a communication to Patten Anderson as "dubious." He also declared that the Secretary of War was "not fit for a granny." His letter to Anderson indicates that he viewed Wilkinson as the real traitor, if there was one. He said:

"Wilkinson has denounced Burr as a traitor after he found that he was implicated. This is deep policy. He has obtained thereby the command of New Orleans, the gun-boats armed, and his plan can now be executed without resistance. But we must be there in due time before fortifications can be erected and restore to our Government New Orleans and the Western commerce."

Soon after Burr disappeared with his ten boats from the horizon of Fort Massac, Jackson disbanded his army. But he still wished to lay his own connection with the whole affair before the Federal authorities. To accomplish this he wrote under date of January 15,

1807, a very long letter to Hon. George W. Campbell, representative in Congress from Tennessee. In this letter he set forth a concise and clear history of all his relations with Burr, and repeated Burr's assurances to him that he contemplated "nothing unlawful or other than conducive to the public interest"; and that Burr emphatically said to him: "When I am charged with intention of separating the Union, insanity must be ascribed to me."

Mr. Campbell laid this letter before President Jefferson, who copied those parts of it referring to Wilkinson and Burr, and assured Mr. Campbell that he was "perfectly satisfied with the attitude of General Jackson in the premises; he had followed a straightforward, manly and patriotic course."

This he doubtless imagined would end his troubles on the score of Aaron Burr. But almost at the same moment when he was writing his letter to George W. Campbell, a captain of United States dragoons with a force of regular soldiers was arresting Burr in Alabama. In due time the story of this arrest reached Jackson. It was the arbitrary seizure, by military force, without shadow of legal process, of an unarmed traveller, on a peaceful journey. It was such a palpable outrage upon all law and all decency that the officer in command apologized to Burr and stated that he was only obeying orders from the highest authority. This cowardly and cruel outrage settled Jackson's mind as to the whole case. Years afterward he told Mr. Blair that "the mode of Burr's seizure in Alabama corroborated the farce of the Jo Daviess persecution in Kentucky. It looked to me," he said, "as if Jefferson had brought over here

some of those *lettres de cachet* they used in the French Revolution when they wanted to cut a man's head off because he didn't agree with them."

Soon after this news followed the report that Burr was to be tried for treason at Richmond, and with it a subpœna requiring Jackson's presence as a witness. He reached Richmond during the second week of the trial—about the 1st or 2d of June. He found the tactics of the prosecution to be procrastination, delay and mystery. This fortified his faith in Burr's innocence and roused his wrath against the administration. His mental habit of reducing all issues to the personal point caused him to view the whole affair as the individual attack of Jefferson upon Burr, for the purpose of destroying him. So convinced, he knew but one mode of procedure. His opportunity was not long deferred.

Under date of June 16, 1807, he said in a letter to Patten Anderson: "I am still detained here. . . . I am more convinced than ever that treason never was intended by Burr. . . . I am sorry to say that this thing has, in part, assumed the shape of a political persecution, for which I refer you to the papers of this place."

As for Wilkinson, his declarations of anger and contempt were so open that the doughty General took pains to keep out of his way, fearing a personal attack. A week after the date of his letter to Patten Anderson, news reached Richmond of the outrage by the British 50-gun ship Leopard on our 36-gun frigate Chesapeake; an event that humiliated the whole nation—and the England-hating Jackson most of all. He managed by great self-control to hold his peace a few days, fully expecting a declaration of war. He found nothing

would be done by Jefferson more energetic than "diplomatic representations." From his point of view war ought to have been declared the same day.

Then his wrath boiled over. He caused an announcement to be made in a Richmond paper that "General Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee, would address the people from the steps of the State House after adjournment of court." His audience was a good part of the population of the town. He spoke, extemporaneously, for nearly an hour. No complete report of his speech was ever made. But some notes of it were taken by Thomas Ritchie, a famous Virginia journalist, and these were long afterward (in 1824) printed. When Jackson, then running for the Presidency, saw them, he said, "they are fair as far as they go, but they don't go far enough."

His ostensible subject was the outrage upon our flag and the supineness of Jefferson under it. But he soon digressed:

> Mr. Jefferson has plenty of courage to seize peaceable Americans by military force and persecute them for political purposes. But he is too cowardly to resent foreign outrage upon the Republic. Here an English man-of-war fires upon an American ship of inferior force, so near his Capital that he can almost hear the guns, and what does he do? Nothing more than that his friends say he will recommend to Congress a bill laying an embargo and shutting our commerce off from the seas. If a man kicks you downstairs you get revenge by standing out in the middle of the street and making faces at him! . . .
>
> This persecution was hatched in Kentucky. The chicken died and they are trying to bring it to life here. Some think the object of the person that hatched it in Kentucky was malice. I prefer to think it the overzeal of a weak tool in the hands

of a cowardly master. The man in Kentucky had his orders from the man in Washington, just as the men here have their orders from the same source. Mr. Jefferson can torture Aaron Burr while England tortures our sailors. This grand State [Virginia] is full of good Republicans [Democrats] and many of them may not like to hear such sentiments about their own great man. Whatever he does or fails to do is right in their eyes, no matter how cruel to Americans or how dastardly toward the English. But the East is different from the West. Out there the political air is pure. Here in the East I sometimes think the Federalists have made the political air we breathe stink so that weak-stomached Republicans find it necessary to turn skunks to save their own nostrils. . . .

A year ago or more I gave at a dinner to Aaron Burr in Nashville the toast—"Millions for defence; not a cent for tribute." They change that tune on this side of the mountains. Here it seems to be—"Millions to persecute an American; not a cent to resist England!" Shame on such a leader! Contempt for a public opinion rotten enough to follow him!

This speech, according to Mr. Ritchie's comments on it in 1824, was the sensation of the day. Ritchie was himself an extreme Democrat, almost of the Patrick Henry school. He was dissatisfied with Jefferson's policy of Democratic theories and Federalist practices. The speech was Jackson's first introduction to an Eastern audience. Prominent men from other States were in Richmond, attracted by the Burr trial. Most of them heard Jackson on this occasion. Some of them saw in him then the man who was to overthrow the oligarchy. Ritchie, in his comments, says:

He spared none. His style of speaking was rude but strong. It was not the polished oratory Eastern audiences were accustomed to hear; but the sturdy blows of some pioneer's axe

felling a giant of the forest. "He can talk as well as shoot," said a bystander in my hearing, evidently in reference to the duel with Dickinson. "Yes," said the bystander's companion, "and he talks as if he was ready to shoot now!"

He sowed the seeds of duel broadcast. He gave at least three men ample grounds for demanding satisfaction. Two of them were there and heard him. One of them, Jo Daviess, was known to be a duellist. The other, Mr. Wirt, was thought to be a man of spirit and courage. The third man he attacked, General Wilkinson, was not present, though in the city, and he soon knew every word Jackson had said about him: such expressions as "double-traitor"; "a man who betrays his country first and then perjures himself about it afterward"; "a pretended soldier who dishonors his flag and an officer who disgraces his commission"; and "let us pity the sword that dangles from his felon's belt, for *it* is doubtless of honest steel"! Wilkinson was a noted duellist. Many thought it certain that he, and perhaps Jo Daviess also, would call Jackson to account. But no one molested him. Probably none emulated the fate of Charles Dickinson. He concluded his speech in these words:

"There is an old saying that a workman is known by his tools. This is as true as Holy Writ. If you want to know what kind of a workman Thomas Jefferson is, look at James Wilkinson, Jo Daviess and William Wirt! Like master, like man. But at least two of those men differ from their master in one thing: Wilkinson, base and treacherous as he is, and Daviess, weak and irresponsible as he may be, have both shown courage in the presence of danger. Jefferson has never had that occasion, because he has always been cunning enough to keep out of harm's way!"

About three weeks after this speech Jackson waited upon the prosecuting attorney, Mr. Hay, and demanded either that his testimony be taken or he be released from subpœna. He said his business interests were suffering by his absence from home; that "he did not believe there

was a particle of sincerity or honesty in the proceeedings against Burr," and that "it was an outrage to keep honest men dancing fool's attendance on such a miserable farce."

He was then excused from further attendance under the subpœna and went home. His prominence as a national Democratic leader dated from that speech from the steps of the old State House.

Nearly thirty years afterward he described the scene and repeated as much as he could remember of the speech to Governor Allen, of Ohio, then Senator-elect from that State. "He was but little known in the East at that time," said Governor Allen. "Most of his fame was the notoriety of the Dickinson duel, and that had been much misrepresented by Maryland and Virginia papers where Dickinson and Swann came from. Jackson told me he had two well-defined purposes: One was to let the East know what the West thought of Jefferson's timid, tortuous and pusillanimous policy in general. The other was to sound the key-note of a new movement which might give other States a chance for the Presidency besides Virginia and Massachusetts. He said that he could even then foresee what happened in 1824, should an election be thrown into the House of Representatives. Then he had always disliked Jefferson from the first; from the time when he (Jackson) went to Congess for Tennessee in 1796. He said he saw but little of Jefferson then, but got better acquainted with him the next year, when he was in the Senate, with Jefferson as presiding officer. Officially, said Jackson, he was all that could be wished, but in personal intercourse he always left upon you the impression of want of candor, sincerity and fidelity. He could not

conceal his timidity. He was much more sensitive to Federalist criticism than to that of his own party. He seemed to think he owned his party anyhow, and his ambition seemed to be to win over the Federals. 'I really believe,' exclaimed Jackson, 'that he seriously cherished the foolish hope that he might sometime be elected President without opposition, as Washington had been!' "

Governor Allen then went on to say that Jackson intended to write the speech out after delivering it, but from one cause or another postponed it until he feared his memory would not be tenacious enough to make the reproduction accurate. But, extemporaneous as it was, and though but meagre mention of it appeared in the Richmond papers, enough of its substance and tenor reached Jefferson to make him Jackson's lifelong enemy, and it also alienated from him Mr. Madison, then Jefferson's Secretary of State, who considered that some of Jackson's fierce denunciation of "the administration's courage in dealing with the country's friends and poltroonery in dealing with the country's foes" might be meant for him. On this occasion—which was a newspaper interview—Governor Allen related a characteristic anecdote:

When the news from New Orleans reached Virginia in 1815, Jefferson presided at a grand banquet in honor of the victory and its victors, and offered a gallant toast. When Jackson heard of this he remarked: "I am glad the old gentleman has plucked up courage enough to at least attend a banquet in honor of a battle!"

Jackson, as a rule, was too scrupulously courteous in such affairs to be so ungracious as this anecdote repre-

sents him. It was almost surly. But he said it, and the fact that he did serves to indicate the implacable contempt he had for some of Jefferson's traits. His opinion of Madison was not much better. But he always found apology for Madison in the fact that "when he was a Cabinet officer he was controlled by his President; and when President, he was controlled by his Cabinet!"

CHAPTER IX

PERSONAL, POLITICAL AND MILITARY

General Jackson left Richmond immediately after his release from subpœna as a witness in the Burr trial. This date cannot be exactly fixed, because the records of the United States court of that district for that year do not give it. But as nearly as can be judged from correlative facts that are known by date, coupled with the possibilities of travel in those days, he must have left Richmond about the middle of July, 1807. He went thence to Philadelphia, where he settled some affairs of his commercial firm and provided for shipment of a small stock of goods to Nashville, by the usual route over the mountains to Pittsburg, and so on by the rivers to Nashville. A letter which he wrote to his partner, John Coffee, indicates that at this time he reached the conclusion to draw out of commercial affairs at the end of that year and devote his attention wholly to planting and stock-breeding. During this visit to Philadelphia he also arranged to sell twenty-five thousand acres of Tennessee lands for the purpose of wiping out all his obligations with the proceeds. Leaving Philadelphia he went immediately, by way of Pittsburg, to Louisville, and thence across country to his home, where he arrived some time in September, 1807.

The next four years of his life—or say, from 1808 to 1812—were passed in close attention to personal and

domestic affairs, and afford few incidents of special note in history. This period admits of a general and concise survey which need not be burdened with a prolix array of dates and references; though its events, or such of them as may be of historical interest, will be noticed in chronological order.

We have seen that one reason—and it was the principal one—which Jackson urged at Richmond when he requested the United States district attorney either to put him on the witness-stand at once or let him go, was that his private business imperatively required his attention; and that, too, the personal attention which he could not give to it by correspondence or in any way except by his own presence where his business had to be transacted.

He was now (1807) forty years old. At that point in his lifetime he had been member of Congress, United States Senator and judge of the Supreme Court of his State; a fairly creditable accumulation of public honors for that age, and particularly so considering the conditions of his start in life. He was also the leader of the Democratic party in his State and the ranking officer of its militia establishment, a position of far greater relative importance then than it is now. Besides all this he had achieved rank as a planter, stock-breeder and merchant second to that of none in the trans-Appalachian region, and his personal credit in business transactions was as good in the great mart of Philadelphia as in his own thriving town of Nashville. One of his biographers, speaking of this period, says that "he had now reached the age of forty without having accomplished anything that might be regarded by his contemporaries as presage

of greatness in store for him or as evidence that he possessed the masterful qualities he was destined so soon to exhibit not only to his own country but to all the world."

It is not easy to accept that verdict. A fairer estimate, we think, would be that, at the age of forty, he had exhausted every opportunity of public preferment and usefulness which his time and his situation afforded. And, not only that, but he had also, by his Richmond speech, proclaimed himself a leader of formidable potentiality in national politics, and had, beyond rivalry, assumed the rôle of Democratic champion in the great Southwest. An understanding and a due appreciation of these facts are indispensable to a true conception of his ambitions and to a correct estimate of his striving to realize them. It is—or has been—fashionable among a large and influential class of American writers to view and describe and treat Andrew Jackson as a huge accident or even as a mighty freak in our history; and such an impression is to this day entertained by many who ought to know better, and who might know better if they would take the trouble to study his character and his processes an inch or two below the surface. By adopting certain rules of survey and analysis any career in the world's history may be proved to have been accidental or fortuitous. By certain processes of reasoning, every great man, from Aristides to George Washington, and every immortal career, from Julius Cæsar to Napoleon, may be adjudged the products of chance.

Of course, effort alone does not always win that which it aims at. Sometimes it seems as if chance alone were omnipotent in the successes or the failures of human-

kind, Yet, as a general rule, with hardly enough exceptions to prove it, chance never favors a man who makes no effort; and effort seldom fails to find its chance, somewhere, somehow, sometime. It would be foolish to say that when Jackson was denouncing Jefferson for cowardice in 1807, he foresaw or pre-calculated the glories of Chalmette Plain in 1815. He saw no more than any other bright-eyed, big-brained, bold-hearted man could see. But, as Horatio Nelson said, "the chance may come to-day, or to-morrow, or never; but the thing is, to be ready for the chance if it does come *and when it comes!*" Nelson was only a sailor. He was a good deal of a sailor, it is true; but he made no pretension to the rank of philosopher. Yet volumes have been written by the subtlest masters of metaphysics; libraries have been filled by the most transcendent conjurers with psychology—and the whole mass could be condensed into a thousandth part of the real, solid, human philosophy embodied in that simple sentence of England's greatest seaman. Of Nelson's immortal truism the pith and principle lie in the last three words—*"when it comes!"*

We need not waste time in demonstrating, by laborious exegesis, that Nelson was ready for his chance, *when it came.* The Nile, Copenhagen and Trafalgar tell that story beyond the power of logic to prove or discription to embellish. As for Andrew Jackson, we think his biographers may, without fear of successful dispute, suggest that he was not altogether unready when *his* chance came at New Orleans.

Let no one imagine that Jackson was not an ambitious man. We never had a fellow-citizen more aspiring than he was. Let no one believe that he was a happy-go-lucky

sort of fellow who blundered into greatness by sheer dint of luck and bravery. The country in which he lived was full of men as brave as he. In fact, at his time it was hard to find a man in the country of his effort and of his competition who was not as brave as man can be. He was by no means victorious always. Tom Benton, in a fight of Jackson's own seeking, utterly defeated and almost killed him. Benton was just as brave as Jackson; he was better educated, more thoroughly cultured, cooler headed, and, according to ordinary standards of estimate, the bigger-brained man of the two. He was also—and by no means a qualification of minor importance in those days or in that life—the better marksman. Yet Benton's greatest and best fame is that of leading in the Senate the support of Jackson in the White House.

At no period of his career did he lack competitors, never was he without adversaries. At some periods no man ever met fiercer competition or had to breast the shock of more powerful antagonism.

The years now under consideration—1807 to 1812—were the period of getting "ready for the chance," whenever it might come.

To accomplish this purpose he had to do three things: First, to straighten out his financial affairs; second, to assure his position as leader, manager—or, if you please, "Boss"—of the Democracy in his State and region; and third, to perfect the organization, the *moral* and ready effectiveness of the militia under his command. We may deal with these desiderata in the order given, which is also the order of their relative importance.

At the end of 1807, or beginning of 1808, most men in the financial condition that then confronted Andrew

Jackson would have considered themselves bankrupt and would probably have made an assignment. During the three or four years following his resignation from the supreme bench he had been a man of most diversified and promiscuous business. His planting and stock-breeding had prospered. In all else he had lost. His mercantile connections had loaded him with obligations he could not and had no desire to shirk, and the most he had to show for it on his side of the ledger was an immense array of small debts due to him from friends and neighbors which he could not collect without process of law or distraint; and, from his point of view, that fact made a debt uncollectable. He belonged to that singular but by no means unadmirable breed of men who can kill an enemy with infinitely less compunction than distress a neighbor or a friend. It has been stated by many writers, and is probably believed by a majority of those who read history now, that most, if not all, of his financial embarrassments at this and at later periods, were caused by his efforts to help Mrs. Jackson's relatives; and that those relatives were of the "ne'er-do-well" sort; also, that his sacrifices in their behalf were made against his judgment and for the sake of the extraordinary chivalric and romantic affection he bore to her. This is not true. It is true that Mrs. Jackson's relatives were numerous and that her husband was as fond of them as he could have been of blood kin. But he liked the Donelsons quite as well for their own sakes as for hers. They were, themselves, the salt of the earth. All of them, whether her brothers and sisters in one generation or her nephews and nieces in the next, were good, lovable people. The men and boys were brave, gener-

ous, chivalric and honest. The women and girls were handsome, good, industrious and bright. They were all fit and true children or grandchildren of the gallant old pioneer, John Donelson, and his heroic wife—in whose hospitable log-cabin Andrew Jackson found his first home in Tennessee. They were men and women whom Jackson would have liked and admired and trusted if he had never married into the family.

It is true that he helped them in business and backed them with his money and—what was much more potent than his purse—with his astonishing credit. This, of itself, is worth more than a passing word in a history of him. In those days of difficult communication and vast distances, few men could establish personal credit very far outside their own local horizon. To this rule Jackson was an almost phenomenal exception. Even as early as 1808, before his fame became national and long before his character had grown into our history as an integral part of it, Jackson's credit was as good in Philadelphia or New Orleans as in Nashville or Louisville. In his ventures and his enterprises he had used that credit freely, for his own benefit as well as for that of the Donelsons and their progeny. Of course they, like other men everywhere and always, were subject to the vicissitudes of business; sometimes successful, sometimes unfortunate. But to say that Jackson was ever brought to straits by any normal fault or failing on the part of anyone descended from John Donelson would be unjust to their memory, to his own and to that of the brave pioneer-surveyor of Tennessee.

The real cause, or causes, of all this stress lay far beyond the Valley of the Cumberland. Those years wit-

nessed the most crucial throes of the titanic struggle between England and Napoleon for mastery of the world's commerce and finance. It was an Homeric duel between an Achilles and a Hector, at the sight of which mankind stood aghast and waited with held breath. The effect of British orders in council and the retaliatory decrees of Milan and Berlin from the autocratic tongue of Napoleon, were felt in every log-cabin and in every cotton-field of the Southwest; and nowhere more keenly than in young and exuberant Tennessee.

At last, to all these woes was added the climax-capping folly of Jefferson's non-intercourse policy, a policy which Jackson had already described in his Richmond speech with satire as prophetic as it was rugged. Mr. Jefferson abhorred war and the thought of bloodshed was hideous to him. Therefore he was always for peace at any price; for cowardice at any cost. This may have been a humane trait, but it was not a human practicability. The result, however, was that when the last effort at diplomacy had failed, when neither England nor Napoleon would listen to the most pitiful Jeffersonian prayer on most pliantly bended knees, the peace-at-any-price President of the United States tried to substitute the silly suicide of embargo for the patriotic homicide of battle. Of all the great men whose names the history of this country perpetuates, Thomas Jefferson was mightiest with the pen and weakest with the sword—an observation, by the way, which to studious readers may suggest a fundamental difference between him and the subject of this work as apostles of American Democracy.

The real cause, in brief, of the financial straits under which Jackson suffered in 1808 was not his effort

to help the Donelsons, but the reflection, on a very small scale in far-away Tennessee, of the efforts of England and Napoleon to destroy each other; and that strangely —almost incomprehensibly—supplemented by Mr. Jefferson's effort to resent two active wrongs by one passive blunder.

Jackson met the situation in a characteristic fashion. He sold his vast domain of Tennessee wild lands for whatever Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, or New York investors would give for them—not in promissory notes but in good, solid paper of that great Bank which he himself afterward destroyed. It might be interesting to inquire what thoughts ran through the brain that throbbed under his huge crop of dark-red North-Irish hair when he stipulated that the cash payments for the lands he sacrificed should be in notes of the United States Bank.

The reason for this was that most of his debts were due to Eastern merchants or capitalists, and the notes of State or private banking concerns, particularly those of the West, were not always receivable in the East or, when received, they would be heavily discounted. The total area of land he disposed of at this period was about 22,000 acres, and much of it was the most favorably situated of any in West Tennessee. It embraced pretty much all the readily salable wild land he possessed, and the selling of it left him with little, if any, more than his home plantation of the Hermitage.

This was, however, an ample estate. At the period of which we write it comprised something over 6,000 acres, situated on Stone's River near its confluence with the Cumberland, nearly due east from Nashville and its

nearest part distant about nine miles from the town. It was an irregularly shaped tract and made up of ten "sections," or square miles. Its greatest breadth was three miles and its greatest length five miles. Of this area—say 6,400 acres—from 1,500 to 1,800 acres were cleared and under cultivation. The rest was for the most part heavily timbered with the varieties of hard wood usual in that region. All the land cleared was fertile and the intervales or "bottoms" bordering on the river were remarkably so.

Of General Jackson's agricultural methods mention has already been made. In planting, as in all undertakings, he was energetic, enterprising and thorough. And when he happened to be absent from home the management of Mrs. Jackson was, if anything different, an improvement upon his own. The principal crops were corn, wheat and cotton. At this period the establishment included about sixty slaves, who lived in cabins scattered about the plantation instead of having a compact little row of "negro quarters," which was the customary mode of housing them. In addition to the ordinary pursuits of planting, General Jackson was an enthusiastic and highly successful stock-breeder. He had the best horses and cattle to be found in Tennessee. At this period (prior to 1812) the progeny of the famous Truxton and the five or six brood-mares of Berkeley stock he had brought from Virginia some years before, were just beginning to reach marketable age. His thorough-bred colts were so eagerly sought by other breeders that they were usually sold before foaling.

General Jackson was, beyond question, the most capable horse-breeder and horse-handler of his time. He

knew all about the noble animal, from pedigree to pathology. Among his numerous acquirements—though he never "practised" except in his own stud and for the benefit of his immediate neighbors—were remarkable knowledge and skill as a veterinary physician and surgeon. He had in his library all standard books and treatises then extant upon the horse: historical, genealogical and medical.

As a breeder of the best and more thorough-bred horses in the State, if not in the whole Southwest, he naturally and, as things went then, necessarily became a patron of the turf. Truxton's breed ruled the Southwestern race-track for many years. It may be said that the Truxton colors were never lowered until the advent of Lexington, who not only brought down the Jacksonian supremacy, but transferred the head-quarters of horse-breeding from Tennessee to Kentucky. In the epoch under consideration, however, "the Commodore," as Truxton was nicknamed, was in his prime and without a rival. It has been written of him by Mr. Alexander, of Kentucky, that, "during the years of his prime, he was never beaten in a two-mile heat himself, and he begot more than four hundred colts alike victorious on every track. He did not live to a very old age, but while he was alive and serviceable he made more money for Andrew Jackson than any other single piece of property he ever owned. Colonel Samuel Donelson, a grand-nephew of Mrs. Jackson, has told the author that the General, so long as he owned Truxton, invariably visited his stable and carefully inspected him and his surroundings the last thing before retiring at night. The horse grew very fond of his master, and though, when

he got old, he became unruly and ill-tempered—as thorough-bred stallions usually do—the General could always manage and control him when no one else could.*

His prominence and usefulness as a breeder of fine horses during these years may be judged from the fact that he seldom had on his plantation less than fifty or sixty head, including colts, and that other breeders in the Southwest were wont to come from quite distant points to buy brood-mares or young stallions. This was of advantage to Jackson in more ways than one. It was, of course, a source of income; much of the time his principal source. Besides, the other breeders who patronized his stud were men of mark and influence in their own localities, and it was seldom that Jackson entertained a man at his home and sold horses to him without at the same time winning a valuable friend and, in most cases, a devoted adherent. In that way gallant old Truxton became a factor of no small eminence in his master's political fortunes.

That Jackson backed his horses freely, and sometimes heavily, on the race-track is beyond doubt. A standard Adamsite argument against him when running for the Presidency was the charge of being a gambler, based upon this fact. The charge was true. Jackson did gamble on horse-races; also occasionally, and on a much smaller scale, upon cock-fights. Generally speaking, he was always ready to "take a chance" on almost anything that involved hazard. But he was never a card-player,

*It has been stated by some enthusiastic writers that General Jackson rode Truxton as his "charger" at New Orleans. We do not believe this. If alive in 1815—which we doubt—he would have been eighteen years old. Besides, it is not likely that Jackson would have risked the life of a horse worth $10,000 where one worth $250 would have answered every purpose.

either for money or for amusement; and, after he became President, never made a wager of any kind. However, these things were almost a necessary incident of the time and place, and they need not be considered as cutting any conspicuous figure in the general public history of the man.

His home life during these years was extremely happy. Having withdrawn from commercial pursuits, except as a silent partner or financial backer of a couple of trading firms in which John Coffee and some of the Donelsons were the active members, he gave no attention to anything but his plantation in a business way. The frequent and long absences from home which his public duties had formerly entailed ceased now, and he became a thoroughly domestic man. Mrs. Jackson was a famous housewife and delightful hostess. By this time she was past forty; short in stature, stout, matronly, rosy in complexion and indescribably winning in manner and conversation. Never was the Hermitage without a guest, and most of the time it was crowded. Jackson and his wife carried the old-fashioned Southern hospitality to an extreme. They did not wish their guests to be simply visitors, but made them temporary members of the family.

In the early seventies of the Nineteenth Century the author of this work visited Nashville more than once in the capacity of a newspaper correspondent. On those occasions he enjoyed the honor and pleasure of calling upon Mrs. Sarah Childress Polk, widow of the President. Mrs. Polk was in her seventy-first year then. Her fund of historical and social reminiscence was exhaustless, and the best effort to reproduce in print her faculty of rela-

tion would be feeble. Born in 1803, about twenty-eight or thirty miles from Nashville and not over twenty miles from the Hermitage, she had known the Jacksons from her earliest childhood. When she grew up and married Mr. Polk, the intimacy became still closer and the relations between General Jackson and her husband in public life on the most important scale gave her recollections a quality of historical value not equalled by those of any other woman of her time. From time to time in this work the author will use Mrs. Polk's reminiscences, in the form of synopsis or abstract, though, as a rule, not in exact quotation. In fact, this would not be possible, for no short-hand notes were taken and the conversations were preserved only in the shape of long-hand summaries written out as soon as possible after they occurred.

Mrs. Polk said that Mrs. Jackson—or "Aunt Rachel" —was literally the childless mother of the whole neighborhood; and those words, she said, meant a good deal more in those times than now. The country was not so thickly settled, people thought much less of long horseback rides, everybody was an equestrian or equestrienne, and, so far as concerned neighborliness, twenty miles was a shorter distance then than two would be now. Besides, there was much more of confidence and trust among the people, one with another. Where honor and integrity were universal, she said, suspicion and doubt could find little room. Of course there were feuds, and it seemed that they were the more savage in proportion to the respectability of the people who waged them. But on the whole, it might be said that the word "neighborhood" meant a circuit of twenty miles at least. In their own vicinage General and Mrs. Jackson were, of course, by

far the most important persons. But no one would ever suspect it from observing the way and manner of their intercourse with the neighbors. In this respect the General was the most democratic of men, while Mrs. Jackson was at once the soul of merry-making and the embodiment of benevolence and charity.

Their home manners, Mrs. Polk said, were the most charming concord of simplicity with dignity. The General always in their earlier life said "Mrs. Jackson," both in the second and third persons; though, when their little adopted son began to talk, he got into the habit of addressing her as "mother." On her part, Mrs. Jackson invariably spoke of and to him as "Mr. Jackson," until after the war of 1812 she yielded to the universal fashion and began to call him "General." But no one ever heard either address the other by the first name or by any term of endearment or familiarity whatever. In fact, though more winning kindliness than that which marked the manners of both could not be imagined, there was yet an atmosphere of quiet self-respect and calm dignity about them which gently, though none the less imperatively, commanded scrupulous courtesy in their presence.

The General was a wonderful adept in the art of anecdote, and particularly delighted in incidents having a spice of wit or humor. Mrs. Jackson's observation and experience were, of course, much more limited, but she, too, was a fluent talker and always entertaining. Mrs. Polk said she had seen in histories the statement that Mrs. Jackson was illiterate, but that was not true. She had enjoyed but little opportunity for education, as her father moved from Virginia to the then remote frontier

of Tennessee when she was twelve years old. But up to that time she had made the best use of such educational facilities as their neighborhood in Virginia afforded. She was an insatiable reader, however, and was always far better informed upon current topics than the average women of her time, even those who had been well educated. She was also a prolific writer, keeping up a close correspondence with her numerous relatives and with the General whenever he was absent from home. Her letters were simply her conversation on paper, with no effort at eloquence. As for grammar and orthography, Mrs. Polk said, neither was in those days the exact science it has since become, and she declared that while in the White House she had received notes from "leaders of society" in Washington that would not compare favorably with the most hurried or careless of Mrs. Jackson's letters.

Mrs. Polk was asked if the reports so industriously circulated as to the General's roughness of speech had any foundation. She replied that she could not judge. She had heard that he sometimes used harsh and even profane language among men when excited. But she did not believe that any woman had ever heard him say a harsh or profane word to or about anyone. About the house his language was always scrupulously nice and gentle. She had been there when he came home in great anger and excitement about something or other that had crossed his path, and all knew the fact. But he never spoke of such things in the house or in the presence of ladies. Nor, she said, on such occasions would he give the least indication that he was practising self-restraint or suppressing his feelings. From his manner about the

house no one would suspect that he had been even ruffled out-of-doors. On the whole, Mrs. Polk said, the Jackson household was "the abode of native dignity, artless good cheer, intuitive courtesy and a hospitality which she had not yet been able to find in any lexicon an adjective adequate to describe."

The Hermitage of the period now under consideration was not the commodious country house so familiar to devout Democrats in pilgrimages of later years.

It was a group of log-houses in close proximity to each other. The principal one had been built for a block-house in the days of Indian alarms, afterward used as a store and, about 1804, converted into a dwelling. It, like all block-houses, was two stories high. Near it were three smaller log-houses, one story high with low attics. These were used as lodgings for members of the family or guests. The main building—the former block-house—had on the first floor one very large room with a huge fireplace capable of taking in a good-sized load of wood at a time. A lean-to had been built on at the back containing two rooms, one of which was used as the family sleeping apartment, the other as a pantry—or "buttery," as the phrase was then. But the great room, about twenty-four feet by twenty-six, was at once kitchen, dining-room, sitting-room and parlor, and the large table that stood in the middle of it, capable of seating twelve to fourteen people comfortably, was always "set." In this house, or group of houses, the Jacksons lived from 1804 to 1820, when the present Hermitage was finished and they occupied it.

Such, in brief, was the home of Andrew and Rachel Jackson during years in which the world was made to

reverberate with the echoes of his fame. Modest people. Simple home.

The second great desideratum with General Jackson at this period was to consolidate his control or management of the Democratic party in Tennessee. On leaving the scene of Burr's trial in 1807 he went home, determined to oppose the nomination of James Madison for the Presidency in 1808. This was not because of any particular dislike for Madison, but because he was Jefferson's candidate. Jackson favored Monroe, partly because he liked him personally and partly because he was not Mr. Jefferson's choice. This attitude was a mistake on Jackson's part. He was not strong enough to beat the Eastern cabal in the Democratic party that had selected Mr. Madison, and the course he pursued could only prove—as it did prove—harmful to him without doing any good to his friends or to the party at large. He soon found that his leadership in Tennessee was disputed much more seriously than ever before. His adherents were indeed the majority within the party, but several new conditions had come into existence unfavorable to him. His avowed antagonism to Jefferson cost him a good deal. Sectional questions had arisen between East Tennessee and the rest of the State which injured his prestige in the mountains. He was known to favor the removal of the State capital to Nashville, which, of course, alienated every friend he ever had in Knoxville and thereabouts. He favored also the establishment of a land court, to quiet titles, similar to the one created in Kentucky. This was opposed by all whose titles to their lands were clouded by forged

warrants. They wanted an act passed to confirm them as bona fide or innocent purchases notwithstanding the fraudulent character of the basis on which their titles rested. Jackson opposed this on the ground that the legislature had no constitutional jurisdiction in such premises. That it had power only to create a court and that court must then proceed under the usual forms of jurisprudence and rules of evidence.

Beyond all this a Federalist party had begun to grow up in Tennessee. It was not yet numerous, but was respectable in the wealth, social position and culture of its members. Each of these facts threatened Jackson's leadership. All of them together seemed for a time to imperil it. The most radical or least cautious of his friends wanted him to face the situation squarely and run for governor. That, they said, would make everybody show his hand. Jackson replied that he could not even consider such a course; that his nomination would probably cause a division in the Democratic party. The adherents of Jefferson, who were formidable numerically, would openly bolt his nomination. Then the Federalists would naturally make an alliance with them. He did not think they could beat him even under such conditions, but he held that the contest would cause wounds in the Democratic party that might never be healed. Then he urged that there were conditions under which a party leader could be more useful to his party and his friends and hold greater power himself out of office than in it—a fact, by the way, which party managers or "Bosses" in later years have clearly recognized.

Left to his own resources and expedients, Jackson then pursued a course which led to the nomination of

William Blount, who was elected almost without opposition. He also kept his friend, George Campbell, firmly fixed in the meridian of Congress. Jackson's friends were nominated and elected all along the line, all faction or schism vanished from the Democratic ranks, and he himself, with added power, retained his hold upon the throttle-valve of the "machine." Besides, with a friendly governor and legislature at his back, he could devote all his energies to the improvement of his beloved militia, in which he unquestionably saw the instrument of his glory whenever the chance might come.

The most remarkable bit of political finesse in this critical campaign was Jackson's selection of Blount for governor. He was the youngest brother of William Blount, Territorial governor and one of the first two Senators on the admission of the State in 1796. Almost exactly Jackson's own age, and, like him, of North Carolina birth, he was the reverse of Jackson in many elements of personality. He was suave, conciliatory and peaceful; a student and man of culture. His personal papers, now in the archives of the Tennessee Historical Society, indicate a richly gifted and thoroughly trained mind. He had been Territorial secretary under the governorship of his brother, and was a member of the legislature when Jackson made him governor. No man in the State, of sufficient mental calibre for the chief executive office, was so well qualified for the rôle of pacificator and harmonizer as he. Commonly known as an ardent Jeffersonian, he was also the warm friend and keen admirer of Jackson.

The nomination of Jackson in 1808 would have been a firebrand. That of Blount was a poultice. Jackson's

candidacy would have torn the Tennessee Democracy to pieces. Blount's reunited and consolidated it for a generation. That Jackson, in putting him forward, foreknew all this is not doubtful. It was a master-stroke not only of party management, but also of prevision for personal interests. Howsoever the General and the governor might differ in other respects, they were perfectly agreed on one important subject—they were both "Jackson men."

Blount was elected in 1808, re-elected in 1810 and again in 1812. His last term expired the 9th of January, 1815, three terms being the limit allowed by the constitution of the State. The significance of his six years in the gubernatorial chair to the fortunes of Andrew Jackson will soon appear. It was an almost touching coincidence that Blount should have left the office he had so well and faithfully administered the day after the battle of New Orleans. It was as if his work, like Jackson's, was done.

Having at last brought order out of the chaos in his business affairs, and having by singular adroitness circumvented all the plans of his political enemies, Jackson was now free to carry out the long-cherished design of perfecting his "division" of militia. With the subsidence of the Indian peril and the disappearance of any chance for war with Spain, there had come a decline of public interest in the defence of the State, and the militia was neglected by the legislature. Jackson soon changed all that. Governor Blount in his message called attention to its importance and recommended measures for its more perfect organization, equipment, discipline and readiness for service. This was done and a small appropriation

voted. The State was divided into two military districts —East and West Tennessee—each having a "division" and a major-general. The Eastern commander was General William Cocke, of Knoxville. The Western, and senior, major-general was Andrew Jackson. The so-called "division" was really a strong brigade. It consisted, as finally organized by the year 1811, of two regiments of foot riflemen, each about 900 strong, and one of mounted riflemen, 700 strong. The colonels were John Coffee, Thomas H. Benton and William Hall, with Major William Carroll as inspector-general—a pretty strong staff with such a commander.

In his efforts to perfect the organization, to keep the companies recruited to full strength, to provide frequent assembly for company and regimental drill and review, Jackson was indefatigable. Once a year the division was embodied as a whole and reviewed by the governor of the State, on which occasions the Major-General would fire the hearts of his citizen-soldiers by trenchant proclamations. He told them without mincing words that "war with England must soon come; that when it did come, England would assail the Louisiana Purchase and incite the Southern Indians to ravage and massacre; and that upon the strong right arms and the unerring old rifles of the sons of Tennessee must fall the patriotic and glorious duty of defending the nation's integrity and their own firesides!"

In conversation describing the incidents of these days, Senator Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee, once told the author that "there was no year of the four immediately preceding the war of 1812 when Jackson did not spend of his private funds on his division of militia

almost, if not quite, as much as the State appropriated."

The result was that by 1812 the militia of Tennessee —or Jackson's division of it—had become the most perfect organization of its kind in the country. Kentucky and New York had powerful and fairly well-organized militias, but, in readiness for action, completeness of equipment, thoroughness of discipline and regularity of administration, they could not compare with Jackson's division, of Tennessee.

It was not and never will be possible to organize the citizen soldiery of this republic, in time of peace, into a mere fighting machine, and that is as it should be. But Jackson came as near doing it as our institutions permit. It was his division of Tennessee militia that crushed Tecumseh's conspiracy among the Southern Indians. What was left of it after that achievement won more than half of the victory at New Orleans and saved the Louisiana Purchase. In view of such facts, it cannot be maintained that, in all this keen foresight and through all this masterful preparation, Jackson was merely "blundering along"; not even that he "builded wiser than he knew." To us it seems the story of a marvellous sagacity, rewarded in the end by transcendent success.

The most important event of a personal nature in this epoch was General Jackson's discovery of Thomas Hart Benton. This discovery brought to him, first, the ablest and most daring of all his party henchmen in Tennessee during the crucial period under survey; then, for a few minutes, the most desperate and dangerous

antagonist that ever confronted him in affray; and, finally, when age had healed the wounds of hot blood, the most potent and faithful spokesman and ally any President ever had in the Senate of the United States —a relation involving some vicissitudes.

Born in North Carolina, 1782; migrating with his widowed mother to Tennessee and settling some distance south of Nashville in 1794, and admitted to the bar in 1804, Benton first came closely under Jackson's personal notice about 1805. He had a land-title case involving certain law points upon which Judge Jackson had ruled about three years before, and he wished to use Jackson's opinion as reference. But during that jurist's term on the supreme bench—1798 to 1804—the decisions were not reported, a practice that began only under his successor, Judge Overton. However, Benton, to whom obstacle never operated except as incentive, decided to visit the ex-Judge personally and obtain his own relation of the opinion. He therefore mounted his horse and was soon ushered into the spacious "great room" of the old block-house Hermitage. The ex-Judge, who had known the Benton family in North Carolina, received the young lawyer with impressive courtesy. Mrs. Jackson, according to his own account in riper years, "fairly overwhelmed him with matronly grace and kindness." Jackson thought he had never before seen quite so promising a young fellow. Mrs. Jackson declared that he was the handsomest and nicest young gentleman in Tennessee —which was saying a great deal, then or at any other period. Benton stated his errand. The ex-Judge expressed regret that he had not written out that opinion when delivered. It was, he thought, the most compre-

hensive opinion he ever delivered from the bench. But "it was only a few years ago, he had a good memory, and could repeat it now almost word for word."

Benton wrote from the ex-Judge's dictation several pages of foolscap. The ex-Judge (as he long after told Mr. Kendall) "noticed that he wrote a bold, plain hand, almost equal to copperplate; that he could write almost as fast as a man could talk if he measured his words well, and that his spelling was perfect." The ex-Judge was a connoisseur in orthography.

Benton was not permitted to leave the hospitable Hermitage for a couple of days. When he returned to his little log law-office in the frontier village of Franklin, the Jackson forces there had a new leader—a young man too shrewd to be circumvented and too quick on the trigger to be bullied. A very great career was begun. Incidentally Lawyer Benton applied to his land case the principles embodied in ex-Judge Jackson's nuncupative opinion and won his case in Judge Overton's court. It was a curious circumstance that, when Jackson made that ruling, Overton was attorney for the side against which it operated. Young Benton was not only a most industrious and studious lawyer, and a local politician of commanding force, but he also had strong martial instincts, and soon became captain of the militia company in his district. It is perfectly safe to say that, from their first intimate acquaintance, about 1806, till their hot-headed and foolish affray in 1813, Benton was more useful to Jackson than any other young man in Tennessee; and that Jackson did more for Benton at the outset of his career than all other men in the State combined.

Benton was then, and remained through life, the ablest

and most thoroughly cultured lieutenant Jackson ever had in the forum. It is seldom that a great orator possesses also the gifts of a great writer. Benton had both, and each in a degree amounting to mastery. He was not so ponderous as Webster, not so cunning as Clay and—a little—less fiery than Calhoun. But he never suffered by entering the lists with any of them, notwithstanding that his thick-and-thin support of Jackson in all his policies more than once confronted him with causes that required some ingenuity to defend. Jackson used to say that Benton must have been born an orator, because, as he used to declare, the speech he made at a mass-meeting in Nashville, to ratify the declaration of war against England in 1812, was the best of his life, and that his most tremendous efforts in the great debates of the Senate, twenty years later, fell short of it as an oratorical standard, pure and simple. Yet Benton, in the brief preface to his Thirty Years, does not even mention it, except in a comprehensive remark that "Governor Blount, General Jackson and *one or two others* addressed the people." In the MSS. of Governor Blount (Historical Society of Tennessee) may be found the remark that "Colonel Benton, in the most masterly style, reviewed all the wrongs of England against the American people, from the Stamp Act to the inciting of Tecumseh."

Aside from their political and military relations, there was constant interchange of personal kindnesses between the two men. Among other things, Jackson always recommended the employment of Benton as counsel in all the litigations of his friends and invariably retained him for his own cases, which, however, were few. In 1810,

Major Patten Anderson was shot and killed by a man named Magness, in an affray growing out of land litigation—one of those old "forged-warrant cases" that caused so much woe and bloodshed in the early days of Tennessee. Anderson had been Jackson's fidus Achates for years; was then his inspector-general of the militia. He viewed the homicide as a clear case of assassination. The jury said it was manslaughter. The trial was a *cause célèbre* in its time. The Magness family were rich, and employed Felix Grundy, then the greatest criminal lawyer in the Southwest, for the defence. In addition to the regular district-attorney, Jackson personally employed Benton to conduct the prosecution. In the course of the trial Mr. Grundy put the General on the witness-stand for the defence, intending to prove by him that the deceased had been a man of violent temper and fighting proclivities. This was true. The jury needed no proof of it. But Grundy wished to re-enforce the impressions the jury already had on that score by the powerful testimony of Anderson's own most eminent friend. In the examination, Mr. Grundy asked:

"General Jackson, please state to the jury your personal knowledge of the deceased. What was the nature of his temper and was he considered by those who knew him a forbearing and peaceable man?"

"The deceased, sir, was the natural enemy of scoundrels!" replied Jackson, with solemn emphasis and an ominous frown.

"That is sufficient," said Mr. Grundy; "we are through with the witness."

In his speech to the jury, Mr. Grundy managed to make out of Jackson's evasive answer an impeachment

of Anderson's character as a peaceful man and used it as testimony that he was desperate and dangerous.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "never before has General Andrew Jackson been known to give an evasive answer to any question; never before was he seen to assume an ambiguous attitude in any situation. You all know him. He is the embodiment of truth and honor. What, then, must have been his pain and confusion when he saw that adherence to his proverbial truthfulness must make him an unimpeachable witness against the memory of his dead friend! . . . He sought refuge in evasion. I leave to your intelligence and your consciences, gentlemen, to judge of the weight of such testimony, under such circumstances, from such a man."

Jackson was in court and heard this. While Grundy was yet speaking he called Benton to one side and said: "That is not fair play. When you come to sum up for the prosecution, I want you to skin Grundy alive on that point!"

"I'm afraid, General," replied Benton blandly, "that he has got us down, on that point—flat on our backs. I reckon we had better let it alone."

"Maybe so," rejoined Jackson, and said no more.

It was a story that his friends used to tell at his expense long afterward. But he never seemed to see the humor of it. Magness was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to a short term of imprisonment, but was pardoned before its expiration, "to save his citizenship." It has been said that General Jackson signed the petition for his pardon, but the documentary evidence of it, if any exists, must be buried deep in the old archives of the State. It is, however, known that Magness after-

ward served under Jackson in the Creek war and at New Orleans, with creditable record.

Another event in this period, near its end, was General Jackson's cruel war with Silas Dinsmore. This affair had no importance in any broad historical sense, but it was interesting as an exhibit of a highly developed trait in Jackson's character. Dinsmore was United States agent for the Choctaw Indians who then lived in Middle and Southern Mississippi. The main route overland between Tennessee and the lower Mississippi ran for a long distance through the Choctaw country. By 1810 settlement had so far progressed in these regions that "Old Choctaw Trail" became an important thoroughfare. The Indian reservation itself became an asylum for runaway slaves. Congress passed a law—which might, perhaps, be termed a precursor of the Fugitive Slave Act—requiring the agent and his force to see to it that all negroes travelling on that highway had proper passes; also directing the agent to examine all white persons passing through the reservation with negroes under their charge, and compel them to produce evidence of ownership or otherwise lawful custody. The terms of the act were plain, and neither admitted of doubtful construction nor clothed the agent with any express discretion. This was an amendment to the act of 1802, regulating intercourse with the Indians and travel through their reservations.

Mr. Dinsmore construed the law literally and enforced it strenuously. Some applauded him; others complained. At the height of the controversy General Jackson had occasion to bring a dozen negroes from Natchez to Nashville. He took the Choctaw route, proclaiming

beforehand that he would submit to none of Dinsmore's "infamous tyranny." He would show no pass nor offer any evidence of ownership. He would see whether the agent had any discretionary power under that act or not. Everybody knew who Andrew Jackson was, and everybody also knew that he would not violate the laws. In order to emphasize, for Mr. Dinsmore's particular benefit, his law-abiding intention, the General was armed with "a good rifle," besides his usual holster-pistols. Dinsmore, in an official statement to the Secretary of War, Mr. Eustis, said that the General also armed two of his most trusty slaves with rifles and told them they "might have to fight their way." For some reason not explained in history Mr. Dinsmore was absent from the agency when General Jackson and his "colored troops" passed by it. The colored troops found no opportunity to "fight nobly." But General Jackson proved that Mr. Dinsmore had "discretion"—and plenty of it—when he considered it the better part of valor.

This might have been the last of the affair, but for a subsequent occurrence in which a lady of the General's acquaintance was involved. This was a Tennessee lady living in lower Mississippi. The death of her husband and threatened Indian troubles impelled her to return with her slaves to Tennessee. En route over the Choctaw trail she was stopped at the agency. She had no passes and no evidence of ownership. Probably she knew nothing about the requirements of Federal law. Dinsmore detained her and her ten slaves until she could procure from Tennessee the necessary evidence of ownership. This took quite a while, greatly worried and embarrassed the lady and

materially increased the expense and hardships of her journey. Then General Jackson took fire. He wrote a letter to the Secretary of War demanding the instant removal of Mr. Dinsmore. He wrote another letter to his infallible old friend, George W. Campbell, then Senator from Tennessee—a letter couched in the most thoroughly Jacksonian style of eloquence:

. . . You can easily judge, and so can the Secretary of War, our surprise and indignation at the wanton insult offered to the whole body of citizens of West Tennessee by the publication of his card in the Clarion in which he boasts . . . his detention of a defenceless woman and her property—*and for what?* The want of a passport! And *my God!* Has it come to this? Are we *freemen or are we slaves? Is this real or is it a dream?* [The italics are Jackson's]. . . . And can the Secretary of War for one moment retain the idea that we will permit this petty tyrant to sport with our rights, secured to us by treaty and which by the law of nature we do possess, and sport with our feelings by publishing his *lawless tyranny exercised over a helpless and unprotected female?* If he does, he thinks too meanly of our patriotism and our gallantry! . . .

It was a long letter and the whole of it more or less interesting as a specimen of the General's literary style when he was angry. But the foregoing extract serves to exhibit the real cause of his wrath. So long as Dinsmore's drastic execution of the law affected only men, Jackson could content himself with protest, or in his own case, with personally overriding Mr. Dinsmore's "infamous tyranny," rifle in hand. But when his action caused unhappiness or distress to *"a helpless and unprotected female,"* then Dinsmore had exhausted the Jacksonian calendar of crime.

The result of this fiery correspondence was the recall of Mr. Dinsmore to Washington. He was not formally removed, but he never resumed the functions of the Choctaw agency. This was in the summer of 1812. The declaration of war with Great Britain diverted General Jackson's attention from the war with Silas Dinsmore and the incident was closed. The final outcome of it all was the reduction of Dinsmore to poverty and distress soon afterward. Some time later he sought reconciliation with Jackson, who declined his overtures on the ground that any man who caused distress to a helpless and unprotected woman had no right to look a gentleman in the face.

CHAPTER X

WAR WITH GREAT BRITAIN

THE war of 1812 was declared by a divided Congress, to be waged by an irresolute administration, with the unprepared resources of a distracted nation. It was declared against the only land-power that had not been conquered or humiliated by Napoleon; against a sea-power which had already swept the ocean so clean of all enemies that practically no naval flag but hers was seen afloat; declared by a remote and infant republic whose navy consisted of three 44-gun frigates, three of thirty-six guns and seven sloops and brigs ranging in force from eighteen to twelve guns. At the moment that war was declared could some mysterious dispensation of Providence have eliminated Napoleon from the situation, England could have had a thousand ships on our coast and a hundred thousand of the best regular soldiers in the world upon our soil within three months from the date of the declaration. Relatively to the whole power of England the United States was weaker in 1812 than the united colonies had been in 1775.

We have stated the force of our regular navy. Our regular army consisted of about 6,000 effective infantry, scattered among fifty frontier forts or posts, and the largest "concentration" at any one point was six companies at or near New Orleans. There were also eight companies of light artillery, each about seventy strong,

and one regiment of dragoons having ten companies or troops, each about fifty strong; and these were scattered, a troop in a place, from the Niagara to the lower Mississippi.

The total population of the country was about eight millions, of whom 6,500,000 were free whites and 1,500,000 negro slaves.*

There was indeed no lack of "officers." Major-generals were numerous and brigadiers almost innumerable. With only two exceptions worthy of note, these "Generals" were all veterans of the Revolution, then thirty-five years in the past, and they possessed every qualification for active military service that age and infirmity can impart—and no others. The "two exceptions worthy of note" were Major-General Andrew Jackson, of the Tennessee militia, and Major-General William Henry Harrison, of the Kentucky militia, also governor of Indiana Territory. True, the sequel proved them to be pretty solid "exceptions," but they stood alone.

Harrison was a soldier of actual experience in warfare. He had shared the glories of Wayne's victory in subaltern rank, and as aide-de-camp to the hero of Stony Point. Far more important, seven months before the

*The immediately preceding census—that of 1810—had shown a population of 7,239,814, divided as follows:

Whites (citizens)	5,862,004
Whites (aliens)	186,446
Negroes (slaves)	1,191,364

The same census showed that there were in the country 997,416 white males between eighteen and forty-five years old—or, in other words, of military age. The reports of the War Department showed that the country possessed 77,000 stand of serviceable small arms, including those allotted to the militia of the various States, of which the total force enrolled and organized (on paper) was approximately 44,000 men.

formal declaration of war against England, he had inflicted upon England's savage allies the most crushing and destructive defeat they ever suffered on any field, at Tippecanoe. This was, of course, only Indian warfare, but it equipped him for the work ahead.

We have already observed that Jackson reached the rank of major-general without a battle. But an education better than that of military schools and a training deeper than that of war had made a soldier and a general of him. He was born so.

In some respects Harrison and Jackson were kindred spirits. In other respects they were not. Harrison was born a Virginia aristocrat, and his father signed the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia in 1776. Jackson was born a Carolina yeoman and one of his relatives by marriage, stout old John Davidson, signed the Declaration of Independence at Mecklenburg in 1775. Harrison became a frontiersman from choice; Jackson from necessity. All these things constituted a considerable difference in prior status, but time evened them up pretty fairly. They were the only real generals developed by the war of 1812; the only generals who gave the British any serious trouble in that war, and the only two whom that war made presidents of the United States. For the rest, both were farmers, when not fighting for the country or presidents of it.

Jackson materially aided Harrison in the Tippecanoe campaign. During the summer and fall of 1811, when Tecumseh was among the Southern Indians, persuading them to join his grand confederacy, Jackson dogged the great chief's footsteps with his unfailing scouts, Sam Dale, Jack Murrell and the famous Choctaw quarter-

breed, Captain Jugeat;* and every item of information they gave him he promptly forwarded by hard-riding courier to Harrison at Old Vincennes. In this scouting service Sam Houston is said to have also taken a hand. Information from Jackson in October that Tecumseh was still in the Creek country, more than any other cause, induced Harrison to march against the Northern Indians assembled under the prophet, Elkwatawa.

When Jackson heard the news from Tippecanoe he envied Harrison his good luck and bewailed the failure of Tecumseh to set the Creeks in motion. At any time after he learned that Tecumseh was among the Southern Indians in 1811, Jackson had his division ready to get under arms on forty-eight hours' notice. Benton says that his own regiment, made up of settlers on the Southern border, with headquarters at Duck River and therefore nearest to the danger-point, was assembled twice in readiness to march during the fall of 1811.

Such was the situation in the country at large and on the Western frontier, when war was declared against Great Britain, June 12, 1812.

The militia laws and regulations in all the old States, and also in Kentucky, provided that the troops could not

* Jugeat was the son of a Creole French trader by a half-breed Choctaw woman, whose white blood was also French. He lived among the Indians, though in youth he had received a good education at a Catholic academy in New Orleans. He was a man of unusual intelligence, fine personal appearance and a thorough gentleman in deportment. Living among the Indians, speaking all their dialects and well acquainted with their leading men, he was invaluable to Jackson as a scout during the Creek War. He inscribed his name permanently and honorably on the pages of American history as the leader of the little band of friendly Choctaws who held the extreme left of Jackson's line in the edge of the cypress swamp during the decisive battle of January 8, 1815. Jackson was very fond of him and looked out for his interests as long as he lived.

be required to serve beyond the limits of the State. This had caused inconvenience in the Tippecanoe campaign by preventing the Kentuckians—who really fought and won the battle—from joining Harrison in their organized bodies and compelling them to serve nominally as "Indiana volunteers." Later, it caused disaster in the first campaign on the Niagara frontier, when the New York militia refused—except a few companies—to cross the river; thus leaving Scott and his handful of regulars at the mercy of the superior British force under Brock at Queenstown. The Tennessee militia had no "State-line" limit. They were required to serve "wherever the interests of the State might demand."

In this respect the Tennessee militia, alone in all the States, were liable to general service, quite as much as the United States regulars, subject only to a construction—which might be very broadly made—as to the "interests of the State." Beyond this there was no limitation except that they could not be embodied for more than one year under any single call for their services. It seems worth while to add that the militia law of Tennessee in force at the outbreak of the war of 1812 had been drawn up by Andrew Jackson, in his own handwriting, very soon after his election as major-general in 1801, and that it had not been altered or amended in the interim. Thus Jackson's prevision of 1802 in legislation made the citizen soldiery of Tennessee the next best thing to "regulars" in 1812; and, if we may anticipate a little further, the conquerors in 1815—with some Kentuckian assistance—of the best regular soldiers the world had ever seen.

Congress declared war against Great Britain by joint

resolution passed about five o'clock P.M., Friday, June 12, 1812. President Madison was at the Capitol and signed the joint resolution within a minute after it was laid before him in its final enrolled form. Less than an hour thereafter a dozen "express-couriers" were en route for every end of the Union with the tidings. In these days the words "express-courier" may need exact definition. In 1812 those words described a small, but extremely important and highly select force of young men, about twelve in number, directly under control of the President—to whom they reported in squads representing about one-fourth of their total number every day. If there was nothing for them to do, they had an easy job. Their pay was good for that time and their "commutation of allowances," while waiting orders in Washington, enabled them to live at the best hotels or boarding-houses. Most of them turned an honest penny occasionally by jockey-riding in the races on the old track at Bladensburg. When they did have anything to do they had to do it at once and with all their might.

One of these "Government express-riders" was a young man named William Phillips. He was a Tennesseean, whom Senator Campbell, of that State, had brought to Washington in the capacity of clerk or secretary. In his boyhood William Phillips—or "Billy," as they called him in and about Nashville—had been one of Jackson's own jockey-riders on the old "Clover Bottom track." When he was not more than sixteen years old, Billy Phillips had enjoyed the honor of riding the invincible old Truxton himself, in a heat race, for the biggest purse ever heard of west of the mountains; with General Jackson on one side of the stakes.

Now he was destined to ride a race against time, which, in the long run, was to determine the fate of General Jackson in history.

Before sundown, June 12, 1812, Billy Phillips, government express-courier—or, in popular parlance, President's express rider—crossed the Potomac at Washington, bound for Richmond, Hillsboro, Salisbury, Morganton, Jonesboro, Knoxville, Nashville, Natchez and New Orleans, to carry the news that another fight with England was on; and, this time, a fight to the everlasting finish.

Similar messengers were sent north, northwest and south at the same time. Those sent north went toward New England, where the new war was not popular, and for that reason they were not required to ride fast. But Billy Phillips, the hard-riding jockey-boy of Andrew Jackson and Tennessee, was to spread the glad news among people whose bones ached for a fight with England, and his instructions were simply to go as fast and get there as soon as horse-flesh could carry or human flesh could endure to ride.

A copy of a quaint old letter is before us. It was written at Lexington, North Carolina (now the county-seat of Davidson County), dated June 15, 1812, and signed by the Rev. Dr. T. Rayner, a Baptist clergyman and father of Judge Kenneth Rayner, famous in the history of North Carolina and the country at large. It was directed to "Mr. T. L. Branch, Esquire, Charlotte." The historical part of it is as follows:

. . . I have to inform you that just now the President's express-rider, Bill Phillips, has tore through this little place

without stoping. He come and went in a cloud of dust, his horse's tail and his own long hair streaming alike in the wind as they flew by.

But as he past the tavern stand where some were gathered he swung his leather wallet by its straps above his head and shouted—"Here's The Stuff! Wake Up! *War!* WAR WITH ENGLAND!! WAR!!!"

Then he disappeared in a cloud of dust down the Salisbury Road like a streak of Greased Lightnin'!

He left no other news. But this, taken with what has been doing in Washington for some time and Bill's well-known character as a cruel rider, is news enough. He must get relay at Salisbury and from there we will hear more particulars.

I do not wait for such, but send this to you by the hands of young Mr. Stokes, who will come to you much quicker than the regular post-rider from this place.

It is a Righteous War, only too long put off, and we must all gird up our loins to fight out the good fight and give England the lesson her pride and fury have long needed. As you know I was in the last war a soldier when she begrudgingly and for that she could not help it, signed our Independence. But she never forgave us. Now, *we must thrash her again and this time I hope to last forever,* because I do not like war and hope some way may be found to make her hold the peace. I hope us old men now who were at the Cowpens and Guilford and the Springs [meaning Eutaw Springs] thirty-odd years ago, may not be brought into this new war, for there is plenty younger. But we must give precept if not example now and it would not be a bad idea to have some good descriptions of King's Mountain and other places like it made in our pulpits and school-houses! [The Rev. Dr. Rayner was clearly of the Church militant.]

I shall come down to Charlotte in a few days. By that time we will hear more particular news. But for the present let us hope there will be no Tories in this war as in the last one. If such should be and show themselves in this part of our State

I engage that *their story will be short and sad.* [The italics are the author's.]

Trusting that the Lord may guide us all in the path of patriotism for our own country and forgiveness to our enemies I am, etc.

The gentleman to whom this letter was written was the same Mr. Branch who, in 1775 and thereabouts, taught the "Oldfield school" at Waxhaws, in which eight-year-old Andrew Jackson was a pupil. Mr. Branch was now (1812) a lawyer and also a pillar of the church. The Reverend Doctor Rayner seems to have had no misgivings as to the outcome of the "new war," and he seems to have been equally free from doubt as to what would happen to "Tories in his part of the State" if "such should be and show themselves."

Fortunately for humanity's sake no Tories "showed themselves" in the old North State in 1812. Their breed had doubtless been exterminated at Dr. Rayner's "King's Mountain and other places like it." At all events, the "short and sad story" he so grimly promised them was never told.

This ride of William Phillips was a marvel. He left Washington at nightfall, June 12th. In the afternoon of June 15th, as Dr. Rayner tells us, he "tore through" Lexington, North Carolina, "like a streak of Greased Lightnin'." Just before dark, June 21st, he "tore into" Nashville at the same "greased lightning" gait. This was, by the roads he traversed, 860 miles in nine days, or an average of ninety-five miles every twenty-four hours. Now, a first-rate rider who has not the fear of a S. P. C. A. before his eyes and no mercy on horse-flesh, may ride ninety-five miles in one twenty-four hours, with

suitable relays of good horses. But to hold that pace for nine days in succession, by daylight and in the dark alike, through a thinly settled country and over mountains some of the way, is flatly incredible now and forbids attempt at explanation. But Phillips did it, as the date of Governor Blount's receipt to him for the despatches he delivered shows beyond question: "Received, etc., certain letters from the President and the Secretary of War, by the hands of William Phillips, U. S. Courier, Nashville, June 21, 1812, 7 o'clock P.M.

"[Signed] W. BLOUNT, Gov'r."

But this was not all. Phillips's home was at—or very near—Nashville. He stayed with his folks the night of June 21st. Early the next morning he was off and away again for Natchez and New Orleans, nearly six hundred miles more!

For some reason Phillips did not ride so fast between Nashville and New Orleans as between Washington and Nashville. Maybe he was tired. Possibly his horses were not so good or the relays were farther apart. Or we may reasonably suspect that, having given the great news to Governor Blount and General Jackson, there was no particular need of the Rev. Dr. Rayner's "Greased Lightnin'" the rest of the way; because the defence of that part of the country devolved upon Jackson, Blount and Tennessee, so that information to those who were to be defended might be carried more at leisure.

At any rate, William Phillips took one more day between Nashville and New Orleans than between Washington and Nashville. That is, leaving the national Capital at sundown, June 12th, he was in

Nashville at seven P.M., June 21st. Then, leaving Nashville early in the morning of June 22d, he arrived at New Orleans and took Governor Claiborne's receipt for his despatches under date of July 2, 1812, eight o'clock P.M.

In this connection there is another fact worthy of record. Knoxville was the capital of Tennessee in 1812. The straight road — the old Emigrant Trail — from Jonesboro to Nashville did not strike Knoxville, but ran to the northward of it. Phillips expected to find Governor Blount at Knoxville and took that route. But when he arrived there he found that the Governor had gone to Nashville the day before. The whole of this detention amounted to five or six hours; not much under normal conditions of horseback travel, but a good deal when a man is riding ninety-five miles a day for nine days in succession.

We have given all this space to the "Ride of Bill Phillips" from Washington to New Orleans because there was another "ride" in our national history and poetry, much shorter though none the less sacred to patriotism. Paul Revere rode from Boston to Concord Bridge in 1775. It was an American ride. Bill Phillips rode from Washington to New Orleans in 1812; also an American ride. The ride of Paul Revere has been—as it should be—made immortal. But no one knows anything about the ride of Bill Phillips.

The whole matter narrows itself to this: New England writes the histories of her heroic sons. Tennessee lets the histories of *her* sons—equally heroic—be forgotten; unless some man, with the blood of Puritan New England or of New York in his veins, writes it

for her. For this, Tennessee, glorious in all else, should be ashamed.*

Phillips seems to have viewed this exploit as the apogee of greatness as a "President's express-rider." When he came back to Nashville, at easy pace from New Orleans, he forwarded his resignation to the President and received in due time an appointment as Ensign in the Army. He joined Colonel John Coffee's regiment of Tennessee Mounted Riflemen and served with it through the war. The modern visitor to Nashville, if provided with introductions to the best society, may meet some very agreeable gentlemen and some exceedingly beautiful women in whose veins his good old blood flows.

William Phillips reached Nashville with the news of "War! War with England!! War!!!" the night of June 21st. The next day—or in a few days—Major-General Andrew Jackson issued a proclamation to his division of militia. It need not be reproduced here. Suffice it to say that its tenor was wholly Jacksonian; and that, in some passages, its text conformed more to the impulses of patriotic fervor than to the rules of syntax. In substance it informed the militia that war was declared, exhorted them to assemble forthwith at their various places of company rendezvous, to hold themselves in readiness for regimental muster and to expect, at any moment, orders to proceed to any point upon

*In this connection it might be remarked that the man who founded the Historical Society of Tennessee and whose contributions form by far the best part of its archives, was Colonel A. Waldo Putnam, great-grandson of General Israel Putnam, of Connecticut—a New England Puritan of the deepest dye. Colonel Waldo Putnam was, indeed, a "son of Tennessee" by marriage; because his wife was a granddaughter of Governor Sevier.

which the "fell invaders of our free republican soil might be moved to descend!"

Incidentally, General Jackson remarked in his proclamation, which was couched in the form of a letter to Governor Blount:

> We flatter ourselves that . . . there is not one individual among the Volunteers who would not prefer perishing on the field of battle—who would not cheerfully yield up his life in the defence of his country than return to the bosom of his family covered with shame, ignominy and disgrace!
>
> Perish our own friends—perish our wives—perish our CHILDREN (dearest pledges of Heaven)—nay, let perish one and all every earthly consideration! But let the honor and fame of the Volunteer Soldier be untarnished and immaculate!

On the 24th of June General Jackson, Governor Blount and—as Benton says—"one or two others," "addressed the people" in mass-meeting at Nashville to "ratify" the declaration of war. As we have already intimated, Benton, from Jackson's point of view, made the speech of his life on that occasion. But Benton (*vide supra*) modestly includes himself among the "one or two others."

The next day—June 25th—an express-courier started from Nashville for Washington with a letter from General Jackson, by order of Governor Blount, tendering to the President the services of twenty-five hundred Tennessee volunteers "wherever and for such term as the defence of our soil and our rights may require."

The letter concluded with these words:

> And the Major-General, acting by direction of his most distinguished Excellency the Governor of Tennessee and *speaking*

in behalf of the indomitable men he has the proud honor to command, begs to assure the President that, *wherever it may please him to find a place of duty for them, he can depend upon them to stay there till they or the last armed foe expires.*

The italics are ours. But the sentiment is unmistakably Jackson's—not to speak of the syntax.

After this there was a period of delay. Tennessee and Jackson were unfortunately situated, so far as concerned immediate opportunity. In due course of mail the President "gratefully accepted" the offer of services by Jackson's division. But the military conditions as between Southwest and Northwest differed. In the North and Northwest there was a foe to attack. The Southwest had to wait for a foe to assail it. Jackson understood this fact perfectly and supplemented his offer of June 25th by a further proposition to "lead at least one full regiment of Tennessee Mounted Rifle Volunteers not less than a thousand strong, to plant the American flag once more upon the battlements of Detroit, so basely yielded to the enemy by General Hull." *

The first considerable event of the war of 1812 was the surrender of Detroit by General William Hull with its garrison of 1,500 men to General Sir Isaac Brock, August 16th. Among the author's earliest recollections is that of hearing his grandmother recite a ballad of forty-eight verses, descriptive of that war. Born a Gardner, of Nantucket, and daughter of Henry Gardner,

*Private letter written by General Jackson to Senator Campbell, to be laid before the President, the same day that he (Jackson) heard of Hull's surrender. In this letter Jackson expressed the opinion that he could reach Detroit—from Nashville—by forced marches in ten days from receipt of orders. The distance is about 500 miles.

who sailed with Paul Jones in the Ranger and the Bon Homme Richard, the grandmother was somewhat American in her prejudices. At all events, she was not what would be termed an Anglomaniac. Of her humble, fortv-eight-verse, fireside epic the particular lines relating to the present subject were as follows:

Let William Hull
Be counted Null,
A Coward and a Traitor!
For British Gold
His Army Sold
To Brock, the Speculator!

The grandmothers, with their patriotic ballads, were too severe on poor old Hull. His case need not be discussed here. But he was neither coward nor traitor; nor could "British gold" buy him. He was simply old, infirm and timid. Madison's administration was more to blame than Hull for that disaster.

They tried poor old Hull for treason and sentenced him to be shot. But the President, upon review of the case, decided that his crime at worst was only incompetency, and, most properly, pardoned him. To make a practice of shooting American generals for incompetency would not be wise. It would be inhuman—and besides, it would take too much ammunition.

If such a practice had prevailed in 1812 there would not have been more than half a dozen left: For example, Harrison, Jackson, Brown, Macomb, Pike and Scott—and of these the enemy themselves shot Pike, one of the best generals we had.

When Jackson first heard of Hull's surrender he took the view of it expressed in the hearth-stone epic just

cited. But, after some correspondence with Harrison, he changed his mind and came to the conclusion that if anybody ought to be shot for the surrender of Detroit it was the administration that put Hull there, without supplies or even ammunition for his troops, and then supinely allowed the English to get control of the lakes and thereby isolate him. In a letter to Senator Campbell, September 28, 1812, Jackson says:

. . . Like I suppose it did everybody, the news of Hull's surrender almost killed me. For days I could not understand it, could hardly believe it. I have wrote Harrison asking him for God's sake to explain it if he could. Have not heard from him yet. But a few days after this awful news came tidings that his [Hull's] nephew, Captain Isaac Hull of the Navy, with the Constitution, had simply tore a British Frigate all to pieces. This made me stop and think that there must be some good blood in that family! I remember seeing young Hull in Philadelphia in the early spring of 1798 when I was Senator. He was up to be confirmed as a lieutenant in the Navy then. Burr introduced him to me and said he was good stuff. I voted for him. Now I am glad of it. I also voted for the bill to complete the Constitution and the other ships for the navy. I am glad of that too.

It is a great thing to beat the English on the sea, their favorite element. Hull (Isaac, I mean) deserves great credit. He is almost equal to Paul Jones. *Maybe after a while someone will whip the English on land. God knows I would like the chance to try it! My Division is ready any minute!*

The italics are ours. The rest, as will soon appear, was Jackson's.

The summer of 1812 wore its slow length away. Its story was that of defeat, surrender and disaster on the Northern frontier; inaction and almost frantic waiting

in the South; and glory piled upon glory by the Yankee sailors on the sea.

Here we may invoke again the Nantucket grandmother:

'Twas on a placid summer day
Just out of sight from Boston Bay,
A good ship crewed with Yankee tars
And flaunting free the Stripes and Stars,
O'erhaul'd a ship of Johnny Bull
With cannon loaded muzzle-full.

"What ship is that?" the Briton hail'd,
As close aboard the Frigates sail'd.
"Say quick or sink," bold Dacres cried,
And got for answer, whole broadside.
In half an hour Proud England's flag
Trailed limp and low—a Bloody Rag!
What ship this is I'll tell to you!
The Constitution, stanch and true!

There was a good deal more of this New England Odyssey, but the foregoing is enough to show the divine afflatus in it. All through this summer Jackson devoured the news from the ocean and cursed the news from the land. Finally, the bureaucracy at Washington imagined that the British, having conquered everything on the Northern frontier, might conclude to spend the winter in Louisiana. To meet this possibility the Secretary of War, under date of October 20, 1812, sent an order to Governor Blount which reached Nashville November 1st, directing him to despatch at once fifteen hundred of Jackson's division to the lower Mississippi. Over two thousand assembled in response to the call. It was determined that the mounted riflemen under Colonel John

Coffee should march across country to Natchez, while Benton's and Hall's regiments of foot riflemen should go in flat-boats down the Cumberland, Ohio and Mississippi rivers. It was found impossible to keep the force within the Federal Government's limit of fifteen hundred. The number reporting for duty was 2,486, and the administration, after some correspondence, accepted their services.

Among the things—one of the few wise things—the Washington bureaucracy did upon declaring war was to forbid the further supply of rifles to the Indians. The result of this order was to stop, in the hands of frontier traders, about four hundred first-class rifles, made by the best gunsmiths, from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, to Camden, South Carolina. Jackson heard about these rifles. He knew they were good, because at that time the Indians had become connoisseurs as to the quality of rifles and could not be fooled, as in earlier days, with almost any old thing in the shape of a gun. An unexpended balance of $2,800 was available in the Tennessee treasury for armament of the militia. These four hundred rifles could be bought for fifteen dollars apiece—or $6,000 for the lot. Governor Blount authorized the expenditure of the $2,800 toward their purchase. Then he and Jackson together made up the balance of $3,200 out of their own pockets or by their notes of hand. At that time promissory notes bearing the signatures of "A. Jackson" and "W. Blount" were legal tender in Tennessee. The voice of every rifle in the four hundred was afterward heard at Talladega, Tohopeka and New Orleans. The State reimbursed Jackson and Blount for them in January, 1816.

In a previous chapter we have intimated that the Jackson "machine" made William Blount governor in 1808–'09; and kept him firmly fixed in that office as long as the constitution of the State would admit. We now begin to see something of the method there may have been in Jackson's choice of this man for this office.

The volunteers rendezvoused at Nashville the first week in December, 1812. The place, though a good-sized village even then, could not adequately accommodate them. The weather was phenomenally cold. There was a foot of snow and the Cumberland River froze over —not known to happen but once again in the memory of man. However, the volunteers endured it. They could bear anything that seemed to promise a fight with England; anything that Jackson would share with them. Prior to this time no standard uniform had been prescribed for the Tennessee militia. General Jackson now supplied this deficiency.

On December 2d the governor issued the following "general instructions to the citizen troops of Tennessee":

The Volunteers will arm and equip themselves with rifles, so far as practicable. Those having no rifles of their own—or if those they have be not immediately serviceable—will be furnished by the State to the extent of the supply on hand. But it is hoped that this reserve, scanty at best, will not be drawn upon to exhaustion. Ammunition furnished by the State. Each Volunteer, *including Company officers,* is entitled to a powder-hornful of the best Eagle powder, one dozen new, sharp flints and lead enough to mould 100 bullets that fit his rifle. Very small-bore rifles are not desirable for military service. It is recommended that none be taken along of less calibre than sixty balls to the pound. It is desired to avoid the use of smooth-bore muskets as much as possible. They are heavy, clumsy,

take a great deal of ammunition *and do not carry straight.* They may be good for Regular Soldiers, but not for the Citizen Volunteers of Tennessee. ["Carrying straight" was a prime consideration with Governor Blount and General Jackson.]

Uniform clothing being desirable in field service the Major-General advises that dark-blue or nut-brown homespun be worn at the option of the wearer. But it would be well for at least companies to be clad in a uniform color. Buckskin hunting-shirts and leggings may also be worn. It is recommended that dark-colored knit socks and stout shoes be worn, as moccasins are not good for hard marching. For all these supplies furnished by the Volunteers themselves liberal compensation from the State may be confidently expected. Men who have them may, upon parade, wear white pantaloons and waistcoats. Field officers will wear the uniform prescribed for their rank in the Regulations of the U. S. Regular Army. Company officers the same, if convenient; if not, then to wear the clothing recommended for their respective companies.

Nearly a month was spent in these preparations. On January 4, 1813, Colonel John Coffee marched from Nashville for Natchez with 696 mounted riflemen. Four days later—January 8th—General Jackson, with the two regiments of foot riflemen, commanded respectively by Thomas H. Benton and William Hall, embarked in flat-boats on the half-frozen bosom of the Cumberland River. Benton's regiment mustered 916 men; Hall's 976. The total force, effective present for duty, was, therefore, as follows:

Coffee's Mounted Rifles	696
Benton's Foot Rifles	916
Hall's Foot Rifles	976
Total	2,588

These were the pick and flower of the young State. Hardly a man of the 2,600 was anything less than a

leader in the society and politics of the place where he lived. Such another band of hardy, determined yeomanry has seldom been seen in this or any other country. They were the salt of the earth. Of their commanders, neither John Coffee nor Tom Benton need description. Colonel William Hall was not so eminent, then or now. Still, he was a solid citizen. An original pioneer of Tennessee, he had served faithfully and well in the early Indian wars; greatly distinguishing himself in the campaigns of Etowah and Nick-a-jack, 1793–'94, when about twenty or twenty-one years old. He afterward represented Tennessee in Congress and succeeded Sam Houston as governor in 1820. He was not altogether a "Jackson man," being an intimate friend of Governor Sevier, and believing that Jackson was not justified in his quarrel with that noble old hero of King's Mountain. But, despite all that, Jackson liked Hall, and it was tacitly agreed between them that the Sevier quarrel should be omitted from their daily conversation. Jackson, though harsh and direct in his temper and methods, was no bigot.

Many years afterward, not from his place in the Senate, but in the zenith of his fame, Tom Benton described these volunteers of Tennessee. His description was, as Horace says of Lydia, *simplex munditiis;* "beautiful in simplicity." He said:

> They represented almost every family of any note in Middle and West Tennessee. Forty years have passed since I saw them. But I see them now plainer than then. The rolls of this Republic's honor are full of their names. They have become governors, legislators, jurists, ministers of the Gospel; great and successful planters, capitalists, leaders of industry. They

have helped to hew new States out of what was wilderness then. Their pioneer fathers and heroic mothers wrested the new West from savage hands. They defended it. Their own sons, but a year or two ago, [Benton was talking in 1851] tore from the grasp of Spanish bigotry the fairest of our realms! What splendid fellows they were! Tall, straight, broad-shouldered, deep-chested young men, hardly one of them over thirty. We read of Sparta, Rome and Macedon. Let us grant that all their men were truly what their classic epics say of them. Then, let us wait for the coming of some new Homer to sing the Volunteers of Tennessee!*

In due time Jackson's division was reunited and went into camp near Natchez, to await developments. None came. It was a somewhat singular coincidence that the general commanding at New Orleans, with whom Jackson would have to co-operate if anything should occur, was the same James Wilkinson whom he so despised and whom he had so savagely denounced in his Richmond speech five years before. He mentioned this in a letter to Senator Campbell:

"It's queer," he said, "that I should be in this way brought once more in contact with W. You know my opinion of him and I know yours; so no more may be needful to say. Should he get troublesome a way may be found, I think, to deal with him according to his quality. I hope, if co-operation should be necessary, he will behave right. I want no trouble, but will be prepared should any come."

These expressions, somewhat enigmatic on their face,

*Speech at a "Jackson Day" dinner, January 8, 1852. Through life Benton kept a complete roster of his regiment of 1812; officers and enlisted men. Not one of them, or any descendant of one, ever appealed to him in vain for any aid or comfort in his power to give.

become clear if it be observed that, when Jackson sailed with his flat-boat fleet for Natchez, part of the armament he took with him was the pair of pistols used six years before in the affair with Mr. Dickinson. Whether "W." knew this is not of historical record. But it is a matter of record that, so long as Jackson was at Natchez, he "behaved right."

The winter of 1812–'13 wore away and the sultry spring of the lower Mississippi came. The English did not come to Louisiana, as Mr. Madison had feared. There was nothing on our part to hinder them. The fact that Jackson's division was waiting for them at Natchez would not have deterred them. It was not Andrew Jackson who kept them away from Louisiana that winter. It was Napoleon Bonaparte.

This winter camp of the Tennessee volunteers near Natchez brought no chance for battle or glory, but in other respects it was the best thing that ever happened to them. It gave them an experience of real soldiering they needed. Between semi-annual musters at Nashville, which began with a proclamation and wound up with a barbecue, and an actual camp, with soldiers' fare and accommodations and Andrew Jackson's modes of discipline, there was the widest and most salutary difference.

After the volunteers had been in the Natchez camp a few weeks, the Major-General found it expedient to issue a disciplinary order. It was as follows:

The Major-General Commanding is proud to take it for granted that every Volunteer in his division is a gentleman at heart. But of late some reports have come to headquarters of certain conduct which, though hardly to be called culpable,

yet affords indications of a disposition to heedless mischief which causes the Commanding officer great regret.

Such conduct might indeed be expected of hired soldiers such as our enemies bring against us from the jails of Europe, but not of the Volunteer Gentlemen of Tennessee. The Major-General therefore hopes that such mischievous conduct may forthwith cease. Should it not, he feels it his duty to say that persistency will lead to measures on his part summary in character and exemplary in effect.

By order of Major-General Jackson.

T. H. Benton, Colonel and Acting Chief-of-Staff.

Natchez, February 22, 1813.

In this we see clearly a joint production; the rugged chivalry of Jackson couched in the graceful phrase of Benton. The desired result seems to have been attained. The order was never repeated, nor were "the Volunteer Gentlemen of Tennessee" subjected to any "measures summary in character and exemplary in effect." It is, however, hard to refrain from comment upon the subtle —almost devilish—art embodied in that reference to "the hired soldiers such as our enemies bring against us from the jails of Europe." The only reason why we refrain from comment is because the expression is in itself complete and comment of any kind would disfigure it. It was purely Jacksonian.

On March 21, 1813, a somewhat dilatory order reached camp from Washington. It was dated February 6th, signed "J. Armstrong," and had been forty-three days *in transitu.* Clearly, Bill Phillips was no longer in the President's service as express-rider.

This order did two things: One was to inform Major-General Jackson that the bland and scholarly Mr. Eustis had been succeeded in the War Office by the rough-and-

ready John Armstrong. The other was to dispense with the further services of his division.

The text of the order was as follows:

SIR:—The causes of embodying and marching to New Orleans the troops under your command having ceased to exist, you will, on receipt of this letter, consider it dismissed from public service and deliver over to Major-General Wilkinson all the articles of public property which may have been put into its possession.

You will accept for yourself and troops the thanks of the President of the United States.

(Signed) J. ARMSTRONG.

To Major-General Andrew Jackson.
War Department, February 6, 1813.

Concerning Secretary Armstrong there was difference of opinion then and might be now, had not oblivion done its charitable work in the meantime. In the Revolution he had been a gallant soldier and infallible Patriot. To his tact and nerve, more perhaps than to any other single cause, had been due the exposure and explosion of the Conway-Gates cabal against Washington in 1777–'78. For this, whatever else he may have done or failed to do, John Armstrong deserves the everlasting gratitude of Americans. His subsequent exploit as the author of the "Newburg letters" in 1783 has been variously considered by historians; but the ragged and starving Continental soldiers, whose cause those letters pleaded, enthusiastically approved them and praised him. Perhaps history may rest secure upon their judgment.

But none of these thoughts rose in Jackson's mind when he read the order. To him it meant what its face imported: The disbandment of 2,500 volunteers, five

hundred miles from home, without pay, subsistence or transportation. He at once summoned his field-officers to what he called a "council of war." It turned out to be an assembly for the purpose of listening to a somewhat fervid exposition of the Major-General's opinions. The officers assembled were Colonels Benton and Coffee (Hall happened to be absent from camp that day), Major Lewis, Major Carroll and Aide-de-camp Reid.

Jackson read the order. In such cases, where the council of war is formal, the custom is to take first the opinion of the junior officer present and so on up—for obvious military reasons. But this council was informal. Jackson, without asking anybody's opinion, bluntly voiced his own, as follows:

Gentlemen, I cannot believe that the distinguished old gentleman and patriot who wrote and signed that order has the least idea of how we are situated here. To suppose that he has any idea of it would be supposing that he is a d——d old fool—which we all know he is not! I met him in Philadelphia when I was Senator [1797–'98] and know him to be a most sensible and practical man. There is only one thing to do. The order must be disregarded. We will go home. But we will not disband till we get there. We have nearly two hundred sick, for whom transport must be provided. We have no more than four days' food on hand. More than that must be found. We have no money. Supplies and means of transport must be impressed. I have no authority to obligate the government for such, but I will obligate myself personally. The quartermaster-general, Major Lewis, will proceed to impress all wagons and pack-animals to be found. He will also impress all live cattle fit to march with the command. I will give my own paper to guarantee the owners reimbursement. The inspector-general, Major Carroll, will make out a list of the men too sick to march and provide carriage for them in the

wagons to be impressed by Major Lewis. As for pay, I suppose the Volunteers will not expect any!

Colonel Benton will kindly put all this and other things that may occur to him in a letter to the Secretary, which I will sign. Now, gentlemen, let us do the best we can in this really terrible situation. But let it be understood once for all that I am going to take this command home to Tennessee and disband them there—not here—cost what it may!

Benton says in his recollections that he tried to persuade Jackson to soften these expressions in the letter to the Secretary, but in vain.

"I want him and the President to know the facts as they confront us here," he said.

In payment for supplies and means of transport General Jackson gave his drafts on the quartermaster-general of the Department of the South. The total amount involved was about $12,000. Benton says that "the General obligated himself to an extent exceeding his own private fortune" at this time. He probably means that it was a larger sum than Jackson could raise on short notice; and it undoubtedly was, because money was scarce in the Southwest. But it is not evident that Jackson's limit of private fortune was less than $12,000. His plantation, slaves, live-stock and mills were really worth a good deal more than that; though, as Benton doubtless intends to say, he could not make his resources at once available should his drafts be protested. However, this bold and, it might be said, reckless, assumption of personal responsibility temporarily averted the difficulty entailed by the senseless order of the War Department.

Preparations for the homeward march were soon made. All was in readiness by the 22d of April. Orders

were issued to break camp the 25th. Early in the morning of that day more explicit orders from Washington arrived. They were to pay off the troops in orders on the government depository at New Orleans, and disband them, to make the best of their way home. Singularly enough, this order came *via* New Orleans, through the hands of General Wilkinson. In his own letter forwarding the orders, Wilkinson suggested that Jackson might render a valuable service if he would encourage his disbanded volunteers to enlist in the regular army. Eighteen regiments of infantry, three regiments of artillery and three of cavalry had been added to the regular army just before this time. Four of the infantry regiments and one each of the cavalry and artillery were allotted for recruitment to the Southern Department, which Wilkinson commanded.

Jackson refused to disband his division at Natchez, and informed Wilkinson that he "would take them back to Tennessee. As for enlisting in the regular army, it was an affair of individual choice. He would not advise his men one way or the other in such premises. But he did not think, under the circumstances, that the presence of regular recruiting officers in his camp at that time would be desirable!"

The fact is that Jackson was very angry; so angry that he curbed his feelings perfectly and was frigidly courteous in his passages with Wilkinson. He was one of those singular men who always grow cooler as their temper rises; whose external calmness always increases with their inward rage. In other words, Jackson on this occasion was so angry that he retained his self-control.

The homeward march of Jackson's division from Natchez to Nashville was slow and uneventful. The health of the troops improved so that nearly all those ill at Natchez were convalescent when they crossed the Tennessee River. Out of the twenty-five hundred only seven died in the whole "campaign" from January to June, and, of these, two fell in affrays.

Sad news met them almost every step of the way home; the horrible tidings of Frenchtown and the River Raisin, on the Northwest frontier, and hardly less dismal news from Niagara and the St. Lawrence. The cause was not far to seek. President Madison and Secretary Armstrong seemed agreed that no man could be a general in 1812 unless he had been at least a colonel in the Revolution. Of course that made the youngest of them over threescore and most of them seventy. It may have been a natural policy. But it gave to our cause in 1812 and '13 such generals as Winchester, Wilkinson and Hull; such disasters as Detroit, Chrysler's Farm, Frenchtown and the Raisin. The bureaucracy at Washington basked in the mellow sunset of senility, disbanded the division of Jackson and kept Harrison away out in the Wabash country to "defend the frontier settlements."

As a sort of last gasp, Jackson, just before disbanding his force May 22, 1813, wrote to Senator Campbell renewing his offer to march upon Detroit. The Senator laid the letter before the administration and received once more the thanks of the President. However, there was one ray of hope in the summer of 1813. Circumstances which the Revolutionary veterans at Washington could not control forced the administration to turn William Henry Harrison loose upon the track of Proctor and

Tecumseh in the Northwest, with about two thousand pioneers of Kentucky, Ohio and Indiana at his back. Harrison was the kind of soldier who did not believe in waiting for the enemy to come. He believed in going for the enemy. He thought that the proper place to "'defend the American frontier" was on the soil of Canada; that the settlers on the Wabash and the Maumee would be safer with an American army conquering on the banks of the Thames than being butchered in a bend of the Raisin.

Besides this, the "Influence of Lake Power upon History"—as Captain Mahan would say, dawned upon the bureaucracy. The first results of this inspiration were Perry and Lake Erie. The next were Harrison, Detroit, the Thames and a destruction of British and Indian power in the Northwest, ashore and afloat, so complete that no vestige of it could be found again during that war. But in all this there was nothing for Jackson's division to do; no chance for him and his men to serve the country. He and they went home to their farms and their families, cleaned and oiled their rifles, kept their powder dry and waited.

CHAPTER XI

QUARREL WITH THOMAS H. BENTON

THE Natchez expedition, viewed as a military operation, had been abortive. But that was the enemy's fault, not the fault of Jackson or his volunteers. In another and highly important respect it had been successful. It was a march of education and a camp of instruction; a manœuvre which had made Jackson's division a distinct and potential factor among the defences of the Union. The young officers and men who separated upon disbandment at Nashville were ready to spring to arms again upon the most sudden call and to take the field with an effectiveness as a fighting-force which they had not possessed before. With one exception they could go to their homes without misgiving and enjoy the delights of their families without trouble. That exception was their commander. To him trouble quickly came.

Hardly had the last of his volunteers left Nashville when his drafts on the quartermaster-general of the Southern Department for supplies and transport began to pile in upon him, protested. He had given them as legal tender to everyone who furnished anything for the use of his division at and about Natchez. Some had been given to men from Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana and Missouri, the cargoes of whose flat-boats he impressed as they came down the river en route to New Orleans.

Jackson always blamed James Wilkinson for this. But

it is difficult to perceive fault on Wilkinson's part. He was a brigadier-general in the regular army, commanding the Department of the South. Jackson, though a major-general of Tennessee militia, held no regular rank whatever at that time and was known to the Washington bureaucracy only as a volunteer officer subject to Wilkinson's command in the military sense, and his acts subject to Wilkinson's approval in the administrative sense. The War Department had ordered Jackson to disband and pay off his division at Natchez. He accepted the order to pay them off and drew on the depository at New Orleans for the money. Those drafts Wilkinson approved, because they were based upon regular authority reaching him through the usual channels, and they were consequently honored.

But the drafts for transport and supplies drawn upon the quartermaster-general rested on a different basis; a basis, which, from the regular point of view, was none at all—or worse than none. Jackson had drawn these drafts for the purpose of enabling himself to disregard a plain and explicit order of the Secretary of War. It made no difference to Wilkinson how improper that order might have been or how just and right Jackson's disobedience of it was. As a regular officer, commanding a department and responsible directly to the constitutional commander-in-chief, Wilkinson had no alternative whatever except to order his quartermaster-general to refuse the drafts or become himself responsible for them.

Jackson did not take this view of the case. He knew that Wilkinson must remember his Richmond speech of 1807, referred to in a previous chapter, and he took it

for granted that the whilom witness against Burr was "getting even with him."

However, it was a state of affairs that wrath could not mend or resentment straighten out. Jackson was personally responsible for those drafts until the Federal Government might be moved to take the burden from him. He paid as many of them as he could. Benton says "he shouldered them till every dollar he could raise or borrow was exhausted. Then bankruptcy stared him in the face."

Benton himself came to the rescue. He was about to set out for Washington on business of his own. He had decided to adopt the military profession as a career and wanted the colonelcy of one of the new regular regiments. Naturally thinking he could urge his own claims better than anyone else could do for him, he was on the eve of starting for Washington when General Jackson's troubles culminated. He undertook to lay all the facts and papers before the Secretary of War and, if necessary, the President; and he believed he could induce the administration to assume General Jackson's disbursements.

At this point it is proper to remark that Benton had somewhat radically disagreed with the General as to the policy pursued at Natchez and had warned him that his drafts would doubtless be treated as unauthorized. He had concurred in the opinion that the volunteers ought to be taken home in a body instead of being disbanded at Natchez, according to the Secretary's order of February 6th; and he also shared Jackson's suspicion that the whole affair was a scheme on the part of Armstrong and Wilkinson to secure a good many recruits for the new regular regiments from the volunteers if disbanded at Natchez and left in the lurch. He had advised Jackson

to lay the case before Wilkinson, the department commander, and secure his approval in advance of taking financial responsibility for the necessary supplies and transportation. He had offered to go to New Orleans himself and deal with Wilkinson on the subject, believing that he could induce him to approve the policy of marching the division home before disbandment. But Jackson had declined his advice with some curtness, saying he would have nothing to do with Wilkinson in any premises. Now, however, when the consequences of rejecting Benton's counsel were upon him, Jackson was ~~was~~ willing to accept his assistance.

Benton took the papers with him to Washington. At first Secretary Armstrong was disposed to refer the whole matter to Congress, and referred emphatically to the fact that General Jackson had acted in disregard if not disobedience of orders. Benton persevered and finally brought to bear a "political pressure," under the stress of which Armstrong ordered the quartermaster-general to protect Jackson's drafts. But in the text of the order he called attention to the irregular character of the General's conduct, pronounced it prejudicial to the interests of discipline and declared that the present action should not be viewed as a precedent; but he paid the bills and saved Jackson from serious embarrassment, if not bankruptcy. As it was, only about $12,000 were paid by the government, and the General got no relief from some $5,000 of additional expense he had incurred.*

* This sum was reimbursed, with other personal outlays, by the State in 1816, and finally assumed by the Federal Government in a settlement of Tennessee claims on account of Indian wars and the war of 1812. This settlement was agreed upon in 1823, but was not paid until 1838.

In his own mission, Benton was equally successful. He was appointed a lieutenant-colonel in the regular army and assigned to one of the new regiments then being recruited in the South. In this transaction it may be possible to view General Jackson's conduct with some sympathy so far as concerned his zeal for the welfare of his soldiers. But from the purely military point of view, it was, to all intents and purposes, a flagrant disregard of orders from his lawful superior. In actual warfare it is often necessary for a subordinate general on the spot to disregard the orders of a distant superior, who cannot know or realize the instant situation. Such was General Griffin's declination to obey General Warren's order to repeat the attack of his division upon the Confederate works at Spottsylvania, May 8, 1864; and General Wright's disregard of Grant's order to renew the fatal charge of the Sixth Corps at Cold Harbor. Those generals were where they could see the tactical situation, while their superiors were not. But in a matter of mere administration, such as the situation of Jackson's force at Natchez was, it is difficult to find adequate reason for disobedience. No doubt disbandment and paying off at Natchez would have wrought inconvenience and hardship, particularly to the two hundred or so who were sick. Yet that was substantially the rule then in dealing with militia or volunteers. Doubtless some of Jackson's young Tennesseeans, five hundred miles from home and having no transportation except that of nature, might have succumbed to the blandishments of General Wilkinson's recruiting officers and enlisted in the "New Regulars."

Jackson's action mitigated the one and prevented the

other. Nevertheless it was disregard of express orders. With Benton's potent help he escaped serious consequences in the end, but its immediate effect was to make him more obnoxious to the authorities at Washington than before—which was saying a good deal.

At this time it was the settled policy of the administration to regularize our forces. For such a determination the behavior of militia and volunteers during the first year of the war had given no little cause. Armstrong came to the War Office in February, 1813, filled with the idea, not exactly of a permanent standing army, but of resurrecting the old Continental system of the Revolution. He failed. He then made an effort to augment the regular army proper by raising new regiments and Congress gave him all the power it could bestow. That effort was a partial failure. Though in the whole course of the war Congress authorized infantry regiments up to the number of forty-four, with other arms of the service in fair proportion, most of the organizations remained far below the established strength, and some were not recruited at all. The scheme contemplated a regular force of 55,000, and it never reached 30,000. In the summer of 1814, we had less than 20,000 effective regulars. During that summer and fall the British had nearly 30,000 of their best and most thoroughly veteran regulars on our soil. The only real victories of the whole war—the Thames, Plattsburg and New Orleans—were won by volunteers.

But Harrison and his volunteers won the battle of the Thames, killed Tecumseh and annihilated British power in the Northwest despite Armstrong. Plattsburg and New Orleans were gained after Armstrong, fugacious

from the burning capital he could not defend, had given place to Monroe. After all, about the worst that can be said of Armstrong is that he was an "old fogy" of the Revolution, steeped in favoritism and, without exception, unfortunate to the last degree in his favorites. He was equally unlucky in the objects of his aversion, chief of whom were Harrison and Jackson. He wanted to put Wade Hampton in the northwestern command after Winchester's disasters early in 1813. Monroe, then Secretary of State, insisted on Harrison and had influence enough to secure his appointment by the President over Armstrong's head. Armstrong seems to have had no complaint to offer against Harrison except that he was not old enough to have been a colonel in the Revolution. But he sincerely disliked Jackson, if for no better reason than that his particular pet of all—Wilkinson—hated him.

Perhaps he shared also the resentment that Madison always bore to Jackson for his Richmond speech against Jefferson in 1807. When the Creeks rose and perpetrated the massacre of Fort Mims, Armstrong wanted to send Wilkinson against them. Monroe insisted on calling out the Tennessee volunteers, with Jackson at their head, and again his influence with the President was sufficient to overbear the Secretary of War. Then Armstrong sent Wilkinson to command on the St. Lawrence frontier. There he and Wade Hampton succeeded in making abortive a promising attempt to capture Montreal—which either Harrison or Jackson would have effected under like conditions.

But these reflections, appropriate as they may be at this point in our narrative, somewhat anticipate the order

of chronology which is our rule. However, as germane to the general subject now under consideration, we may introduce here a letter written by David Buell to his father, Ezra (then living near Kingston, N. Y.). Prefatorily, it may be said that David had served straight through from Tippecanoe to the Thames, including about a month as a volunteer landsman under Perry on Lake Erie, and was one of the few who escaped the carnage on board the Lawrence.

His letter is as follows:

Sandusky, November 25, 1813.

Dear Father:

You have of course heard before this of the late happenings out here on the soil of the enemy. The story must have convinced you that, however half-hearted our people's efforts or however indecisive their achievements on the Eastern Frontier, nothing is done by halves in the West. Up to date the result in this quarter may be stated in a few words: The forces of the British and Indians are crushed, their organizations destroyed and their resources annihilated to such an extent that we couldn't find an enemy worth fighting this side of Grand River if we got out a search-warrant.

Nothing like this has been done anywhere else. What is the matter with our folks on the Niagara Frontier and along the St. Lawrence?

My own opinion is that this war, so far as land operations are concerned, is being fought by a small fraction of the country. If you look it over, you will see beyond dispute that thus far the States of New York, Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee and Indiana Territory have furnished all the troops—except a few Regulars—and fought all the battles. What has been heard of New England, Pennsylvania and Virginia in this war —those old States that were so true in the Revolution!

Of course, the New England people are doing good work at

sea. But after all a good deal of it is privateering, which is more a matter of business than of patriotism, and no doubt the thrifty Yankee skippers and sailors would as soon plunder the defenceless merchant-ships of anybody else as those of the English if they had the same license.

The Western people ask: "What does this sea-warfare amount to anyhow, except a little glory for our regular ships of war and a big lot of plunder for our privateers?" If England is to be brought to terms it must be done on land. The only way we can really hurt England is by overrunning and conquering Canada away from her. Put this Western army on the Niagara Frontier early next spring and the British forces there wouldn't last any longer than those of Proctor and Tecumseh did the other day at the Thames. We were all anxious to stay there, when Harrison took us to Buffalo last month. But it is reported here now that Harrison's army is to do nothing more except "protect the settlements." Protect them against what? Against Proctor and his Canadian Militia, who haven't quit running yet? Against the corpses of Tecumseh and his warriors, dead and rotting in the Swamp at the Thames?

Oh, no. We understand the whole matter out here. The people at Washington have got scared at Harrison's victories. They are afraid a few more might make him President! Therefore they have determined to put him out of the way. Mark my words: You will not see them give Harrison another command in the field during this war. They will simply leave him here where he can gain no more victories for the reason that there are no enemies left to whip.

So far as the folks at Washington are concerned, from the President down, this struggle from the start has been about three parts politics to one part war. I wish the English would land a force in the Chesapeake and take Washington and sack and burn it. Then the folks there might change their minds. They might drop their politics for a while and wage a little real war. You have no idea of the disgust that exists out here. What I have said in this letter gives only a feeble voice to it. I couldn't make you realize it, and I won't try any further. It

simply is beyond the power of words to express. If you could get this letter printed in the Albany *Gazette* it would give great satisfaction to all the sterling patriots out here, because it speaks their sentiments.

Sincerely Your Son,

DAVE.*

The historical value of this letter, from a man who never reached any rank higher than that of ensign in Harrison's army, lies in its rather vigorous exposition of the rancor that prevailed out West in 1813 toward "the folks at Washington," and their supreme confidence that if they should be "put on the Niagara frontier early next spring" the British forces there would not last very long. They had clearly earned the right to entertain such self-confidence by the date of "November 25, 1813." By his reference to Harrison's "taking them to Buffalo last month," David means the fact that as soon after the victory at the Thames as he could obtain transportation, Harrison took the pick and flower of his army down the lake to Buffalo in October, and was ordered back to Sandusky as soon as the administration heard of the movement, which, by the way, was wholly unauthorized.

The young surveyor-soldier's fierce expression of hope that "the English might sack and burn Washington,"

* In his reply to this letter Ezra, who was a veteran of Morgan's Riflemen and also of the Third New York Continentals, remarked:

"You Western fellows do pretty well as long as you have only Canadian militia and Injins in front of you. But wait till you get hold of some real British Regulars, such as us old Revolutionists had to deal with. Then you may tell another story."

This lack of paternal enthusiasm was extremely grievous to David and he referred to it when his turn came, as will appear upon a later page.

etc., proved prophetic. Another element of historical value in this letter is its unstinted expression of the confidence which the soldiers of General Harrison's Western army reposed in him. Having followed him from Tippecanoe to the Thames, they had no doubt of their ability to clear up the situation on the Niagara frontier if only the "folks at Washington" would "put them there early the next spring." There is every reason to believe that this confidence, so vigorously expressed by our surveyor-soldier, was not misplaced. It also serves to demonstrate what we have already intimated—that there was much in common between Harrison in the Northwest and Jackson in the Southwest as the architects of victory.

We now arrive at the point where must be considered —or related without consideration—an episode in Jackson's career which may at the outset be described as most characteristic of his temper and least creditable to his judgment. While Thomas H. Benton was in Washington, straightening out the financial results of the General's insubordination at Natchez, Benton's brother, Jesse, involved himself in a quarrel with Jackson's protegé, William Carroll. The real causes of this difficulty have not been historically preserved. Among the old people of Nashville thirty years ago traditions lingered, the purport of which may be tersely suggested by the French phrase, "Cherchez la femme."

Be this as it may, Jesse Benton challenged Carroll.

In some respects both these young men were unfortunate. Jesse Benton's misfortune was that of being a mediocre man with a very great brother. No greater ill-luck can overtake any man. Carroll's drawback was

that of being a man of Northern birth and quite recent advent in Tennessee. Some writers have described him as a descendant of the Maryland Carrolls. This is erroneous. His father was an Irishman, recently arrived in America when the Revolution broke out. Being naturally "agin the goovermint," Mr. Carroll promptly joined the forces of General Warren and the Congress, and fought desperately at Bunker Hill.* After some vicissitudes he found his way into the ranks of that immortal regiment of Continentals which little Delaware kept at the front all the way from Cambridge to Savannah and from 1775 to 1783—"The Blue Hen's Chickens."

As soon as the war was over, Mr. Carroll married a Delaware girl—daughter of the captain of his company—and in 1784 moved to Pittsburg. There he became first an employé, and soon afterward a partner, of Albert Gallatin. The two men had some spirit in common. Gallatin, a Swiss, had refused the commission of lieutenant in one of King George's regiments of mercenaries, commonly termed "Hessians." He then sailed for America on his own account, joined the Patriot army in 1780, and served with honor till the peace of 1783.

Soon after Carroll settled at Pittsburg, he and Gallatin became friends and associates in business. Gallatin

* It is related of the father of William Carroll that he had been a soldier in the British army before joining the Patriot forces in 1775. His friends advised him to enlist under an assumed name, fearing that the British might shoot or hang him, should he be taken prisoner. His reply was: "No, I'll keep me own name. They'll be welcome to hang what's left of me when they get me."

It seems that they never "got him;" though he gave them many chances between Bunker Hill and Yorktown. But they found his son, William, at New Orleans.

then lived at "Old Fayette," on the Monongahela, quite a distance above Pittsburg—or "Fort Pitt." Carroll took the management of the Pittsburg store in which Gallatin had an interest. It was a "hardware store." In those days—1784 *et seq.*—"hardware" meant, principally, pots, skillets, kettles and pans for the log-cabin kitchens of the frontier; rifles, knives, hatchets and axes for the backwoodsmen; and nails, spikes and hammers for the construction of flat-boats. In this school of frontier thrift and craft, the Swiss patriot, Albert Gallatin, and the Irish patriot, John Carroll, were friends and partners.

There is to this day a tradition in Tennessee that Carroll named his son "William" at the instance of Gallatin, in honor of that classic patriot of the Alpine republic, William Tell. If this be true, William Carroll never discredited his namesake.

William Carroll was born at Pittsburg in December, 1787; was educated partly there and partly at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, until the spring of 1808, when he went to Nashville to establish there a branch store of the hardware business which his father and Gallatin had made so successful at Pittsburg. This fact would have been of no importance but for the additional fact that among the letters of introduction which young William Carroll took to Nashville was one addressed to Andrew Jackson and signed "Albert Gallatin."

That letter made William Carroll a major-general in 1814–'15, a hero of New Orleans, a senator, and governor of Tennessee—all in ten years. Such were the antecedents and such the respective genesis of these two young men when Jesse Benton challenged William Carroll in 1813.

Carroll asked General Jackson to be his second in the affair. Jackson said he was done with duels, but would do the best he could to prevent this one. He at once saw Jesse Benton, remonstrated with him and—as he supposed—persuaded him to arrange the matter amicably. As he afterward related the story to General William O. Butler, of Kentucky, he got Jesse Benton to agree that, if William Carroll would either apologize for certain remarks accredited to him or denounce them as misrepresentations, he (Benton) would withdraw the challenge.

Jackson reported this to Carroll and told him he must offer the apology or retraction which he (Jackson) had promised to Jesse Benton.

"Write the apology, General," said Carroll, "and I will sign it. I don't want to fight, and won't if I can help it."

General Jackson did not write the apology, but he dictated it to Carroll, who wrote and signed it.

Early the next morning Jackson bore the pacific message of Carroll to Jesse Benton.

The latter read it and said: "I will let you know my answer to this by four o'clock this afternoon."

"Why not now?" Jackson asked. "Is not this a complete apology? Whom do you wish to consult? No true friend of yours, I dare say! No apology could be more complete than that. You may print it in the papers here just as it reads, if you like."

Jesse Benton insisted that he must consult "his friends."

Jackson went away.

About—or a little after—four P.M. that day, Mr. Ervin, brother-in-law of the late Charles Dickinson,

brought a note to General Jackson from Jesse Benton, stating that the retraction was not sufficient and proposing to substitute for it a confession that William Carroll had lied, knowingly and deliberately.

Now, even in so extreme a case as that, viewed as it might be in the code of Galway transplanted to Tennessee, Jackson could yet have tried to play the peacemaker, if the whole thing had not at that instant flashed upon him that this was an effort of the friends and relatives of the man he himself had killed in 1806 to put him in a false position in 1813. Such a scheme might have amused some men. But it enraged Andrew Jackson. He took a whole day to think it over. He even consulted Mrs. Jackson about it. She said that Captain Carroll was one of the nicest young gentlemen she ever knew—almost as nice as Thomas Benton—but she did not know Jesse Benton so well. "But, Mr. Jackson," she pleaded, "for goodness' sake, don't let them fight! Make them stop! If it was Tom Benton, I could make him stop myself. But I don't know Jesse well enough to talk to him about a thing like that!"

Under such conditions William Carroll and Jesse Benton met and exchanged shots. Benton shot off about half the ball of Carroll's left thumb. Carroll's bullet ploughed a long, deep, painful, but not dangerous furrow through the flesh of Benton's hip. "Honor" was supposed to be "satisfied." Carroll thought so; also Jackson. But, for some reason, the people of Nashville could not be induced to view this duel with suitable solemnity. In fact, they laughed about it. Jesse Benton would, doubtless, have taken his ill-luck philosophically while his wound was healing if he had not heard that the girls were indulging in merriment at his expense.

The people who were behind him and prompting him —"egging him on," as the frontier phrase was—cared little for him and less for Carroll. But they did want to get somebody to kill Andrew Jackson. They did not wish to undertake the job themselves—for reasons that may, by this time, have become obvious—but they none the less wanted it done. The *entourage* of the late Mr. Dickinson believed that the man best qualified to kill Andrew Jackson was Thomas H. Benton. In this they displayed sound judgment. Benton was fifteen years younger than Jackson. He was a much better marksman with pistol or rifle. He was colder and calmer in any critical or desperate moment than Jackson could be. Jackson was perfectly brave, but he could not be cold, not even calm, in an affray. Benton was just as brave as Jackson, and with this bravery he possessed that rare trait which can be described only by saying that danger always made his pulse beat slower. Jackson always fought in hot blood. Benton's nature became icy in proportion as his life was threatened. In that respect he was Jackson's superior; and no one in after life more often or more emphatically declared it than Jackson himself. Benton's *sang-froid* was a proverb among his contemporaries.*

* Dr. John S. Moore, of St. Louis, used to relate an anecdote of the duel on Bloody Island in which Benton killed Colonel Lucas, some years after the events now under consideration: When they reached the ground Benton said to the second of Lucas: "Sir, let me ask you if you have, as the Code requires, done all in your power to compose this affair?"

(Benton himself had made two distinct overtures for peace.)

The second of Colonel Lucas replied, sadly, that there seemed to be no hope of an amicable arrangement at that stage.

Then Benton thanked him for his courtesy, and while the ground was being measured and the pistols loaded, turned his back, folded his arms, and looked out upon the river flowing by. Nathan Boone (Old Daniel's

With such fuel to feed the flame, Jackson's enemies in Nashville cunningly piled the faggots high. Benton, in Washington, had just rescued Jackson from bankruptcy. Almost at the same moment when he received notice that the War Department would assume Jackson's reckless and insubordinate expenditures at Natchez, the mail brought to him news that Jackson had seconded Carroll in a duel against his brother, a duel in which his brother had been made to cut a sorry figure.

To inflame Benton against Jackson and thereby bring about an encounter between them now became the sole objective of Thomas Swann, the Ervin family and other adherents of the late Mr. Dickinson. At every stage of Benton's journey home letters from members of this coterie met him. In every one of them Jackson's attitude in the duel was shamelessly misrepresented. Benton took fire. He said bad things about Jackson, which were repeated to the latter with embellishments. Benton on his return did not stop in Nashville, but went on to his home at Franklin.

Shortly afterward, in answer to a particularly offensive statement, Jackson announced his intention to horsewhip Benton at sight. Probably no man on earth except Andrew Jackson would have conceived the project of horsewhipping "Tom" Benton—much less have attempted to execute it. But the first time Benton visited Nashville after his return from Washington—September 4, 1813—Jackson attacked him on the porch of the City Hotel. Jackson started to draw a heavy rawhide whip

son) was with him. Benton looked Boone straight in the eye and said: "Nat, I've got to kill him. I hate to do it, but nothing else can settle this trouble."

from under his coat. Before he could use it Benton drew a pistol. Jackson threw the whip away and drew his own pistol. Benton backed from the porch into the hallway, Jackson closely following.

At this moment Jesse Benton reached the porch and fired his pistol at Jackson's back. The pistol was loaded with a bullet and a slug, both of which buried themselves in the rear wall of the hallway, in a position to indicate that they came nearer hitting Thomas Benton than Jackson. The latter two then exchanged shots, each firing almost in the other's face. Benton's ball hit Jackson in the upper part of the left biceps, passed under the bone of the upper arm, and thence to the outer edge of the shoulder-blade, where it imbedded itself in the muscular tissue. Jackson was knocked down by the shock. Benton caught his heel upon the threshold of the back door of the hallway and fell backward upon the rear porch.

Meantime a mêlée raged between General Coffee and Stokely Hays on one side and Jesse Benton on the other. Coffee, seeing Jackson fall, left Jesse Benton and rushed to the aid of his chief, leaving Jesse to the tender mercies of Stokely Hays (a nephew of Mrs. Jackson), who severely wounded his antagonist with a sword-cane, which was broken in the encounter. At this juncture the riot was quelled by the interference of several men who had rushed in from the street.

Jackson's wound proved severe. The ball—a half-ounce spherical bullet—had injured both the bone of the arm and the shoulder-blade. No attempt was made to extract it and the General was confined to the house for several weeks. Thomas H. Benton returned to his home

at Franklin, where, six days after the encounter, he published the only accurate and dispassionate account of the affair that is extant. Jackson never made any statement concerning it, and those who knew him best always carefully avoided mention of it in his presence.

Mr. Parton, near the end of his first volume (Life of Jackson) prints a voluminous version which he says was given to him by "an eminent citizen of Nashville" whose name he does not mention, but who, according to Mr. Parton, "derived the version from General Coffee." The material feature of this account is that it ascribes General Jackson's wound to Jesse Benton's bullet, fired in the rear. The location of the wound and track of the bullet disprove this version. Both Jackson and Thomas H. Benton well knew that the bullet which inflicted the wound was fired by the latter.

It seems hardly necessary to characterize this affair except to say that it was by great odds the foolishest of the many foolish rencontres into which Jackson's violent and often wholly unreasoning temper precipitated him. It caused an estrangement between him and his best friend that lasted ten years. The General's disinclination to talk about it and his persistent refusal to make any statement counter to that published by Benton indicate that, on sober second thought, he was ashamed of his share in it and wished it to be ignored as part of his personal history. Though he and Benton were not on speaking terms again until 1823, Jackson never manifested the slightest disposition to pursue the quarrel and eagerly welcomed the opportunity of reconciliation Benton offered him when they met in the United States Senate ten years later.

This quarrel was a misfortune to General Jackson in the military as well as in the physical sense, because it deprived him of Benton's potent aid and counsel in the Creek war which soon followed. Benton possessed a marvellous power in dealing with the rude, turbulent and independent rank and file of the Tennessee militia and volunteers. The good order and subordination that distinguished the Natchez expedition were largely due to Benton's influence, not only over the men of his own regiment but, through them, upon the rest of the command. Had he been at Jackson's side in the Creek war it is most probable that the demoralizing and, in several instances, fatal mutinies that occurred might have been averted.

As we have said, Jackson's wound proved more serious than was at first apprehended. He was, indeed, able to ride from Nashville to the Hermitage after it had been temporarily dressed and the bleeding stanched. But on his arrival home a fever set in and the General had to take to his bed. For a month he was incapacitated from work or even brisk exercise of any kind. By the end of September the wound had so far healed as to enable him to go about with his left arm in a sling; but the healing had been false—that is to say, the surface lesion closed up but the internal track of the bullet still suppurated and the injured bones developed indications of necrosis. Surgery was not then the art it is now and, in view of the unskilful treatment Jackson's wound received, it is a marvel that he did not suffer blood-poison.

The mishap was destined to test Jackson's nerve and determination in a degree hardly equalled in history.

William of Orange rising from a sick-bed to rally his army after Neerwinden is the nearest parallel to it.

On the left bank of the Alabama River, forty-five miles north of Mobile, stood a rude stockade of logs called Fort Mims. It was the most important post in that region, being on the western border of the Creek and eastern limit of the Choctaw territory. Its garrison was 160 Mississippi volunteers, under Major Beasley, and about twenty-five white families lived in cabins inside the stockade. The total number within the enclosure, including a few negro slaves, was 363. On the 30th of August, 1813, without the slightest warning, a force variously estimated at from 700 to 1,000 Creek warriors, commanded by the famous half-breed Chief William Weatherford, surrounded the fort and, after a feeble resistance by the little garrison, carried it by storm. The sequel was a massacre to which only that of Wyoming is comparable.

Of those in the fort, 346 were murdered and scalped —men, women and children, white and black, indiscriminately. And besides the massacre, indescribable cruelties were inflicted upon the women and female children before they were slaughtered. Seventeen only made their escape. The Creeks, for some reason never explained, did not follow up this stroke by attacking the forts and stations farther north on the Tombigbee River, but returned to their villages laden with plunder and scalps.

It seems to be customary among historians to ascribe this sudden outbreak of the Creeks in 1813 to the machinations of Tecumseh, who had visited them two years before and who then exhausted his eloquence and his

diplomacy to draw them and the other Southern tribes (Cherokees, Choctaws and Chickasaws) into his proposed universal confederation of the Indians.

General Jackson, however, always maintained that Tecumseh met with but little success among the Creeks and none at all among the other Southern tribes in 1811. Also that such impression as he may have made upon the Creeks was instantly lost when they heard the news from Tippecanoe. Jackson said that the Creeks remained perfectly quiescent until the war of 1812 broke out and the British Government sent Colonel Nicholls to take command at Pensacola and made him military governor of Florida, then, provisionally, a British possession. Nicholls in the South was a fair prototype of Proctor on the Northwestern frontier, and his savage ally, Weatherford, was quite the equal of Tecumseh in the art of mastering the Indian mind. Weatherford had an advantage over Tecumseh in that he had some education, could speak English fluently, and had a substantial knowledge of civilized, as well as Indian, warfare.

General Jackson's estimate was undoubtedly correct. The effect of Tecumseh's harangues in 1811 had completely died out in 1813. But the intrigues and promises of Colonel Nicholls fanned the hostile spirit of the Creeks into a new flame. They selected a red stick as their emblem, and gave as a reason that red was the color worn by the King's soldiers. Nicholls supplied the Creeks and also the Seminoles lavishly with arms, ammunition and all other supplies they needed. He promised that if they would break up the American line of outposts early in the fall he would re-enforce them with a large body of British troops as soon as the season

should be sufficiently advanced to remove all danger from yellow fever, and that they would then, by a joint winter campaign, drive the Americans out of the whole country between the Savannah and the Mississippi. Weatherford's attack on Fort Mims was the first blow in execution of this comprehensive programme.

Florida was still nominally a Spanish colony in 1813–'14 and the civil governor was a Spaniard. But England and Spain were in close alliance at that time and, though no formal state of war existed between Spain and the United States, Spanish policy was practically as hostile as that of Great Britain. The latter power had, in fact, assumed a protectorate over Spanish Florida and enforced it by a garrison of several hundred British regulars in Pensacola and by the presence of Colonel Nicholls, an officer of the British regular army, as commander-in-chief. There seems, therefore, to be no doubt as to the responsibility of the British Government for the outbreak of the Creeks in the autumn of 1813.

News of the massacre at Fort Mims reached Nashville in a few days. During the summer General Jackson had kept scouts constantly watching the Creeks, and they reported to him the progress of British intrigue at frequent intervals. He was, therefore, not wholly taken by surprise by the report of the massacre. His principal scouts were Sam Dale, Jack Murrell, Jesse McGary and the French-Choctaw half-breed chief, Captain Jugeat. Sam Houston was also engaged part of the time in this difficult and dangerous service.

Tidings of the massacre became generally known throughout Tennessee by the end of the first week in

September. On the 25th of that month the legislature, hastily assembled in special session, authorized Governor Blount to enroll 3,500 militia and volunteers, in addition to the quota of 1,500 required by the Federal Government, and pledged the credit of the State for their pay and maintenance.

Jackson, being the senior major-general, was naturally expected to command the forces, but at the time the act was passed he was confined to the house and not able to leave his bed for more than an hour or two at a time. However, through his faithful aides, Major Reid and Captain Lewis, and assisted by his inspector-general, Colonel William Carroll, he issued the necessary call, arranged for his division to rendezvous at Fayetteville, and dictated a stirring proclamation which, on October 4, was read by Major Reid to the assembled troops, numbering about 2,500. At the same time he ordered Colonel Coffee, with his regiment of mounted riflemen, to occupy Huntsville, with a view to cover the great trail leading from the Tombigbee to the Tennessee, and thus protect the Southern frontier of the State from invasion or raids. He also ordered Coffee to advance from Huntsville to Fort St. Stephens, should he learn that the latter post was threatened. On October 6th the General announced his intention to join his division at Huntsville immediately. His physician, many of his friends, including Judge Overton, and even Mrs. Jackson herself, remonstrated.

Besides the task of mobilizing and assembling his division by orders issued from the sick-room, General Jackson had to arrange a system of supply. His main dependence was East Tennessee for bacon, flour and

corn-meal, West Tennessee furnishing little except fresh beef on the hoof. He made contracts with various dealers for the different kinds of supplies needed and they all failed to keep their engagements when the crisis came. All these duties together formed a severe task for a man not able to sit up more than an hour or two at a time. Finally, summoning all his nerve and forgetting his wounds by sheer force of will, he started for the front. The General was emaciated and so weak that he could not mount his horse without assistance. His left arm was tightly bandaged to his side and utterly useless. Along the unhealed track of the bullet under his armpit and down the outer edge of the shoulder-blade little abscesses were constantly forming, and had to be relieved by lancing from the surface.*

General Jackson reached Fayetteville October 7th, and assumed command in person. He found that his orders issued from the sick-room at the Hermitage had been but partially carried into effect. The only officer who had accomplished all that was required of him was Colonel Coffee, who had a fine regiment of mounted rifle volunteers, over 800 strong, well armed and equipped and made up of the flower of young Tennessee manhood, officers and men alike. The rest were militia infantry, imperfectly organized and armed indis-

* It is somewhat singular that one of General Jackson's biographers (Dr. Frost, p. 105) should say that the wound from which he suffered at this time was occasioned "by a pistol-ball received in a duel with Dickinson." Dr. Frost's work was published in 1847. He had been personally acquainted with Jackson and must have known the truth in this regard. But he studiously ignores the affray with Benton and ascribes the result of it—as well known then as now—to "a duel with Dickinson." Possibly Dr. Frost indulged in this deliberate inaccuracy in deference to Jackson's aversion to the subject, which was well known to him.

criminately with rifles, smooth-bore muskets and shot-guns. Their officers, with the exception of William Carroll, were men whose names have not shone in history. The so-called "regiments"—two in number—were imperfectly organized and wholly untrained. The sole saving clause was the marvellous adaptability of the American frontiersman to military conditions and his warlike instinct that no faults of organization and no deficiency on the part of his officers could wholly paralyze.

In three days Jackson remedied most of these shortcomings. He established a scale of seniority among company commanders, introduced a code of regulations for the camp and for marching order and put a summary end to the dreams of the young militiamen who, prior to his advent, had viewed the whole affair as a picnic —or barbecue—on a grand scale.

Singularly, with outdoor exercise, active occupation and the concentration of his mental faculties on the work before him, the General's wound began to heal rapidly, and by the time he had been two weeks in the field he had recovered the use of his left arm and gained flesh and strength.

October 9th he received a dispatch from Coffee, at Huntsville, informing him that the Creeks were moving toward the frontier with a large force, estimated at from 1,000 to 1,200 warriors, and requesting immediate support. Early in the morning of the 10th he marched with his whole force—about 1,800 strong—and arrived at Huntsville about nine o'clock that night—a march of over thirty-five miles. Failure of the contractors to furnish provisions as agreed had reduced the

command to three days' scant rations, and with these in their haversacks the raw troops plunged into a wilderness affording no supplies and destitute of roads.

Finding that Coffee had left Huntsville for the Tennessee River, Jackson followed him the next day, and at nightfall reached Coffee's camp, at Pitt's Landing on the Tennessee. Here the General expected to find the supplies that had been promised from East Tennessee. He was disappointed, though not through any fault of the contractors. The fall had been exceedingly dry and the Tennessee River had fallen to such a low stage of water that loaded boats could not be floated down the stream. He had also expected General White's brigade of East Tennessee militia, about 1,300 strong, to join him at Pitt's Landing, but received instead intelligence that White proposed to operate independently against the Hillabee towns further east. Thus, at the outset of the actual campaign, Jackson found himself beset by two difficulties or misfortunes which might have discouraged a man of less inflexible resolution. The failure of the supplies from East Tennessee left his force with scant six days' rations. They were in the midst of a wilderness which, though full of game, could not furnish sustenance for a force of 2,600 to 2,800 men concentrated in one body.

Long afterward it became known that Weatherford, who was a general of no mean ability, kept himself advised of Jackson's difficulties, believed the white forces would not be able to advance south of the Tennessee and, acting upon that theory, pushed his warriors boldly up the valley of the Coosa River.

Jackson, however, despite the failure of his supplies and the practical defection of the East Tennessee contingent under White, marched from Pitt's Landing, the 27th of October, and arrived at Will's Creek, on the upper Coosa, the 29th. On his march he destroyed the outlying Hillabee village of Littefutchee, where he obtained corn and cattle enough to supply his force for two or three days. From Will's Creek he marched down the Coosa to the Ten Islands, where he built a stockade and a couple of block-houses, which was called Fort Strother and designed to serve as a base for the opening campaign. For this purpose Fort Strother was well situated. It was within the country claimed by the Creeks and not more than fourteen or fifteen miles from their principal northern village, Tallushatchee, situated at the forks of a large creek of the same name which empties into the Coosa opposite the site of the fort.

Up to this time the troops had kept in good spirits, notwithstanding their sufferings from want of food, their long marches and the hard work of cutting roads where only Indian trails had previously existed. But now they began to develop signs of discontent and Jackson determined to give them other subjects to think about—to divert their minds from their own privations by putting them in contact with the enemy. Like his later namesake of Confederate fame, he believed that battle was a good antidote for hunger and, when his half-famished soldiers clamored for rations, ordered that twenty rounds of extra ammunition be issued.

At the conclusion of this chapter and before considering the events of the Creek war in detail, it is only

fair to premise in the calm light of history, after the lapse of almost a century, that it reflected more credit upon the fortitude and endurance of the frontier volunteers under all kinds of privation and distress than glory upon our arms. With one exception (Emuckfau) the Indians were hopelessly outnumbered in every battle from Tallushatchee to Tohopeka. In every case but one the American forces were sufficiently superior in numbers to surround them. And in every battle the Creeks fought with a fanatical bravery and unflinching desperation far exceeding that of any other savages whose exploits are recorded in the annals of the American frontier.

But the darkest side of the picture on the part of the whites is the almost constant state of discontent, often amounting to open mutiny, that distracted Jackson's plans, frequently defeated his combinations and on the whole compelled him to raise two practically separate armies to fight one campaign lasting only from the first of November to the first of April. This state of things was inseparable from the character of the men composing his force, the looseness or vagueness of their articles of enlistment and the distressing physical conditions under which they had to serve.

At first Jackson, himself full of the notions of popular freedom and individual independence, tried to suppress these disorders by eloquent addresses and fervent proclamations to his men. But a little experience taught him that military law is not a matter for argument or expostulation, and when he had once deliberately adopted this conclusion his application of the grim processes of court-martial and firing-party was as drastic and effective as

his previous speeches and proclamations had been eloquent and useless. The faculty of rigid discipline that made the army of New Orleans what it was had been acquired in the forests of Alabama.

CHAPTER XII

PUNISHING THE CREEK INDIANS

General Jackson had no time to lose. His forces were already beginning to show signs of demoralization from want of supplies and the apparent hopelessness of relief. The nearest and northernmost village of the Creeks, the Hillabee town of Tallushatchee, was only about fourteen miles from Fort Strother, and the route to it led up the valley of the creek of the same name. The village contained about 100 families, but at the time under consideration some 300 warriors from the lower towns were assembled there to watch Jackson's movements. These, with the fighting-men who belonged in the village, made up a force of about 420.

The moment Jackson reached Ten Islands and while laying out the plan of Fort Strother, he ordered Colonel Coffee with his mounted riflemen, 920 strong, to make a night march upon Tallushatchee, destroy the town and bring into camp all the corn and cattle that might be found there. Coffee set out soon after dark the 2d of November, and just before daybreak on the 3d encountered the outlying pickets or scouts of the Creeks, about two miles from the town. These were rapidly driven in. The ground for some distance west and south of the village was a natural meadow, favorable for the operations of mounted riflemen. The Creek pickets were quickly re-enforced by the main body of warriors from the village, and they gallantly tried to breast the onset

of Coffee's horsemen, in the open or thinly timbered ground. This effort was quickly overcome, the Indians were crushed by superior numbers and the impact of mounted troops, and they took refuge among the cabins of the village itself.

Here an obstinate conflict raged for half an hour or so, when the savages, dislodged from every shelter, were driven into the creek, which, at this point, was a pool, too deep to be fordable. Meantime the village had been set on fire by the Tennesseeans, most of the women and children and many wounded warriors were captured, and the remnant of the Indians fled over the hills toward Oakfuskee.

Many of the squaws had joined in the resistance and several of them were killed with weapons in their hands. The Indians left 188 dead on the field or in the town, of whom sixteen were women. Eighty-four women and children were taken prisoners, together with fourteen hopelessly crippled warriors. The loss of Coffee's command was five killed, fourteen severely wounded and disabled and twenty-eight slightly injured, but still able to keep their saddles. Among the dead Indians the friendly chief, Chennby, recognized Hillingsabee, a chief of considerable rank and son of the principal prophet of the "Red Sticks." Colonel Coffee found in the neighborhood of Tallushatchee fifty or sixty head of cattle in good condition and about 300 bushels of corn, together with a considerable quantity of dried meat. All these valuable stores, with the prisoners,* were taken to the

*Among the incidents of Tallushatchee was the capture of a little Indian boy not more than two years old, both of whose parents had been killed. General Jackson took charge of him, provided him with clothing and made

camp at Fort Strother, where the mounted riflemen arrived about nine o'clock the same night, having marched nearly thirty miles and fought a sharp battle in twenty-four hours.

An interesting feature of this encounter was the fact that it was Coffee's first battle. In his conduct of it, however, he exhibited skill and precision worthy a veteran of many fields. Coffee was an instinctive soldier; an intuitive general. Long afterward, when his native capacity had been developed in numerous hard-fought encounters, including the battle of December 23d below New Orleans, General Jackson said of him: "John Coffee is a consummate commander. He was born so. But he is so modest that he doesn't know it."

Of course, Coffee's force at Tallushatchee outnumbered the Creeks more than two to one. But the Indians had often beaten the whites at even greater odds—notably in the defeats of Braddock and St. Clair, the disaster at Frenchtown, and at considerable odds in the battle of the Blue Licks. Under a less gifted or less resolute commander, Tallushatchee might easily have been added to that list. Had Coffee hesitated for an instant when he encountered the Creek outposts, the story of the day must have been different. But he pushed boldly on, rapidly drove the Indians to the shelter of their cabins and then relentlessly attacked them from dwelling to dwelling without a moment's halt or respite. He literally "led his men," his towering form, mounted on a huge

a captured colored woman—a slave of the Creeks—nurse him. He subsequently sent the child and its nurse to the Hermitage. The boy, to whom Jackson gave the name of "Lincoyer," lived on the General's plantation until he reached the age of twenty, when he died of what was then called "quick consumption" (pneumonia).

dapple-gray stallion—presented to him by his father-in-law, Colonel John Donelson, when he went to Natchez—was to be seen in the thickest of the conflict, and his men were inspired and encouraged as much by the example of his brawny sword-arm as by the roar of his lion-like voice clear above the crash of rifle-fire and the yells of the Indians. His horse was struck in four places and he had seven bullet-holes through his clothing, but neither horse nor man was disabled. When General Coffee died, in 1834, his old comrade and bosom friend, General William Carroll, then governor of Tennessee, pronounced a funeral eulogy, in which he said:

In view of all the circumstances, I would rather have been the hero of Tallushatchee than of the Horseshoe Bend. I had almost said New Orleans itself! It was the first battle of the Creek campaign; the first battle fought by any troops under Andrew Jackson's command. Upon its issue depended in great measure the *morale* of our troops, their confidence in their leaders, and the buoyancy of spirit that would nerve them to endure the indescribable fatigues and privations to which they were subjected. Defeat or even repulse at Tallushatchee must have depressed them to the point of dismay. Disaster, rout or massacre, such as had so often occurred under similar conditions in Indian warfare, must have stricken them with despair. Up to that moment the fighting power of the Creeks was an unknown quantity. The friendly chief who brought information about the concentration of the "Red Sticks" at Tallushatchee exaggerated their numbers. Coffee fully believed he was dealing with at least 700 instead of 420, as afterward ascertained. But that made no difference to him. His was one of those indomitable souls that never stop to count the enemy.

After Tallushatchee we had the measure of the Creeks. All apprehension was dispelled. Every man in Jackson's army was serenely confident that contact with them meant victory for

us, under any conditions. The brightest spot in the history of that campaign is the setting of its pace by John Coffee and his mounted riflemen of Tennessee at Tallushatchee!

Jackson's little army was now menaced by starvation. The meagre supplies collected at Tallushatchee did not afford more than three or four days' rations. Not a pound of meat or a quart of corn-meal had been forwarded by the contractors. In this precarious condition the army lay at Fort Strother four days, from the 3d to the 7th of November. Learning that General White with the East Tennessee brigade, about 1,400 strong, had arrived at Turkeytown, about thirty miles north of Strother, General Jackson sent urgent orders to him to join the main body and bring with him all the provisions he had or could find on his route.

In the evening of the same day (November 7th), Jesse McGary, Sam Dale and a Cherokee half-breed named Ross, who had been scouting to the southeastward, came into camp with the intelligence that a body of Creeks, estimated at from 850 to 1,000, under Weatherford, was approaching a trading-post called Lashley's Station, near the old Indian village of Talladega. The station was occupied by about a hundred and twenty friendly Indians and seventeen white men. It was clearly the purpose of the Creeks to repeat Fort Mims on a smaller scale at Lashley's Station. The friendly Indians there were Creeks, and belonged to a small clan who had resisted the blandishments of Colonel Nicholls and his British agents. Most of them had been driven out of the Muscogee towns farther south, and the animosity of the Red Sticks or hostile Creeks toward them was deadly.

Weatherford, therefore, as he himself said in a harangue at Eufaula, which the Cherokee half-breed scout Ross heard, determined that "they must be massacred as a warning to traitors."

Within ten minutes after receipt of this news Jackson ordered his whole force to be in instant readiness to march. The distance from Strother to Talladega was thirty-two miles by the only practicable trail, and Weatherford, by that time, was nearer to the place than Jackson. The Indians, however, not anticipating interference, spent a couple of days between Eufaula and Talladega in making "deer-drives" to replenish their commissariat, and that delay proved fatal to them. Issuing his last two days' rations,* Jackson left 300 men to hold Fort Strother and guard the sick and wounded, and at one o'clock in the morning of November 8th marched with Coffee's mounted rifles, about 800 strong, and 1,500 infantry, for Talladega. Along his line of march—mainly at the fords of the Coosa, where he crossed, he left detachments amounting to about 300 of the infantry to guard his rear and keep open communications with his base.

Shortly after nightfall the 8th of November he arrived at a point about five miles from Talladega with 2,000 men. There he learned that Weatherford with his whole force was encamped within two miles of Lashley's Station, intending to attack it at daylight the next morning. A little after midnight he put his army in motion again toward the Creek camp, and reached the enemy's out-

* "Two days' rations" in Jackson's army at that time consisted of a pound of bacon or dried venison and a quart of corn-meal with unlimited cold water.

posts just before daylight. The two regiments of militia infantry under Colonels Hall and Roberts were formed in the centre, and the flanks were held by Coffee's mounted rifles divided in two parts, one commanded by Colonel Alcorn, the other by General Coffee in person. An advance-guard was made up of one company of Coffee's riflemen, dismounted, the company of scouts, not more than twenty-five or thirty strong, and the little brass 6-pounder howitzer—little more than an enlarged blunderbuss—which constituted Jackson's "artillery."

This detachment was placed under command of Colonel William Carroll, inspector-general. A reserve of 280 militia under Colonel Dyer was posted as a reserve close in rear of the centre. All these dispositions were completed before dawn.

Jackson expected and was prepared for an attack by the Indians before daylight, similar to that made on Harrison's bivouac almost exactly two years before at Tippecanoe; but for some reason never explained, Weatherford, though perfectly aware of his presence, allowed him to make his dispositions unopposed.* Weatherford's Indians were camped in a grove of hardwood timber on the bank of a small stream known then, and, perhaps, now, as Talladega Creek.

At daylight Carroll advanced rapidly with his vanguard and fired his little cannon, loaded with musket-balls and slugs, into the Indian camp. He then, according to orders, retired precipitately upon the main body, the Creeks pursuing with loud yells and a heavy fire.

* Speaking of this long afterward, at a time when the best of feeling did not exist between them, General Harrison said this remarkable quiescence of the Indians under such circumstances "was simply some of Jackson's proverbial luck."

Jackson's line advanced to meet them, but his formation fell into some disorder in consequence of Lieutenant-Colonel Bradley, commanding the right of the infantry line, halting his men on the brow of a small knoll. This caused a gap to be opened between the right of the infantry and the left of the mounted rifles on the flank. The Creeks quickly detected this error, and a hundred or more of them passing through the gap, attacked the infantry in the rear, causing three or four companies of Roberts's regiment to give way. These, however, were immediately rallied by General Jackson himself, who deployed them under fire, and the Creeks, finding themselves about to be cut off from their main body, retreated again through the gap as hastily as they had come. By this time the mounted rifles on either flank, pressing steadily forward, had got in the rear of the Indians and closed in upon them.

After this the battle was soon over. The Indians, who seemed to dread the mounted rifles much more than they did the infantry, made a desperate attempt to cut their way through the right of Roberts's line. In this they partly succeeded, by reason of the misconduct of Colonel Bradley, who, instead of obeying Jackson's order to charge the Indians in flank, directed his men to lie down and reserve their fire. About 400 of the Indians escaped by this mishap, but their comrades were completely surrounded when Bradley's men advanced to fill up the gap.

The rest of the battle was little better than a butchery. The Indians were shot down by the infantry or cut and ridden down by the mounted rifles—who had long-handled hatchets in lieu of sabres. Three hundred of

them were left dead on the field. Many more, mortally wounded, perished in the woods or threw themselves into the creek. The number wounded was never ascertained. But Weatherford's force was completely broken up and its remnants fled in confusion, every man for himself, in the direction of the Eufaula towns.

The victory was not cheaply bought. The loss of Jackson's force was fifteen killed, fourteen mortally wounded, seventy-seven disabled and nearly a hundred slightly wounded, though not permanently disqualified for service. These losses, considering that the battle, from Carroll's attack to the rout and flight of the Creeks, did not last more than an hour and a half, indicate the close and desperate nature of the combat. Various accounts of the strength of the Indians have been given by different historians. General Jackson, after exhausting all available sources of information, placed their number at "nearly, if not quite, a thousand."

Weatherford, while living on his plantation at Little River, Monroe County, Alabama, told Major Reid—who had been Jackson's aide-de-camp and wrote his military biography—that he had actually engaged in the battle "a little less than eight hundred"; that he "started from the lower towns with a thousand and eighty, of whom nearly three hundred had been left behind at various points to hunt or fish for the subsistence of the main body."

Jackson's force actually engaged was about 1,850.

Talladega put a summary end to any hopes the Creeks may have entertained of invading the Tennessee settlements. It also caused the northern or Hillabee clan to despair, and they humbly sued for peace. Colonel Nich-

olls and his agents had assured the Creeks that they would be promptly supported by a strong British force if they could only hold the Tennesseeans at bay until the transports could arrive. In this he grossly deceived them, because no British troops were at that time on the way to the Gulf and no one knew that fact better than Nicholls.

His conduct in this respect was more infamous than that of Proctor in the Northwest. The worst thing Proctor did was basely to desert Tecumseh at the Thames, leaving him and his Indians to be hopelessly butchered by Harrison's Kentuckians. But Nicholls, deliberately and in cold blood, deluded the fanatic Creeks with false promises and thereby induced them to wage a hopeless war against an invincibly superior force, with the result that the able-bodied men of the tribe were almost exterminated. He may have excused himself on the ground of policy. As a British officer it was his duty in a state of war to injure the United States by every means within his power. He could use the Creeks to inflict some damage and divert part of the forces of the United States to crush them.

From this point of view it mattered little that the damage might take the shape of massacre of defenceless women and children or that the ultimate result might be the extermination of the Creeks themselves. In any event, the cause of England would be subserved in some degree—at least temporarily—and that was enough, in the ethics of those days, to absolve the conscience of any British officer from remorse for any act. It was only one among many sickening commentaries upon the flagitious perfidy and dishonor that uniformly character-

ized the policy of England in her use of the Indians against us in our two wars with her. In the end England gained no benefit, while her savage and deluded allies suffered all the penalty.

The day after Talladega, Jackson, unable to maintain his army there, retreated to his base at Fort Strother. The deficiency of supplies continued. Nothing had as yet arrived from East Tennessee and only a few beef-cattle on the hoof from West Tennessee. When the army arrived at Strother, November 11th, there were not more than two days' rations on hand. As if to make Jackson's misery complete, the East Tennessee contingent under White refused to obey his orders. In reply to the General's order of November 7th, White wrote that, "with the advice and consent of Major-General Cocke," he "had decided to rendezvous his brigade at Chattooga, thirty-five miles above Strother, and proceed on an expedition against Oakfuskee and other Hillabee towns."

At that moment delegates from the Hillabees were in Jackson's camp suing for peace. Jackson sent a vigorous remonstrance, but White was obdurate. He made a forced march into the Hillabee country, destroyed their four principal villages, appropriated to his own use the corn and cattle found in them and then returned to Chattooga without the loss of a man. The remnant of the Indians, utterly cowed by Tallushatchee and Talladega, fled before him without offering the slightest resistance.

Jackson then appealed to Governor Blount, who peremptorily ordered General Cocke to join the main body with the East Tennessee contingent forthwith. After as much delay as he could find excuse for, General Cocke finally, on December 12th, joined Jackson at Fort

Strother with 1,500 men, of whom about 400 were mounted. The brigadier, White, apparently not desirous of confronting Jackson, obtained leave and went home, figuring no more in the Creek war.

In view of events then on the tapis, the East Tennessee contingent did not form a very valuable re-enforcement. They had been mustered into the service of the United States October 10, 1813, to serve three months, and there was no dispute as to the expiration of their term of service January 10, 1814. From the 10th of December on the camp of the West Tennessee militia and volunteers—Jackson's own division—was a hot-bed of sedition and mutiny. The men and most of the subordinate officers claimed that as they had been originally mustered into service December 10, 1812, to serve one year, they were entitled to discharge December 10, 1813. The command was full of "camp-lawyers" who persuaded the men not only that their obligation of service ended December 10, but also that Jackson would not dare to attempt the use of force to hold them.

Governor Blount and Judge Overton, as well as Jackson, Coffee and Carroll, maintained that the three months elapsing between disbandment at Nashville after the return from Natchez and the reassembly at Fayetteville, October 4th, should be deducted from the year's service. This would have made their discharge due March 10, 1813, and on that construction of the law General Jackson insisted. This was followed by open mutiny on the part of all the West Tennessee militia. Coffee's mounted rifle volunteers, the independent company of scouts and the artillery company alone remained steadfast. For several days Jackson and his

militia were in open conflict, the General on one occasion levelling a musket at the head of a company commander to enforce instant obedience.

The details of this period are discreditable to the reputation of our citizen soldiery, and it is of neither historical interest nor value to survey them here. Suffice to say that after some weeks of unavailing struggle with a band of men, many of whom were as determined or as desperate as he himself was, Jackson decided to let them go; and he called upon Governor Blount to call into service the remaining brigade of West Tennessee militia to fill their places.

General White's expedition against the already conquered Hillabees, bloodless so far as his own command was concerned, had a most sinister effect on the Creek war as a whole. By reason of it the warriors of that clan who had survived Tallushatchee and Talladega and who were willing to surrender on Jackson's own terms, were driven to seek refuge among their still warlike brethren farther south. As the Hillabee survivors numbered at least three hundred fighting-men, their resumption of the hatchet was an important factor. White, in his report, claimed that about sixty warriors were killed in the course of his expedition. But Jackson was informed by Weatherford after the treaty of August, 1814, that almost without exception the warriors killed by White's troops were men who had been so badly wounded at Tallushatchee and Talladega that they could neither fight nor escape and that they were shot or bayoneted while lying helpless in their cabins.*

*We use the word "cabin" in describing the habitations of the Creeks for the reason that their villages were composed of structures much more

But the driving of the surviving Hillabees back into Weatherford's ranks was not the worst result of General White's bloodless victory over men who had surrendered. The Creeks, to a man, believed it was an artifice on Jackson's part, and no persuasion could induce them to believe otherwise. And the first thing he did when he met their delegates at Fort Jackson to treat for peace after the Horseshoe Bend was to explain the unfortunate affair in a way which convinced them that he was not only not responsible for the outrage, but that White committed it against his express orders.

"Why did you not punish General White?" asked John Paul, a half-breed delegate from the Creeks.

"Because," replied Jackson, "he went home to East Tennessee, where I could not get hold of him."

There is little doubt that, had White accompanied his brigade to Fort Strother, he would have met with summary treatment at the hands of the enraged commander-in-chief. He probably knew it.

Late in December even Coffee's mounted riflemen became infected with the epidemic of mutiny. They first demanded permission to return to Huntsville, where they could recruit their jaded horses, and Jackson allowed them to go. Arrived there, most of them demanded to be discharged and, with all his personal magnetism, Coffee could not persuade more than a hundred of them to stay with him.

substantial and comfortable than the traditional wigwam. They were built either of logs or of wattles filled in with clay and many of them were quite commodious. The Creeks, in 1812, or just before the war under consideration, were the richest of all Indian tribes. They owned many fine horses, large herds of cattle and a considerable number of slaves. Weatherford himself, who survived the war ten years, had one of the best plantations in Alabama Territory.

By December 25th, through these defections and the return of the East Tennessee militia to their homes for discharge, January 10th, General Jackson had left at Fort Strother only about one hundred of Coffee's riflemen, the consolidated company of scouts, about sixty strong, the artillery company, about forty, and a miscellaneous company of about eighty, made up of men who had volunteered to stay at all hazards from the various militia organizations that had been disbanded. Governor Blount was exerting every energy to raise a new force in place of that disbanded, but progress was not rapid. When informed of Jackson's situation, holding Fort Strother with less than two hundred men, Governor Blount advised him to abandon the post, fall back to the Tennessee River or to Huntsville and guard the frontier until a new force could be mustered sufficient for offensive operations. Jackson and Blount, as we have intimated in a previous chapter, were the closest of friends, personally as well as politically. But at the governor's suggestion of temporary retreat Jackson's fierce temper took fire.

In reply to the governor's suggestion he wrote a long letter reviewing all the circumstances of the situation; calling attention to the fact that the abandonment of Fort Strother would be viewed by the Creeks as a relinquishment of operations against them, and would embolden them to attack the friendly Indians, if not to raid the white settlements on the southern border of Tennessee itself. This, the General argued, would destroy all the effects of the campaign already fought, and, in addition, would probably drive the friendly Indians into alliance with the Red Sticks for self-preserva-

tion. After an exhaustive review in this vein, Jackson concluded as follows:

> What? Retrograde under such circumstances? I will perish first. I will do my duty. I will hold the posts I have established or die in the struggle. Long since have I determined never to seek the preservation of life at the expense of reputation.
>
> The frontiers are to be defended—if at all—by carrying the war into the enemy's country; defended on the banks of the Coosa and the Tallapoosa, not on those of the Tennessee. All other plans of defence are more visionary than dreams.
>
> What, then, is to be done? I'll tell you: You have only to act with the energy which both the crisis and your own reputation as the patriotic governor of a brave people demand and all will go well. Send me a force enlisted for six months and I will answer for the rest. But withhold it and all is lost—the reputation of the State and yours and mine along with it.

This was throughout a rugged letter. We have omitted some parts of it that were more vehement than those reproduced. Most men in Governor Blount's position would have been displeased, if not angered, by its text and tone. But Blount knew Jackson thoroughly and accepted his outburst in accordance with its spirit rather than with the strict letter of it. He redoubled his exertions to raise and forward troops. By the 13th of January 600 mounted troops—about half of whom were Coffee's old riflemen—joined Jackson at Strother, bringing his force up to nearly 800. Two days later Coffee himself came in with 250 more. This and other small detachments brought his force at Strother up to about 1,000 effectives. But the 600 who came January 13th were enlisted for only sixty days—from January 10th

to March 10th—and it was necessary to use them quickly if at all.

In the meantime Jackson's scouts had advised him that a force variously estimated at from 700 to 900 Creeks from the lower Tallapoosa towns were concentrated in a bend of that river and the mouth of Emuckfau Creek, about seventy miles southeast from Strother. It was evidently the intention of this force to attack Fort Armstrong, defended by some two hundred friendly Creeks and Cherokees and eighteen or twenty whites from Mississippi. Weatherford was then directing operations against the Georgia troops, under General Floyd, who were threatening to cross the Chattahoochee and invade the Creek country from the eastward. The Indian force at Emuckfau was commanded by the "Prophet" Monohoee.

Leaving at Strother two hundred men, whose horses were not in good condition, General Jackson, about three A.M. on January 16th, crossed the Coosa at the Lower Fish Ponds with eight hundred, all mounted and nearly all Riflemen. Arriving at Talladega he was joined by about two hundred friendly Indians and a few whites—the garrison of Fort Armstrong. Resting a day at Talladega to enable his drove of beef-cattle to join him, Jackson had half of them butchered there, boiled the meat, and distributed it in three-days' rations, with a quart of hominy per man. The other half of his cattle he left under a small guard at Talladega, where the natural meadows afforded good grazing even in midwinter. Leaving Talladega the morning of the 19th, with 780 Tennesseeans and 200 friendly Indians, he arrived within two miles of Emuckfau at noon the 21st. Two Creek

scouts were discovered at the crossing of the creek. One of them was killed by Jackson's scout, Jesse McGary. The other fled to the Creek camp and gave the alarm. Jackson halted, dismounted his men and formed a hollow square. But the Creeks did not offer to attack them. The afternoon wore away.

The quiescence of the Indians during daylight led the General to believe that their plan was to attack him according to their favorite tactics, just before daybreak the next morning. It was afterward learned that Monohoee had sent nearly 400 of his 750 braves against Fort Armstrong the night before and, having now sent swift runners to recall them, was awaiting their return. Had Jackson known this he could easily have annihilated the remaining 350 in their camp and then beaten the 400 on their arrival, in detail. But he had no means of ascertaining the facts and did not imagine that the Creek commander would divide his force. He supposed he had Weatherford to deal with, and was not prepared for the folly of Monohoee.

Anticipating an attack in the darkness just before dawn, he caused brush-heaps to be piled about half rifle-shot in front of his real line, to be set on fire as soon as any movement might be detected on the part of the Creeks. This occurred about four A.M., January 22d, and the brush-heaps were instantly ablaze. The Creeks charged fearlessly toward the burning line, with loud yells and sending in rapid volleys from their rifles. Arrived at the fires they were amazed to find no enemy, but the moment their forms came out in relief against the light of the flames they were greeted by a murderous fusillade from the Tennesseeans in the grove not more

than fifty or sixty yards away. They at once broke and fled in great confusion back to their camp in the bend, leaving about forty of their number dead.

Jackson waited till clear daylight, and then ordered a general attack on the enemy's camp. This resulted in a most obstinate combat of about two hours, ending in the total rout and flight of the Creeks, with a loss of forty-eight killed and over one hundred wounded. The total loss of the Creeks, including their own attack on Jackson's lines before daylight, was estimated at about 200. In this combat the little brass howitzer was again used with decisive effect, the Indians shrinking from the fire of artillery, though willing to face small arms almost to the muzzle.

Though General Jackson had beaten and temporarily dispersed the Creeks at Emuckfau, he was unable to hold the ground gained. He had no supplies nearer than Talladega and his men had not more than one day's full rations with them and a march of forty miles between them and the nearest point where subsistence could be found. He therefore determined to fall back at once to Talladega.

The experience of the retreat showed that the Creeks, though beaten and driven from their camp with severe loss at Emuckfau, were by no means demoralized. Emboldened by the withdrawal of the white forces, they quickly rallied and followed Jackson to the crossing of Enotichopco. Here they attacked his camp at five A.M., January 23d, and a fierce battle ensued for more than three hours, which was, in fact, a much more formidable and, at one time, more evenly balanced conflict than Emuckfau itself. General Coffee had been severely

wounded in the latter engagement and was being carried in a litter made of a blanket fastened to two poles and swung between two horses. But when the Indians attacked the rear of the column at Enotichopco, he got out of the litter, mounted his horse and commanded his riflemen throughout the battle. The little six-pounder again did effective service in this action, being handled on this occasion and also at Emuckfau, by Lieutenant Robert Armstrong, who, by the way, was an officer of the regular army and the only regular present with Jackson's force in this campaign. He had been severely wounded at Talladega, and returned to duty just as the army was leaving Fort Strother for Emuckfau.

After their repulse at Enotichopco the Indians retreated to their towns on the Tallapoosa. Their total loss in the two affairs was 194 killed and more than 200 wounded, though the exact number of the latter was never ascertained.

General Jackson's victorious but exhausted and hungry little army reached Fort Strother January 27th. On the same day Weatherford, with the eastern division of the Creeks, made a desperate attack upon the Georgia troops under General Floyd at Camp Defiance, near the Chattahoochee Town, and after one of the hardest-fought battles of the campaign, was repulsed with a loss, as ascertained after the peace, of fifty-six killed and a hundred and twenty-odd wounded. The Georgians bought their victory at a high price, losing seventeen killed, twenty-two mortally, and one hundred and ten severely, wounded. Weatherford's force numbered from 780 to 800, and the Georgians were 980 strong. This battle was mostly fought in an open grove of large tim-

ber without underbrush and at very close range, many of the dead and wounded on both sides having their faces blown full of burnt powder from the rifles of their adversaries. In the skill of their commander and in the firmness and resolution of the Georgia troops—who had not before encountered the savages in force—this battle of the Chattahoochee loses nothing by comparison with the best of Jackson's victories. General Floyd and his troops received the thanks of Congress and, subsequently, a medal from their State.

The Creek war may be divided into two campaigns, the first of which practically ended with the joint operations just described. The primary power of the Indians had been broken but they were not yet wholly subdued. They still hoped for the British re-enforcements which Colonel Nicholls, with a deliberate mendacity that was, under the circumstances, almost ghastly, continued to promise them. General Jackson wrote from Fort Strother a long letter to the governor, which was substantially a review of his operations and their results. In conclusion, he expressed the belief that the Creeks, infatuated with the promises of Nicholls and the incantations of their "Prophets," could not be subdued much short of extermination, and he exhorted the governor to put a force into the field sufficient to overwhelm them at once or before the hot summer should set in. The sixty-day men whose terms would expire early in March were, for the most part, induced by Jackson, Coffee and Carroll to re-enlist for six months, counting the service already rendered as part of the term. They were extremely good men, all mounted rifles and directly under

Coffee's command. On February 6th the Thirty-ninth United States Infantry, about 360 strong, and commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Williams, arrived at Fort Strother. On the 14th General Johnston's brigade of West Tennesseeans, enlisted for six months from February 2d, joined Jackson's force 1,780 strong, and on the 17th the East Tennessee contingent, 1,760 strong, arrived. These were enlisted for three months from February 5th.

From this time on General Jackson put forth all his tremendous energy to solve the problem of supplies. A practicable road for wheeled vehicles was made over the divide between the Tennessee River and the head-waters of the Coosa. Beef, bacon and corn began to come in sufficient quantity to give the troops full rations and accumulate a surplus for ten days or more ahead. The army had reached an effective strength of about 4,000 men, of whom 1,100 were mounted, and the General considered himself warranted in penetrating to the interior of the Creek country for a final and decisive campaign on the Indians' own ground.

At this point it seems worth while to survey the situation of the Indians: At the time of the Fort Mims massacre the Creek country embraced that part of Southern Alabama between the Chattahoochee and Tombigbee rivers and extended north to a rather indefinite line described as "the head-waters of the Tallapoosa River." The total population of the tribe at that time has never been accurately ascertained, but General Jackson estimated their fighting strength at 2,000 first-class warriors, not including any re-enforcements that might join them from the Seminoles of Florida.

They lived for the most part in permanent villages, which were numerous but none of them large. Their habitations were comfortable cabins, they possessed many horses and cattle and raised considerable crops of corn. But at the time now under consideration—say, February, 1814—over a thousand, and probably as many as twelve hundred, of their warriors had been killed or hopelessly crippled in the battles of Tallushatchee, Talladega, Emuckfau and Enotichopco, in their conflict with the Georgians under Floyd at Camp Defiance, in White's raid upon the defenceless Hillabee towns and in numerous small skirmishes. Many of the others had suffered slight wounds. All their towns in the Coosa Valley had been destroyed, their cattle killed or driven off by the Tennesseeans and their women and children either captured or driven to seek refuge in the towns on the lower Tallapoosa. In short, the tribe was completely shattered and dispersed as an organization, and its survivors were menaced by starvation through the destruction of their resources. Still the remnant was not subdued, and Weatherford was able to rally their defeated and decimated ranks for one more effort, which proved to be desperate and bloody in ratio of its utter hopelessness.

As soon as General Jackson assembled his new forces at Fort Strother he prepared to descend the Coosa River to its confluence with the Tallapoosa, which would bring him into the heart of the Creek country and within striking distance of the enemy's last strongholds.

While engaged in building boats and making other preparations for this movement a mutiny broke out in Johnston's brigade of West Tennesseeans. The leader

in it was a man named John Woods, who had been conspicuous in the former defection of the militia. He was summarily arrested, tried by court-martial and sentenced to be shot. Strong appeals were made to Jackson for a commutation of the sentence, but he was at last inexorable and Woods was executed in the presence of the whole army.

That General Jackson was not altogether the bloodthirsty butcher that some writers delight to portray may be inferred from a private letter to Governor Blount written on the day of Woods's execution:

> . . . Nothing else could be so grievous to me as the necessity of putting to death one of my own soldiers. It was with great difficulty and after two sleepless nights of consideration that I was able to decide upon inflicting the full sentence of the court-martial. At first my inclination was to commute the sentence to flogging, branding with the letter D and drumming out of camp.
>
> But I had to reflect that the camp had been torn to pieces by mutiny once before, and now, unless sternly checked at the start, it might, and doubtless would, again spread and become general. The Volunteers and Militia had got the idea that a citizen of the State, temporarily under arms, could not be subjected to capital punishment under military law. Unfortunately my mistaken leniency with the former mutineers had given ground for such a belief. I had heard the reproach that it was necessary for me to use one-half of my army to keep the other half in order—and really there had been too much truth in that saying.
>
> This was what determined me to sign the order for Woods's execution. It was witnessed by the whole army—all but one man. That one was myself. I not only did not attend, but rode far enough from camp in the other direction to be out of hearing when the fatal shots were fired. . . .

It certainly was for the best. But it was a fearful ordeal for me. I hope it may never be repeated.

The impression which the execution of Woods produced was profound. Prior to that event the Tennessee militiamen and volunteers had loudly boasted that no general dared to execute a citizen-soldier under military law. But the fate of Woods was an object-lesson to the contrary, and for the time being assured order and discipline in the army.

On March 16th Jackson, leaving 480 men at Fort Strother under General Johnston to hold that dépôt and guard the line of communications with Tennessee, embarked with his troops and stores in boats and went down the Coosa on the "spring rise." At the mouth of Cedar Creek he built another stockade, which he called Fort Williams, in honor of the officer commanding the Thirty-ninth Regulars, and posted there a detachment of about 400 to act as a reserve and to keep open communication with the main dépôt at Strother. These garrisons, with deductions on account of sickness and numerous discharges for disability and other causes, reduced his effective field-force to about 2,400, of whom General Coffee's mounted rifles numbered 900.

At Cedar Creek, or Fort Williams, General Jackson was advised by Captain Jugeat and Sam Dale that the remnants of the Creeks, under Weatherford in person, were concentrating to the number of nine hundred or a thousand at Tohopeka or the Horseshoe Bend of the Tallapoosa. He at once determined to march across country and attack them. The distance by the trail was about fifty miles. Sending Coffee ahead with his mount-

ed rifles to observe the enemy, Jackson followed, March 24th, with his whole force, and at nightfall on the 26th camped within five miles of the Bend. Here he came up with Coffee who, during the day, had reconnoitred and skirmished close up to the position of the Creeks. He informed Jackson that the Indians had built a strong log breastwork across the narrow isthmus formed by the bend in the river, that the stream was not fordable at any point in the detour, that the enclosed space was about equal to two square miles, and that, in his judgment, the works of the Indians were impregnable without artillery.

The General, before setting out on this expedition, had materially increased the "artillery arm" of his command. That is to say, he had re-enforced his "Old Reliable" six-pounder howitzer of Emuckfau and Enotichopco with a brand-new four-pounder which, being a regular-service gun, could throw solid shot.

At three A.M., March 27th, Coffee, with 700 Mounted Rifles and 250 friendly Indians—Cherokees and Choctaws—was sent to cross the Tallapoosa at the ford near the mouth of Emuckfau Creek, two miles below the Horseshoe Bend, and to work up the left bank of the river into the rear of the Indian position, to prevent escape in that direction. He then posted his main force across the isthmus close to the Indian breastwork and waited for dawn.

Soon after daybreak the friendly Indians discovered that the canoes of the Creeks were tied up along the right bank of the river near their village, which was in the southwest part of the peninsula formed by the bend. They swam over and captured most of the canoes.

About half of Coffee's riflemen dismounted, and all the friendly Indians, under Captain Jugeat, now crossed in the canoes and attacked the Creek village from the rear. At the same time Jackson opened with his "artillery" on the log breastwork, accompanied by rifle-fire whenever the enemy exposed themselves—which was seldom. The cannonade made little or no impression except to divert the Creeks from Coffee's force. At ten A.M. the General ordered a general assault on the log breastwork and led it in person, the Thirty-ninth Regulars, under Major Montgomery, heading the column of attack. Montgomery was killed while mounting the breastwork and fell inside of it, while his troops clambered over all about him. The Indians tried to scalp Montgomery, and a most murderous hand-to-hand conflict ensued over his body between his regulars with the bayonet and the Indians with clubbed rifles, knives and tomahawks. But the bayonets of the regulars quickly won and Montgomery's scalp was saved.

By this time the whole force was over the works. Jackson, finding a slight gap in the logs, forced his horse through—or over—it and, reforming the regulars and some companies of militia that had become disordered in climbing the works, led a bayonet-charge against the Creeks, who had formed in a small grove to protect their village after being driven from the breastwork. Dislodged from the grove, they took refuge in a patch of thick brush near the centre of the peninsula and here they repulsed several efforts of the General to dislodge them, inflicting severe loss upon the Tennesseeans, wounding Jackson on the top of his left shoulder—the one still lame and sore from Benton's bullet—and

hitting his horse in the breast and hip. Finally, Jackson ordered the thicket of brush, which was quite dry, to be set on fire, and this new ally soon roused the remnant of the Creeks from their cover.

From this time on, Tohopeka ceased to be a battle and became a butchery. The Creeks, who had never given any quarter, asked none now. The Indians, with Jackson's main force on their front and flanks and Coffee's riflemen and Choctaws in their rear, were shot down or bayoneted by the hundred. The few who managed to break through the fiery cordon plunged into the river and were shot in the water by that part of Coffee's riflemen and the Choctaws who lined the left bank. About noon or by one o'clock the slaughter was done. Five hundred and sixty dead Creeks lay behind their breastwork or in the grove or around the edges of the still burning brush. A hundred more who fell dead or badly wounded in the brush were burned where they lay. Over a hundred more were killed in the river or on its banks. Of the whole number of warriors who occupied the Horseshoe Bend at daylight not more than forty escaped. Three hundred and seventy women and children were captured, together with about sixty warriors so badly wounded that they could neither fight nor run.*

* One of these attracted the notice of Jackson. His leg was broken and Dr. Brown, of Coffee's command, was trying to reduce the fracture and dress the wound. It took three stalwart riflemen to hold the patient, who was a boy not more than eighteen. He could speak a little English. Jackson in a kind tone said to him: "Lie still, my boy, they will save your life."

"No good," he replied. "No good. Cure um now, kill um agin!"

In spite of the grewsome surroundings Jackson laughed. But he persuaded the boy to lie still and his leg and life were saved. Many years afterward this boy—a half-breed—was an interpreter in the council that

Among those killed at Tohopeka was the Prophet Monohoee, second in rank to Weatherford. Monohoee was hit in the mouth by a canister-shot from one of the cannon. He commanded the Indians there. Weatherford, not expecting an attack so soon, had gone to Wathlewallee * on the 25th, and so, doubtless, saved his own life. He was on the way back to Tohopeka in the afternoon of the 28th when he met some of the fugitives, who told him of the disaster. He then returned to Wathlewallee and made no further attempt at war. He advised the survivors to go to Florida, but as for himself, he said he would stay and take whatever consequences might come.

The Creeks were now practically annihilated, so far as able-bodied men were concerned. Jackson moved his force in two columns—one on each side of the river—down the Tallapoosa to a point about six miles above its confluence with the Coosa. Here the two rivers approach within a quarter of a mile of each other and then diverging, each with a wide detour, unite six miles below. The peninsula thus formed had long been viewed by the Indians as sacred soil and was called by them "The Hickory Ground." Their tradition was that this ground had never been trodden by the foot of the white man. At the point where the two rivers come closest together the Indians, from time immemorial, had a

made the treaty of removal to the Indian Territory, and he was also interpreter for a Creek delegation that went to Washington in 1832 to see the "Great Father" when Jackson was President. On that occasion he made himself known to the President and recalled the incident just related. General Jackson presented to him a fine saddle, bridle and a new rifle, as he said, "to hunt with in his new home."

* Sometimes in the older histories spelled "Oithlewallee."

stockade and council-house which they called Tolossee. On the site of this General Jackson built the most elaborate post and dépôt yet constructed in that region, and the soldiers called it after him—"Fort Jackson."

While the building of the fort was in progress several chiefs of the Creeks came in and sued for peace. The General required them to take their women and children and surviving warriors and settle in the northern part of the territory covered by the old treaty or to the northward of a line drawn east and west through the confluence of Cedar Creek with the Coosa River, where Fort Williams stood. They agreed to this arrangement, but informed him that most of the surviving warriors, who believed that no quarter would be shown them if captured, together with many young women of the tribe, had taken refuge among the Seminoles in Spanish Florida. They also informed him that not more than five hundred serviceable warriors in the whole Creek nation had come out of the war unharmed, and that no further trouble need be expected from them.

Jackson inquired if Weatherford was among the fugitives in Florida.

They replied that he was not, that he was then within thirty miles of Fort Jackson and might be expected any day to come in and surrender as they had done.

The General said he did not wish this to occur; that he preferred to take him prisoner, in which event he intended to hold him responsible for the massacre at Fort Mims; saying, also, that Weatherford was the only man in the whole Creek nation whom he intended or desired to punish.

Upon leaving the fort, some of the chiefs went to

Weatherford's hiding-place and told him what Jackson had said. The chief then decided to go and surrender himself at once, declaring that he did not believe General Jackson would injure a man who surrendered voluntarily.

Soon after sundown that day Weatherford mounted his horse, and by seven or eight in the morning reached the outposts of the fort. On his route, just at daybreak, he had killed a fine buck and had the carcass across his saddle-bow when he came to the pickets. The sentries did not know him. He told them simply that he was "one of the Creek chiefs," that he had come in, like the others, to surrender, and was bringing the buck as a peace-offering to General Jackson. They then allowed him to pass. He soon arrived at the General's quarters. As he dismounted and threw the buck on the ground, the friendly chief Big Warrior came up and recognized him. A quarrel at once began between them, the noise of which brought the General to the door of his quarters.

Weatherford apologized for the disturbance and informed Jackson who he was.

The General rather sternly demanded: "How can you, with the blood of women and children upon your head, murdered at Fort Mims, have the hardihood to ride up to my door?"

"As to that, General," replied the chief, with perfect calmness and in quite good English, "let me say that I did all I could to prevent the killing at Fort Mims; but you know how hard it is to restrain Indians at such a time."

"You were their leader and ought to be held responsible for their acts. You richly deserve hanging!"

Weatherford's reply has been printed in most reading-books used in the common schools of the United States as a sample of Indian eloquence under difficulties. Despite that fact, it is worth printing again. The version we give of it is that of Major John Reid, who heard it and wrote it down at once and then read it over in the presence of the General and the chief, both of whom pronounced it correct. Folding his arms and looking Jackson straight in the eye—which few men could do when the General was angry—Weatherford said, in a low voice and without the slightest sign of excitement or emotion:

General Jackson, I am not afraid of you or of any man. I ask nothing for myself. You can kill me if you like, now or at any other time. I am in your power. But I come to beg of you to send for the women and children of the Creek Nation who are starving in the woods. Their fields, cabins and corn-cribs have been destroyed by your soldiers, who have driven them into the woods where they have not so much as an ear of corn. I hope you will send parties of your men to relieve them. I will tell your men where they are.

I am done fighting. The Red Sticks are almost all killed. If I could fight any longer, I would not be here. But please send for the women and children. They never did any harm. Now you can kill me if you like, or if the white people want me to be killed!

We are aware that most of the school-books make Weatherford say that "My warriors are dead! Their bones lie bleaching at Tallushatchee, Talladega, Emuckfau and Tohopeka," etc.

None of this appears in Major Reid's version. What Weatherford actually said is more eloquent than what the school-books make him say—because it is simpler.

Jackson's reply was: "Come into my quarters." Then to the crowd of soldiers gathering about he said: "Disperse and go to your quarters. You are not needed here just now!"

Entering the log-cabin which was the head-quarters of the commander-in-chief, Weatherford set his rifle against the logs and Jackson motioned him to a seat on a rude bench. He then informed him as to the terms of peace offered to the other chiefs. Having said this, Jackson remarked that if he (Weatherford) would accept those terms he would be paroled and protected. If not, he would be conducted safely beyond the lines and let go unharmed. "But," the General concluded, "if you take that course, you will be considered an enemy and, if taken hereafter, you will be executed."

To this Weatherford responded: "Your people have destroyed my nation. You are a brave man. I rely upon your honor. You will not torment a helpless people. Anyone who would still hold out must be of a mean spirit. I shall do all I can to make every one of my nation obey your orders. You have told us where we can go and be safe. This is a good talk. My people can expect no more. I rely on the honor of a brave man and so must they. I shall see to it that they listen to your good talk and do what you have said."

After a little deliberation, the General said: "Weatherford, I believe you. I will direct that parties be sent out under your guidance to find your women and children and provide them with food."

As Weatherford rose to go, Jackson offered him a drink of whiskey. The chief shook his head and said, with a rather grim smile: "General, I am one of the

very few Indians who do not drink liquor. But I would thank you for a little tobacco, if you have it."

Jackson gave the chief a bag of tobacco, also an ornamented pipe. He then directed General Carroll—who was then convalescent from a wound at Tohopeka—to confer with him in regard to sending out parties to relieve the starving women and children. As Weatherford was going out of the door, Jackson noticed that he had left his rifle leaning up against the logs. He called the chief back and motioned toward the weapon. "You will need it to hunt with," he said abruptly. "Take it along!"

Weatherford was soon on his way, piloting the relief parties. He kept his word, and his influence was thereafter as potent for peace as it had once been for war.

At the time of Weatherford's death, in 1824, General Carroll, who was then Governor of Tennessee, wrote a description of him as he appeared at Jackson's headquarters:

He was a little scant of six feet tall, rather slender in build, but sinewy and graceful. His dress was part white and part Indian, like himself. His features were clean-cut and sharp, his nose like a hawk's beak and his complexion almost white. He spoke very slowly and deliberately in pretty fair English, but often hesitated for a word as if not much practised in speaking that language. When he spoke the Muscogee tongue, though, he talked fast and apparently—to judge from the effect of his talk upon the Indians who could understand him—with great force. He was solemn in manner and seemed greatly depressed by the forlorn condition of his people, though he did not seem to care for his own fate, whatever it might be.

At first he seemed fearful that the General might doubt his sincerity. But when I fully assured him on that point he dis-

played the liveliest satisfaction. He said to me: "I would be a fool if I tried to deceive now, and I hope the General will not think I am that!" When he left the fort in the afternoon he said: "I hope we may meet again, General Carroll, when my people are out of their troubles." He was one of nature's great men.

General Jackson now considered the Creek war ended, and as the terms of about half his force were soon to expire, he ordered that they be sent at once to Tennessee for discharge. On April 21st he turned over the command to General Pinckney and the same day started for home, arriving on the 28th at the Hermitage. The moment he felt free from care and responsibility the strain under which he had borne up for seven months told upon him and he became quite ill—in fact, he was so completely prostrated that fever set in, his wound at the hands of Benton developed neuralgic pains and he was compelled to decline a grand banquet tendered to him by the citizens of Nashville. For three weeks after his return home he was a very sick man. Hardly had he recovered sufficiently to ride a horse when an express dispatch from Washington (received by him May 22d) brought an appointment to the rank of brigadier-general in the regular army, and six days later another special messenger brought to him the commission of major-general, in place of Harrison, who had resigned from the regular army, April 25th.

The same messenger brought orders from the President directing him to return to Alabama forthwith and negotiate a definitive treaty with the Creeks. Though by no means fully recovered, he left home late in June and arrived at Fort Jackson, July 9th. The surviving

chiefs of the Creeks had already been summoned to meet him there, and most of them were awaiting him. Among them was Weatherford, who, however, declined to take any part in the proceedings, though still principal chief of the former hostile Creeks. He explained personally to General Jackson that he came because he had been summoned, but preferred to take no active part in the negotiations, pledging himself, however, to accept without reserve any result that might be reached.

As it turned out, the negotiations on the part of the Indians were mainly carried on by two friendly chiefs—Big Warrior and Chelocta—the only hostile chief who took any part being Hilligshagee, one of their "prophets," captured at Tohopeka and then on parole. They all, both friendly and hostile, strenuously argued against the permanent removal of the tribe from their ancient hunting-grounds to the new reservation proposed by General Jackson, the friendly chiefs being much more emphatic than the late hostile Hilligshagee.

Though he did not appear in the debates of the council, Weatherford was present at its sessions, and he made a speech to the chiefs themselves during a recess.

"Why do you dispute with General Jackson?" he exclaimed. "He has conquered your people and has power to make you go anywhere he pleases. Your people can no longer fight! How foolish it must be, then, for you to keep on talking. Do you suppose that talking can accomplish anything when fighting has failed? As for me, you see that I have not said a word in the council. For my part, I think it would be better if General Jackson simply ordered you to go on the new reservation without any talk at all. That is what it must come to

in the end, and when that is the case the sooner done the better. I am ready to obey the orders of General Jackson. I wait only for his orders, and all your talk is like the wind whistling through the tops of tall trees!"

However, the "talking" continued in spite of Weatherford's advice, and nearly a month was consumed in argument and expostulation. The treaty, signed August 10, 1814, required all the Creeks to settle on a reservation bounded by the Coosa on the west, the Cherokee territory on the north, the Chattahoochee on the east, and on the south by a line drawn east and west through Fort Jackson.

The General frankly told them that his object in removing them to the northward was to separate them from the Seminoles of Florida and also to place an impassable barrier between them and the British agents whose head-quarters were at Escambia, just over the boundary line. Weatherford was excepted from the operation of the treaty and allowed to go, with his family, slaves and live-stock, to a tract of land he owned on Little River, near its confluence with the Alabama. There he cleared a productive plantation, where he lived in retirement until his death, ten years later.

This ended the Creek war. For stubborn fighting and for general destruction alike of life and property on the part of the Indians it stands alone in the history of savage warfare on this continent. Never before had the Indians fought in such military fashion, suffered such losses, or held out to the bitter end as the Creeks did. The fighting power of the tribe was annihilated. At the outbreak of the war the Creeks were the richest Indians in America. At its end they were the poorest. From

its disasters they never fully recovered. The destruction of three-fourths of the able-bodied men in any nation or tribe of any race or color must inevitably change its destinies permanently. But it must be said for the Creeks —and no one who may visit them, at this writing, in the Indian Territory can fail to perceive it—that, though beaten, butchered and reduced almost to starvation; though conquered physically and compelled to submit to any terms the conqueror might impose, their pride of clan and of person was never subdued. They are to-day what they were then; the smartest, the quickest-witted and the most self-respecting Indians on the American continent.

CHAPTER XIII

INVASION OF SPANISH FLORIDA

WHILE General Jackson was negotiating the treaty of Fort Jackson—known among the Creeks as the "Treaty of the Hickory Ground"—he received orders to relieve General Pinckney in command of the Seventh Military District and to establish head-quarters at Mobile. As soon as the treaty was signed, he proceeded to carry out this order and arrived at Mobile. He left Fort Jackson the 12th of September and arrived at Mobile the 16th.

Before considering the events which soon followed his advent at Mobile, it seems proper to refer briefly to an affair which occurred at Fort Jackson a week after he left that post. On the 19th and 20th of September, 1814, it appeared that mutiny was again rife in the force left to garrison Fort Jackson. It began among the militia that had been called into service to date from June 20, 1814. As in previous cases, it was the work of camp lawyers. In any and every organization of citizen soldiery will always be found a class of men who are infinitely wiser than the commander-in-chief. This seems to have been particularly true of the Tennessee militia who, from time to time, served under Jackson. It seems a little singular that such a trait should have been so conspicuous among the Tennesseeans when their next neighbors, the Kentuckians, though frequently during

the war of 1812 serving under exactly the same conditions in the Northwestern campaigns, never showed the slightest sign of overt mutiny, though their causes for discontent were often quite equal to if not greater than those which moved their congeners of Tennessee to fatal insubordination. Of this peculiar difference in the temper and *morale* of the militia from the two States respectively, we find interesting mention in the papers of David Buell, under date of Upper Sandusky, December 7 and 11, 1813. He says:

> Twenty-four men in the Company have waited on the Captain [MacAfee] to represent that their terms of service have expired and to ask discharge. They claim that they were enrolled in the State June 4 to serve six months, which is now expired. Captain MacAfee informs them that their actual term of service began when they were mustered in the United States service August 15, because the U. S. articles expressly say "for six months, unless sooner discharged by order of the President."
>
> He therefore tells them that the time between June 4 and August 15, was in the service of the State and did not count in the term of service for the United States. They are muttering some, but go about their duty as usual. Public opinion in the camp would not sustain them if they tried to stand out.

Unfortunately, that "public opinion in the camp" which seems to have influenced the Kentuckians was—to some extent at least—wanting in the ranks of the men from Tennessee.

As soon as the incipient mutiny at Fort Jackson was discovered, over two hundred of Colonel Pipkin's regiment were placed in arrest, including two officers—Captain Strother and Lieutenant McCauley. The processes

of military justice in this instance were exceedingly slow. This was due to the absorption of the commander-in-chief in other directions. The court-martial did not convene until December 5th, and it consumed thirteen days in trial of the cases. The two officers and six of the most conspicuous malcontents among the enlisted men were tried separately. The officers were convicted of "guilty knowledge" and sentenced to be dishonorably dismissed and disfranchised. The six men—one sergeant and five private soldiers—were sentenced to be shot. The executions took place February 21, 1815, five months after the crime and three months after sentence.

Under ordinary circumstances this episode would have been forgotten, along with hundreds of other operations of military law in the history of the country. But in 1828, when even graveyards were being ransacked by the Adamsite party for "campaign ammunition" against Jackson in the most ferocious political struggle this country has ever seen, the bones of these misguided men were disentombed to make "party capital." The artifice failed as did all others, many of which were as discreditable to their authors as this one, though none were quite so ghastly. We have given so much space to this episode not because of its intrinsic importance as an event in General Jackson's military history, but because the most prominent—or at least the best known—of his biographers has seen fit to devote a long and somewhat turgid chapter to its details, and has treated those details, not as part of the history of the Creek campaign of 1814, but of the presidential campaign of 1828.

This and all other mutinies that occurred among the

militia forces under Jackson's command grew out of the vagueness of the laws regulating militia service in the war of 1812. The original statute, commonly known as the "General Muster Law," was passed in 1795. It provided in plain terms that the militia of a State, when embodied in the service of the United States, could be held for only three months out of the twelve months in which it was called forth. This law was generally known to the people and well understood. But on April 10, 1812, as a measure preliminary or preparatory to the declaration of war, Congress passed an act amending the law of 1795, which authorized the President to "embody a detachment from the militia of the United States, not exceeding one hundred thousand men, to serve six months"; and also providing that, under such a call quotas should be apportioned to the several States in ratio of arms-bearing population.

This law was not well known among the people. Moreover, the old law of 1795 was not repealed by that of April 10, 1812, and the provisions of the two conflicted. Finally, on April 14, 1814, Congress passed a third act to remedy this conflict, by which the power to require a six-months' term was made discretionary with the President. Under this act the regiment of Tennessee militia whose members mutinied was called out and embodied. They supposed—and the camp-lawyers encouraged them to believe—that their term of service was regulated by the Act of 1795. As a matter of fact, they had been embodied under the act of April, 1814, of the existence of which most of them were ignorant. Under that act they mutinied, and pursuant to regulations of military law based upon that act they were executed.

The logic was simple, but the affair, fourteen years afterward, was magnified into a crime on General Jackson's part by the special pettifogging of the Adamsite party.

Having given so much space to a "campaign roorback" of 1828, we may now resume consideration of the legitimate history of Jackson in 1814.

In the morning of September 15th, the day before Jackson arrived at Mobile, a British squadron, consisting of two small frigates, a sloop-of-war and a bomb-ketch, under Captain William Percy, attacked Fort Bowyer, the principal defence of Mobile harbor. The fort was garrisoned by 136 regular artillerymen—belonging mostly to Eustis's and Humphrey's batteries of light artillery —under command of Major Lawrence, a cousin of Captain James Lawrence of naval fame. The British attack was splendidly resisted and Captain Percy's flagship, the Hermes, 32, was set on fire by red-hot shot from the fort and totally destroyed. Two hundred and eighty British soldiers, landed from the squadron to attack the fort in the rear, were also repulsed and driven back on board the remaining ships. The loss of the British in this disastrous foray was one frigate burned and two hundred and forty men killed and wounded, several of the latter belonging to the force landed falling into the hands of the Americans. From these and from other sources General Jackson learned that Percy's expedition had been fitted out at the so-called "neutral" Spanish port of Pensacola, and a few days later he was informed by his scouts—Jugeat, Murrell and Dale—that the ships returned thither after their defeat. They also reported that Fort Barrancas was garrisoned by British troops,

that several British ships of war were in the harbor, that the British flag was flying alongside the Spanish colors over the fort, that Colonel Nicholls was using the Spanish custom-house as his head-quarters, and that a force of about 700 Seminoles and fugitive Creeks was organized, armed, supplied and drilled as a battalion under command of British officers. Though Spain was professedly "neutral" in the war between England and the United States, she was in Europe closely allied with Great Britain, and the latter was now availing herself of the ascendancy produced by that fact to use the Spanish posts in Florida as bases of operation against the territory of the United States.

Just about this time Nicholls issued a flamboyant "proclamation to the people of Louisiana," exhorting them to "throw off the American yoke" and promising them all kinds of "protection" at the hands of the British Government. A copy of this precious document soon found its way into the hands of General Jackson. It was his first inkling of the meditated expedition against New Orleans, though as yet he could only surmise or suspect. He knew that, upon the downfall of Napoleon at the beginning of 1814, the full power of England by sea and by land was left free to concentrate itself against the United States. He was also by this time (the end of September) fully apprised of the operations in the Chesapeake, the burning of Washington, and the sudden disappearance of the British land and naval forces from our Atlantic coast to rendezvous in the West Indies.

Some time before that—July 18th—Jackson had notified the Secretary of War that the fugitive Creeks had taken refuge in Florida and were not only harbored by

the Spaniards, but were being armed and organized for service under the British flag. In view of these plain violations of neutrality he had suggested an invasion of Florida and the expulsion of the British from Pensacola. But his suggestion had elicited no response. By September Armstrong had been deposed from the War Department and Monroe made Secretary in his place, which was also known to Jackson; and he expected more vigorous action from Monroe than had been characteristic of Armstrong's administration. But still no notice was taken of his recommendation.

Finally, exasperated beyond further endurance by the attack on Fort Bowyer, and despairing of authorization from the government at Washington, General Jackson determined to invade and drive the British from Pensacola on his own responsibility.

This was, beyond doubt, the most perfectly characteristic act of his whole military career. The force actually under his command at or near Mobile was not more than nine hundred strong; all regulars except a company of Mississippi mounted rifles (Captain Hinds's) and a company of Choctaws under Captain Jugeat. The regulars were parts of the Third, Thirty-ninth and Forty-fourth Infantry and about fifty men each from Eustis's and Humphrey's light batteries. He had, however, before leaving Fort Jackson for Mobile, with wonderful prescience, asked Governor Blount to send to him at once a new brigade of volunteers under General Coffee. In his letter to the governor embodying this request he said:

" . . . Though the Indian war itself is ended, we may be sure that events of much greater significance

will happen in this military division as soon as the approach of winter shall enable the British to operate on our Gulf coast with safety to the health of their troops. I apprehend an attack here in great force soon! . . ." *

Governor Blount acted with his usual promptness. At the end of September General Coffee marched from Fayetteville at the head of 1,800 mounted volunteers and arrived at St. Stephen's (the present site of Mount Vernon Arsenal), about thirty miles above Mobile, October 23d. The distance travelled was about 450 miles and the average for, say, twenty-three days was about twenty miles a day. This was slow marching for Coffee at the head of a mounted force, but the leisurely pace may be explained by the fact that it was often necessary to halt a day or two at a time to procure forage and provisions.

October 26th, General Jackson, having matured his plans, put his forces in motion for Pensacola. His army consisted of 700 regulars—parts of the Third, Thirty-ninth and Forty-fourth Infantry and Humphrey's battery with four light 6-pounders (afterward Battery B, Fourth United States Artillery); Coffee's 1,800 Tennessee volunteers; Hinds's Mississippi mounted rifles, about a hundred and fifty strong; a company of volunteers from Mobile and vicinity, about a hundred; and

*The bearer of this letter was Major Thomas Langford Butler, of Kentucky, who was then acting adjutant-general of the Seventh Military District. In 1873 the author of this work visited the venerable soldier at his home in Louisville and received from him a most vivid narration of the Pensacola campaign. He was then (1873) in his eighty-fourth year, but lived until 1880, and reached the age of ninety-one. He was as perfect a type of the pioneer soldier as ever ornamented the annals of our country. His brother, General William O. Butler, two years his junior, is often quoted in this work.

some 250 Choctaws under Captain Jugeat. The total was approximately 3,000.

While General Jackson was waiting for Coffee's volunteers to reach him from Tennessee, he carried on what he evidently viewed as a "diplomatic correspondence" with Don Gonzales Manriquez, the Spanish governor of Florida. It was indeed "diplomatic" on the part of the Spaniard. That is to say, his part of it consisted of evasions, prevarications and lies, all of which were perfectly transparent to Jackson. The latter wrote in his usual vein, declaring the plain truth in the ruggedest kind of phrase. Among other things, he asked Don Manriquez what kind of neutrality it was that permitted a garrison of British troops to occupy the principal fortification in his province; that allowed a British naval expedition against Mobile to fit out in his principal harbor for the known purpose of assailing an American seaport; and that permitted British officers to organize, arm and drill a horde of savages in his capital to make war on the United States!

The Spanish governor made no pretence of answering these questions, but inveighed against the "cruelty of the warfare waged against the Creeks"; the "inhumanity of removing them from their ancestral abodes," and other evasions equally irrelevant or absurd.

Perhaps the "diplomatic" character of Jackson's share in this correspondence may be more clearly apprehended if we offer the concluding paragraph of his final letter to Governor Manriquez:

"In future I beg you to withhold your insulting charges against my government for one more inclined to listen to slander than I am; nor consider me any

more as a diplomatic character, unless as proclaimed to you from the mouths of my cannon." *

The position assumed by General Jackson at this moment was unlike any other in our history. No other man but he would have dreamed of assuming it. Seeing the military necessity of drastic measures to meet the false and treacherous policy of the Spanish colony, so-called, and to prevent the use of its resources by our active enemy, he had besought the government at Washington for authority to invade Florida and drive the British from Pensacola. President Madison, with the timidity that marked his administration all through that war, remained utterly silent. He would not give the authority and he dared not expressly refuse it. He was willing, however, that Jackson should take the responsibility upon himself, and then stood ready to either sustain him if sucessful or to disavow his acts if he failed. Whatever may be said or be thought of Mr. Madison's excess of patriotic caution in these premises, all must give him credit for perception enough to "know his man."

Jackson unhesitatingly took all the responsibility. He called on Tennessee for troops for whose embodiment

*In view of the fact that the "cannon," to whose "mouths" General Jackson so significantly referred, were four light brass 6-pounders, while the defences of Pensacola on the land side alone and without counting Fort Barrancas mounted ten long 24-pounders, the General's confidence in the power of the American artillery as compared with that of Spain would seem to have been somewhat implicit. It may be worthy of remark that two of the four 6-pounders were the guns previously mentioned as having been taken from the French by Sir Jeffrey Amherst at Montreal in 1760; taken from Burgoyne at Saratoga, retaken by Tarleton at Camden, and again retaken from Tarleton by Daniel Morgan at the Cowpens.

he had no shadow of authority except his own will. When these troops joined him he led them, together with the regular soldiers of the United States, in an invasion of the soil of a nation with which the United States was technically at peace. And he fully accomplished his object. In other words, it is hardly too strong a phrase if we say that, in the autumn of 1814, Jackson constituted himself military dictator of the Seventh Military District and that he did not for a moment realize the tremendous responsibility for better or for worse that he assumed. He simply saw a great public and patriotic duty before him, and it seemed to make no difference to him whether he was authorized by his constitutional superiors or not; he simply went and did it—and he did it with all his might. But this is not all. Four months after he had asked the authority which President Madison shrank from granting, seventy days after he had taken Pensacola and driven the British garrison of the Spanish Fort Barrancas to take refuge on board their ships, and seven days after he had destroyed Pakenham's army at New Orleans, he received a letter from the Secretary of War, in the name of the President, authorizing him to move against Pensacola!

The date of this remarkable letter indicated that it had been more than four months *in transitu* from Washington, by way of Mobile, to New Orleans. The date it bore was August 18, 1814. It reached the hands of General Jackson, at New Orleans, January 15, 1815—just a week after the great and decisive battle there. What had delayed it? Why was it delayed? Those questions have never been officially answered. Every other letter sent by the government at Washington to

General Jackson had been received by him in due time. This authorization "to move against Pensacola" stood alone. General Jackson never made any official comment on it. He did not even formally acknowledge the receipt of it. But he carefully preserved it as a curiosity. He had a theory of his own about it, which General William O. Butler was wont to relate. There could be no doubt as to its genuineness. It was drawn up by the Secretary of War and approved by the President. In the ordinary course of affairs it would have been at once transmitted to Jackson by one of the President's "special couriers," whose function has already been described. But it was withheld. The only rational solution of the mystery that General Jackson could contrive was this: After it had been drafted and approved, Mr. Madison hesitated to send it. Jackson, without authority except his own sense of duty, invaded Florida, November 3d. He took Pensacola the 7th. He compelled Nicholls and his British garrison to evacuate and blow up Fort Barrancas and retreat to their ships the 8th. Subsequently, Major Blue, with a detachment from Coffee's command, dispersed the battalion of Seminoles and Creek refugees in British pay, who sought shelter in the Everglades. On the 10th he evacuated Pensacola, after destroying Fort St. Michael, the only defence of the approach to the town by land. He then returned to his head-quarters at Mobile, which he reached November 16th. On November 19th he forwarded his report to Washington. The usual courier-time between Mobile and the national Capital was about sixteen to eighteen days. His report must have reached Washington, say, from the 5th to the 7th of December. Then Mr. Madison, with his customary

caution, probably took a couple of weeks or so for "mature deliberation."

Finally, say about December 21st or 22d, when the British plan for invasion of Louisiana became definitely known at Washington, Mr. Madison may have concluded that the time had arrived for a "movement against Pensacola." The ordinary courier-time between Washington and New Orleans via Mobile was twenty days. So, if Mr. Madison dispatched this letter from Washington, say, December 25th or 26th, it would be due in New Orleans January 15th—the day of its actual arrival. That was General Jackson's theory, as related by General Butler. All the evidences, political and personal, external and internal, point to its correctness. It is a strange—almost sinister—commentary upon the conduct of the war of 1812 so far as concerned the War Department and the White House.

Fortunate it was for the destinies of this republic that the name of the man who commanded the Seventh Military District in the closing and crucial days of that war was not Wilkinson, not Winchester, not Hampton, not Armstrong, but Andrew Jackson—a man who never waited for "authorization" when he saw a plain duty of patriotism in front of him; a man who, seeing action needed, dared to act and leave the responsibility to the God of Battles.

We repeat that, in all his strange and stormy life, Andrew Jackson never did a thing so perfectly characteristic as his unauthorized invasion of Spanish Florida. The campaign itself, from the military point of view, was quite simple. The General marched from St. Stephens, November 2d, at the head of about 2,800 men—

700 regulars, 1,800 Tennessee and Mississippi volunteers and 300 Choctaws and scouts—with four guns.

He arrived in front of Fort St. Michael November 6th, and summoned the fort and town to surrender. The demand was refused and the fort opened on his head of column with its artillery. He then repeated the demand, accompanied with an assurance that, as soon as the Spanish governor could show power and will to enforce neutrality as against British intrigue and aggression the authority of Spain would be restored.

"I come not as the enemy of Spain," he said in this second communication; "not to make war, but to ask for peace; to demand security for the rightful interests of my country and that respect at the hands of those professing neutrality to which she is entitled and which I am here to see that she shall receive. . . . I demand, therefore, possession of Fort Barrancas and other fortifications, with all munitions of war in your hands. If delivered peaceably, the whole shall be duly receipted for and may become the subject of future arrangement by our respective governments; while the property, laws and religion of your citizens shall be respected. . . . One hour is given you for deliberation, when your determination must be had."

The summons was again refused. Meantime Governor Manriquez had sent an express to Fort Barrancas, six miles from the town, asking Colonel Nicholls to come to the defence of the town with part of his British garrison. Nicholls declined, evidently preferring to write proclamations in a bomb-proof rather than face the rifles that had so recently won Talladega and the Horseshoe Bend. He also may have had some solicitude

as to the possible result should the fortunes of war lodge him in Jackson's hands, though in this he took counsel of a guilty conscience rather than of a sound judgment. At all events, he left the Spanish governor to his own resources.

Don Manriquez expected that Jackson would attempt to storm Fort St. Michael and attack the town by the main road. This line of approach was defended by barricades. But the General was not so accommodating. He did, indeed, make a feint against the fort and opened on it at long range with his formidable 6-pounders.

Meantime he took his main force—all the regular infantry, part of Coffee's volunteers, Hinds's Mississippians and all the Choctaws—by a long detour to the eastward of the town, which they entered by way of the beach, that had been left undefended. As the advance—a detachment of the Third Infantry—entered the main street, they found it blockaded by a barricade mounting two small guns and defended by some Spanish infantry, who opened fire on the American column as it debouched into the street. Major Laval, commanding the advance, was badly wounded at the first fire. But Captain Butler, then acting as Jackson's chief aide-de-camp, was on the spot and led the regulars in a charge on the barricade, which the Spaniards instantly abandoned—so precipitately that they did not even spike the two guns. Captain Butler turned the guns to sweep the main street, but Coffee's volunteers now began to file in through the side-streets, and masked the fire from the cannon. Jackson himself led the Thirty-ninth Regulars directly against the governor's house from the east side of the town, whereupon the white flag was hoisted

both on the house and Fort St. Michael, and Pensacola surrendered at discretion.

Governor Manriquez offered Jackson his sword and proposed to surrender as a prisoner of war. The General refused to accept either and informed the governor that he did not view him as an enemy of the United States. All he required was that the governor should use his best efforts to allay the fears of the people and assure them that they would suffer no harm in person or in property. He did not even take the Spanish soldiers prisoners of war, though they had fired upon his troops and wounded several of them; all he did was to disarm them and require the governor to provide for their shelter and subsistence.

As soon as the town was pacified, General Jackson made preparations to attack Fort Barrancas, ordering some of the guns in Fort St. Michael to be transported to the point for use against the former. The intrepid Nicholls, however, did not await attack. About three o'clock in the morning of November 8th he evacuated Barrancas, having spiked its guns, set fire to the barracks and laid a train to the magazine, which blew up half an hour later. The garrison—about 400 British soldiers and marines—found refuge aboard their ships.

The capture of Pensacola, the destruction of its defences by sea and land alike, with the expulsion of the British troops and the dispersion of the hostile Indians, made Jackson's task complete. He therefore, during the afternoon of November 9th, restored control of the town to the Spanish governor, and the next day moved his forces to Muscogee, on the Perdido River, about twenty miles northwest from Pensacola. Thence he moved by

easy marches to St. Stephens, a distance of about fifty miles. At this post he left most of his army, and with two regiments of regulars—Third and Thirty-ninth—returned to Mobile, where he arrived November 16th. Coffee moved his mounted volunteers about twenty miles up the Tombigbee to Choctaw Bluff, in search of better forage for his horses. In these positions a fortnight was passed. It is worth while to remark here that when Jackson asked Governor Blount to send him two thousand volunteers in September, he explicitly stipulated that they should be enrolled for six months, that the terms should be read clearly to every company and that each man should be asked if he clearly understood the nature of his engagement.

"I want no more loop-holes for misunderstandings on this point," he wrote to Governor Blount. "I want no more scope left for the ingenuity of camp-lawyers who have already done one poor fellow out of his life." Coffee's volunteers were therefore enrolled to serve six months from the date of the governor's call, September 18, 1814, which would make their discharges due March 18, 1815. There was never any trouble in Coffee's command. They were all real volunteers. Not a militia organization, as such, existed among them. Besides, they were the pick and flower of all the former levies that had been made, from the Natchez expedition to the end of the Creek war. They left Fayetteville, as we have remarked, eighteen hundred strong, and this number represented nearly twenty-eight hundred who offered to go. Of these, Coffee declined the services of nearly a thousand, almost uniformly on the ground that they had families who needed their support. Of the eighteen hundred who

actually went with him more than two-thirds were young and single men. Above all, every one of them was a mounted rifleman, carrying his own rifle and riding his own horse. They represented the best families throughout West Tennessee. Beyond question they were as genteel and as formidable a body of citizen-soldiers as ever assembled.

Of their commander, John Coffee, we have already said about all the vernacular seems to afford. Jackson's own description of him—"A consummate commander; born so; but so modest that he didn't know it"—ought to be place enough in history.

Coffee seems to have had a presentiment that great destinies hung over this expedition. His last act before leaving Fayetteville to join Jackson at Mobile was a letter to his wife, in which he said:

You will remember that when setting out for Natchez nearly two years ago, I bade you farewell, hoping indeed to come back to you, but recognizing the chances of war. I did the same when leaving for the Creek war. But now I do not feel that way. I will not be vain enough to say that I think I bear a charmed life, but I have faith that I shall see you again without serious harm.

Besides all this I feel in my bones, you might say, that greater things are in store than ever before. There is every reason to believe the British will make a great attack on our Gulf coast this coming winter. It may not be altogether a Christian spirit, but really I would like to see some redcoats in front of us just once, if no more. Like all the rest of the boys, I am tired of thrashing redskins. I am sure the redcoats will land in force somewhere on the coast of the Gulf before long. If they do, take my word for it old Tennessee will be heard from as she has never been heard from before. My boys have got

so used to killing Indians that they are almost sorry for them. But they have no pity for the redcoats, who, they declare, are to be held responsible for all the devilment the Indians have done. *Every one of my boys wants to get within fair buck-range of a redcoat!*

The italics are ours.

Coffee, in his plain, homely fashion and in the freedom of a letter to the woman he loved as only such a man can, gave voice to the ferocious spirit that lurked in the bosom of every frontiersman in 1814; a spirit in which, as the sequel soon proved, there would have been a trace of murder if it had not been so purely patriotic.

The fortnight following the return from Pensacola was full of rumors and alarms. Couriers were passing daily between General Jackson at Mobile and Governor Claiborne at New Orleans. The distance, by the route usually travelled, was about 135 miles, and the couriers ordinarily covered it in two days; so that the communication was close and constant.

There has been considerable dispute in history as to both the real source and exact date of authentic information concerning the designs of the British upon New Orleans. Governor Claiborne received from Jean Lafitte, about the middle of November, advices which he considered trustworthy of the assembling of a combined land and naval armament in Jamaica. Lafitte was the head of a band of French smugglers, with rendezvous at Barataria in the swamps of La Fourché, and had been proclaimed an outlaw and a pirate, both by Governor Claiborne in a civic capacity and by General Jackson as military district commander. But Lafitte, whatever may have been the cloudy character of his vocation, was

a Frenchman; and he held toward England all the burning hatred of his race. Hence, despite proclamations of outlawry and rewards set upon his head, he adhered to the American cause and, as the sequel proved, rendered better service than many other Louisianians of his race and of fairer fame.

Governor Claiborne believed him implicitly and, in reward for the information he gave, suspended the operation of the processes that had been taken against him. General Jackson, however, was not so easily convinced. The General would not believe that a man could do wrong with one hand and right with the other. Criminal in one thing, criminal in all things was his grim theory, and it was hard to swerve his judgment. Still he could not deny that Lafitte's circumstantial information to Governor Claiborne coincided with his own suspicions and was corroborated by suggestive evidence he had obtained at Pensacola.

Finally, on November 28th, the privateer Young Wasp came into Mobile Bay, having under convoy a British transport she had taken off the east end of Jamaica, with a cargo of provisions and clothing, bound for Port Royal. The transport had in her crew two impressed American sailors. From them the captain of the privateer learned that the supplies were for a large force assembling at Port Royal; also that the captured transport was one of about sixty sail which had left Plymouth a month or so before, under strong convoy, but which had been dispersed in a gale to the eastward of the Bermudas. The sailors also knew that many of the transports were full of soldiers and that all the forecastle talk was about New Orleans.

This information, meagre and fragmentary as it was, satisfied General Jackson. From that moment the enemy's plans, together with his own to meet them, unfolded before him like a panorama. Within twenty-four hours all his dispositions were made. He ordered the Forty-fourth Regulars and Humphrey's battery to New Orleans, taking up the line of march December 1st. He directed Coffee, with his own mounted rifles and Hinds's Mississippians, to march from Choctaw Bluff to Baton Rouge at once. Then, leaving Winchester in command at Mobile, he himself set out, the last day of November, for New Orleans, where he arrived about noon, December 2, 1814.

A fortnight before this time—in fact, the day after his return from Pensacola—General Jackson had asked for fifteen hundred additional volunteers from Tennessee and twenty-five hundred from Kentucky, to defend the mouths of the Mississippi against a British attack, which he even then believed imminent.

CHAPTER XIV

PREPARING TO DEFEND NEW ORLEANS

THE situation at New Orleans upon the advent of General Jackson, the 2d of December, was far from favorable. The people as a mass were, from the Anglo-Saxon point of view, aliens—or the next thing to it. From the Tennessee or Kentucky point of view, New Orleans was a foreign city and Louisiana a land of strangers. It was only twelve years since the Purchase and less than ten years since the complete establishment of the American system of government. The State had 70,000 people, of whom less than 12,000 were English-speaking Americans, and of the 26,000 inhabitants in New Orleans itself nearly one-half were negroes, mostly slaves, while out of about 14,000 white people more than 10,000 were French Creoles—with a few Spaniards—very few of whom could speak or understand English at all. Socially the conditions were in keeping with the ethnological diversity. The Americans who settled in the city after the Purchase were officials, traders and adventurers. For the most part they were enterprising men and good citizens. They in some degree stirred the native Creoles from their luxurious lethargy, but their influence was not enough to modify materially the social structure in general. There were numerous intermarriages between the stalwart Anglo-Saxons and the languid Creole girls, but the effect of these unions was

quite as often to enervate the blood of the Northman as to infuse iron into the veins of the softer race. Every influence of nature tended to languor and every social art tempted to the *dolce far niente*. In a word, the whole French people in the delta of the Mississippi lived a life and had a being that were the next thing to a perpetual siesta.

Society in New Orleans at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century was a revelation to a young man born on the Northwest frontier during the throes of the struggle for Independence and nurtured to manhood in that more arduous though less sanguinary crusade of the pioneer to conquer the primeval forests. For forty years prior to the Purchase the rule was Spanish. But the people were French, and the manners and customs were those of that joyous and volatile race. Not the least interesting characteristic of society in Louisiana at this period was the fact that it was the only French community which escaped the social and political blight of the Reign of Terror, and for several years it had been a favorite asylum for the gently bred refugees of the old régime to whom their native France held out no prospect but the wicket and the guillotine.

The colony had escaped the ravages of the wars between France and England for control of North America. Its extent was not great. It consisted of the city of New Orleans and a contiguous region of rich plantations, compactly settled; and beyond these confines all was wilderness—north, east and west. Yet within the narrow boundaries of that isolated colony was a population of some sixty to seventy thousand, white and black; and between an agriculture of unparalleled wealth

and a commerce but little disturbed, it had become an oasis of luxury in the midst of savage fastnesses. There was no spot on earth where the politest of civilizations so closely touched elbows with the most primitive of barbarisms as in the Louisiana of the end of the Eighteenth and beginning of the Nineteenth Centuries.

The usual vices of Spanish rule were softened by the tact of the French population. When the North American empire of France was falling to pieces in 1762–'63, it was a clever bit of diplomacy that saved the vast domain of Louisiana from the grasp of England by ceding it to Spain. Between this diplomatic *coup* in 1763 and the genius of Napoleon in 1800–1803, that important part of North America bounded on the east by the Mississippi River and on the west by the Pacific Ocean was saved from the fate of Canada and preserved for the manifest destiny of the United States.

There was indeed a highly developed civilization along the Atlantic seaboard in 1803. The coasts of New England, the valleys of the Hudson and the Delaware and the tide-water and "Piedmont" regions of Virginia, Maryland and the Carolinas were the abodes of culture and ease. But nowhere else on the American continent existed such a dreamland of tropical luxury as French Louisiana was at the end of its century as a colony and the beginning of its destiny as part of the great republic.

This was the sort of community Jackson had to defend and these were the kind of people upon whose resources and whose patriotism he must in great degree depend.

Between the 5th and 10th of December news was re-

ceived from Jamaica which left no doubt as to the force and destination of the British armament. The bearer of the unwelcome but priceless information was again one of those much-abused instruments of early American sea-power, the Yankee privateer. On the 7th of December the private-armed schooner Warren, of New Bedford, Captain William Gardner, arived at Mobile direct from Jamaica. She had looked into Negril Bay November 23d and 24th. There Captain Gardner saw a fleet of thirty-odd men-of-war, five or six of which were ships of the line, more than a dozen frigates and fifteen sloops of war; together with a fleet of fifty-odd transports full of troops and supplies, and all ready to sail.

Upon his second look into Negril Bay, early in the morning of November 24th, Captain Gardner was chased by a frigate and sloop-of-war, who followed him closely all day, with a stiff breeze W.N.W., until he was near the west end of Cuba. After dark the little privateer hauled her wind and beat up across the Gulf to Mobile against baffling head-winds which prolonged her voyage until the 7th of December, as already observed.

The information Captain Gardner brought was before General Jackson the morning of December 9th, having been forwarded from Mobile by couriers who rode night and day. This news satisfied the General beyond question that the British objective was the capture of New Orleans and conquest of Louisiana. He well knew that no such force would be assembled for so comparatively trivial an object as a descent upon Mobile alone. He knew that fifty-odd transports would carry the troops and supplies of an army at least 10,000 to 12,000 strong, and it was clear that England would not employ so large

a force with any other intention than that of overwhelming the American defences of the lower Mississippi and of subsequent permanent occupation.

He also knew that the peace conference had been for some time in session at Ghent, but his inveterate hatred of England and everything English made him distrust the sincerity of their negotiations, and he viewed the proceedings of the peace commission as merely a British device to lull Mr. Madison's administration into a false sense of security, pending decisive operations against our Gulf coast; an impression to which his contempt for the super-caution and dull inertness of the administration itself gave double weight. He did not hesitate to impart his impressions with perfect freedom to Governor Claiborne and Edward Livingston, then chief law-officer, of Louisiana, whom he had already selected to be his military secretary.

"We can expect nothing from Washington, gentlemen," he said. "We must defend ourselves with such resources as we have, re-enforced by such as may within the limited time remaining reach us from Tennessee and Kentucky. But at the worst we must, can and will defend this city and State to the bitter end!"

Grim as was the prospect before him, General Jackson's first "conquest" in New Orleans was of the delicate kind. On the day when he invited Mr. Livingston to be his military secretary, Madame Livingston was giving a dinner to a party of Creole belles. She was herself the acknowledged leader of society in our semi-tropical capital; herself a full-blood French Creole, whom Mr. Livingston had wooed and won soon after

his advent in Louisiana from New York in 1804. Early in the afternoon Mr. Livingston sent a note to his wife informing her that he had accepted a place on the General's staff and that the General had, in turn, accepted an invitation to dinner. Madame was at first dumfounded. The moment her husband arrived at home, which was about half an hour in advance of the guest, Madame Livingston took him to task for precipitating "that wild Indian-fighter from Tennessee upon a dinner-party of young ladies!"

"Wait till you see him, my dear," said Livingston calmly. "He will capture you all at first sight!"

In due time the hero of the Horseshoe Bend and Pensacola appeared at the door, on horseback, attended only by his faithful orderly, "Billy" Phillips—the same previously mentioned as the "President's express-rider" who made the breakneck trip from Washington to Nashville with the news of war in June, 1812.

Mr. Livingston ushered him into the drawing-room and presented him to Madame, who was surrounded by a dozen or more young ladies. We may as well let him tell the rest of the story:

The General appeared in the full-dress uniform of his rank—that of major-general in the regular army. This was a blue frock-coat with buff facings and gold lace, white waistcoat and close-fitting breeches, also of white cloth, with morocco boots reaching above the knees. To my astonishment this uniform was new, spotlessly clean and fitted his tall, slender form perfectly. I had before seen him only in the somewhat worn and careless fatigue uniform he wore on duty at head-quarters. I had to confess to myself that the new and perfectly fitting full-dress uniform made almost another man of him.

I also observed that he had two sets of manners: One for the head-quarters, where he dealt with men and the problems of war; the other for the drawing-room, where he met the gentler sex and was bound by the etiquette of fair society. But he was equally at home in either. When we reached the middle of the room all the ladies rose. I said: "Madame and Mesdemoiselles, I have the honor to present Major-General Jackson of the United States Army."

The General bowed to Madame, and then right and left to the young ladies about her. Madame advanced to meet him, took his hand and then presented him to the young ladies severally, name by name. Unfortunately, of the twelve or more young ladies present—all of whom happened to be French—not more than three could speak English; and as the General understood not a word of French—except, perhaps, *Sacré bleu*—general conversation was restricted.

However, we at once sought the table, where we placed the General between Madame Livingston and Mademoiselle Choutard, an excellent English scholar, and with their assistance as interpreters he kept up a lively all-round chat with the entire company. Of our wines he seemed to fancy most a fine old Madeira and remarked that he had not seen anything like it since Burr's dinner at Philadelphia in 1797 when he [Jackson] was a Senator. I well remembered that occasion, having been then a Member of Congress from New York and one of Burr's guests.

"So you have known Mr. Livingston a very long time," exclaimed Mlle. Choutard.

"Oh, yes, Miss Choutard," he replied, "I had the honor to know Mr. Livingston probably before the world was blessed by your existence!"

This was only one among a perfect fusillade of quick and apt compliments he bestowed with charming impartiality upon Madame Livingston and all her pretty guests. . . .

When the dinner was over he spent half an hour or so with me in my library; and then returned to the drawing-room to take leave of the ladies, as he still had much work before him

at head-quarters that night. During the whole occasion the ladies, who thought of nothing but the impending invasion, wanted to talk about it almost exclusively. But he gently parried the subject. The only thing he said about it that I can remember was to assure Madame that while "possibly British soldiers might get near enough to see the church-spires that pointed to heaven from the sanctuaries of their religion, none should ever get even a glimpse of the inner sanctuaries of their homes." I confess that I myself more than once marvelled at the unstudied elegance of his language and even more at the apparently spontaneous promptings of his gallantry. . . .

Mr. Livingston was not the only man whom Jackson puzzled in this respect. Rough as he might be, he possessed a trait of gentle chivalry which only the society of the softer sex could ever call forth. It was in singular contrast to the sententious autocracy of speech and manner that so often characterized his intercourse with men in public affairs. Mr. Livingston concludes as follows:

When he was gone, the ladies no longer restrained their enthusiasm. "Is this your savage Indian-fighter?" they demanded, in a chorus of their own language. "Is this your rough frontier General? Shame upon you, Mr. Livingston, to deceive us so! He is a veritable *preux chevalier!*" And I must confess that Madame was as voluble in her reproaches as any of the young ladies. I was glad to escape in a few minutes, when I went to join the General at head-quarters, where we were busy until near two A.M. with the preliminary work of the campaign.

When Madame Livingston's youthful guests dispersed that evening they carried to the homes of the élite of Creole society wonderful stories concerning the suavity

and the aplomb of the great American general who was to protect them and their sanctuaries from invasion and rapine. Little as the French of Louisiana might have yet learned to like the Americans as early as 1814, they hated the English with racial animosity; and there can be no doubt that Andrew Jackson did more than all other Americans combined to make the Creoles proud of citizenship in our republic. And he did it no less by captivating their women than by successfully commanding their men.

The "preliminary work of the campaign" was a gigantic task. It involved a thorough survey of all the approaches to New Orleans from the sea, and an inspection of the state or possibilities of their defences; also the organization of the slender forces then available and preparation for the quartering and supply of those expected from the North. And, of equal if not paramount importance, provision for control of the heterogeneous populace of the city itself in a crisis the like of which had never been even dreamed of by its careless and pleasure-loving denizens.

In the afternoon of December 5th a fleet of about eighty sail were in sight from the west end of Santa Rosa Island, at the entrance to Pensacola harbor or bay. They appeared wind-bound by a westerly gale and lay to for nearly forty-eight hours. The wind then hauled to the northward and they made sail to the westward. They doubtless made a good offing, as they were not seen when passing the mouth of Mobile bay. But news of their presence off Pensacola found its way to Commodore Patterson, commanding the small naval

force at New Orleans. The letter containing this information was anonymous and came by the hands of a friendly Choctaw, who did not know the man from whom he received it, and whom he described as "dark-complexioned, having a long mustache and speaking like a Frenchman."

The commodore believed that the sender of the news was one of Lafitte's men, temporarily at Pensacola on a smuggling trip, but the mystery was never solved.* Both Commodore Patterson and General Jackson considered the intelligence trustworthy, and Lieutenant Ap Catesby Jones, commanding the gun-boat flotilla on Lake Borgne, was ordered to run out through the Grand Pass and reconnoitre to the eastward and southward.

About noon, December 9th, Lieutenant McKiever, then off Dauphine Island with two gun-boats, sighted two ships, a frigate and a sloop-of-war beating up toward the Pass with the evident intention of entering the lake. The gun-boats, by their light draught of water, were able to regain the lake through inside passages and thus avoided the fire of the two ships.

From this time until December 14th the British force between Cat Island and the entrance to Lake Borgne was rapidly re-enforced, until all the men-of-war and most of the transports had arrived without loss or serious damage. Early in the morning of the 14th, a flotilla

* Commodore Patterson always thought that his anonymous "intelligence officer" at Pensacola was Dominique You, Lafitte's second in command at Barataria. The letter was in French and well written, though not in You's handwriting. It was afterward ascertained that Dominique was down the coast at the time; of course on a smuggling expedition, and Pensacola bay was one of his favorite cruising-grounds. Be this as it may, You was at New Orleans again in time to command one of Jackson's batteries on the line of the Canal Rodriguez in the great battle of January 8.

made up of the fleet's boats, forty-eight in number, carrying about 1,000 to 1,100 sailors and marines, and the launches of the larger ships mounting six-pounders and nine-pounders, attacked Lieutenant Jones's little squadron of five gun-boats and two small tenders in the passage between the mainland and Malheureux Island.

Though hopelessly outnumbered—the total force on board the gun-boats being less than two hundred men—Jones and his sailors defended them to the last with the unflinching resolution and desperate bravery that have been the commonest characteristics of the American navy from Paul Jones's day to this. The American loss was over a hundred, about half of whom were taken prisoners. That of the British was, in the only statement we have been able to find, merged in the losses of the campaign as a whole. But it has been estimated by reliable naval historians at nearly, if not quite, two hundred and fifty.

The destruction of the gun-boats left no obstacle to the landing of the British troops. They made, however, very slow progress. They destroyed the gun-boats and obtained command of Lake Borgne December 14th. They could have begun to land troops the next day. But they did not even attempt to reconnoitre the American position until the 18th and 19th. During those days Captain Spencer, commanding the Carron frigate, and Lieutenant Peddie, of the Royal Engineers, landed at the mouth of Bayou Bienvenue disguised as Spanish fishermen, and made their way to the banks of the Mississippi, a distance of about eight miles. They found the intervening region mostly impassable swamp, with but one practicable route from the lake to the river—

the Bienvenue road, which reached the firm ground skirting the river at the Villeré plantation, two miles below Chalmette.

Meantime another reconnaissance, commanded by Brigade-Major Whitaker, of Sir John Keane's brigade, had landed at Chef Menteur, on the north shore of Lake Borgne, and examined the approaches to New Orleans by the Pontchartrain road. After careful examination of the two approaches, General Keane decided to use the Bienvenue road for his main line of advance, merely occupying Chef Menteur and throwing out a strong picket-line on the Pontchartrain route. Two considerations influenced the British general in this choice: First, the distance from lake to river by the Bienvenue road is little more than half of that by the road from Chef Menteur; second, it was the better highway of the two and had not been so badly obstructed by felling trees across it as the more northerly route had been.

Unquestionably this choice of routes had an important and, maybe, decisive effect upon the fortunes of the campaign. General Jackson expected the British to advance on New Orleans from Chef Menteur. That was the reason why he had taken pains to blockade more effectually the road leading from that point. He knew, of course, that it was much the longer route from Lake Borgne to the river. But, once passed, it would bring the British army within four miles of the city on its north and least-defensible side. He also knew that even after reaching the river by the Bienvenue road, the British army would still be six or seven miles below the city, and that, in advancing against it they would have to pass the narrow plain of Chalmette, which, being

flanked by the great river on the right and an impassable cypress-swamp on the left, amounted in effect to a defile. These strategical facts were evidently not known, or were imperfectly grasped, by General Keane.

It was, therefore, with lively satisfaction that General Jackson, in the early morning of December 22d, learned that the British main force was landing at Bienvenue, and advancing toward Villeré's plantation. This was the route of approach he himself would have selected for them, if his hostile advice had been asked. He dreaded the approach by the Pontchartrain route.

At this point it becomes necessary to survey the relative strength of the opposing forces as they stood at daylight, December 23d. For data as to the available British force we must, of course, rely on their own authorities. Unfortunately—though, perhaps, naturally—British military literature on the subject of the campaign against New Orleans is exceedingly meagre. They have written books enough about Waterloo to fill a good-sized library. But their contributions to the history of New Orleans could be printed in one quite modest volume.

The most circumstantial accounts extant from British sources are a small work entitled, The British Campaigns in the Chesapeake and at New Orleans, over the signature "A Subaltern," published at London, 1836; the Narrative of Captain Costello, Ninety-fifth Rifles, a pamphlet, 1826; the Narrative of Captain J. Nelson Cooke, Eighty-fifth Regiment; a paper by Mr. E. N. Burroughs, a civil official or agent of the quartermaster's department, in the *British Military Journal,* 1818,

and The History of the Ninety-third (Sutherland) Highlanders, Regimental Records of the British Army. To the foregoing should also be added a paper by Malcolm Mitchell Forbes, in reply to criticisms of Colonel Dupin, of the French army, 1836.

To avoid prolixity and also to reconcile a few minor points upon which these several accounts exhibit some confusion, we shall present a general abstract compiled from all:

The land forces under Major-General Sir John Keane, available on shore the morning of December 23d, were as follows: *

Regiment.	Effective Strength.
Fourth (King's Own) Foot	916
Twenty-first (Royal Scots) Fusiliers	857
Forty-fourth (Essex) Foot	814
Eighty-fifth (Bucks) Light Infantry	797
Ninety-third (Sutherland) Highlanders	1,033
Ninety-fifth Rifles, 3d Battalion	717
Second West India (Negro) Foot	980
Fifth West India (Negro) Foot	941
Total Infantry	7,055

To these were added four troops of the Fourteenth (Duchess of York's Own) Light Dragoons, 256 of all ranks; two six-gun field batteries (9-pounders), 12 guns and 296 men; one Congreve rocket battery, eight tubes, 119 men; Company No. 11, Royal Engineers, 64; naval battalion (marines from the fleet), 600. Grand total, 8,390.

For the small force of cavalry only twelve horses per troop had been brought in the transports, and the field

* These troops, except the Ninety-third Highlanders and two West India (negro) regiments, had participated in the Chesapeake campaign, and the pillage and burning of our national Capital.

batteries had only two draught-horses to the gun or caisson; the expectation being that plenty of suitable horses could be obtained in the region invaded. No horses being found at or near the landing-place and the Bienvenue road being heavy with mud on account of the prevailing rains, only four of the twelve field-guns could be hauled along the line of march with the infantry. Land transport was also very deficient. During the first ten days of the campaign most of the supplies were carried from the landing-place to Villeré's by negroes impressed for that purpose. The Bayou Bienvenue would have been navigable by ship's boats nearly all the way at an ordinary stage of water. General Keane supposed it was so now, and that theory had been a principal argument for the adoption of that route of approach. But, owing to the exceedingly low stage of water in the main river, from which the bayou was fed, the latter was nearly dry at this time and boats could not navigate it for any considerable distance from the lake, a fact which seems to have escaped the attention of Captain Spencer and Lieutenant Peddie.

Here it may be remarked that every possible vicissitude of nature seemed to be unfavorable to the British designs in this campaign. First, the fleet had to beat against head-winds all the way from Negril Bay, Jamaica, to the Chandeleur Islands, whereby their arrival in full force at our shores—which ought to have been accomplished by December 2d or 3d—was delayed to December 13th and 14th. Second, General Keane was led by the ferocity of Ap Catesby Jones's resistance with his five little gun-boats and by extravagant exaggeration of General Jackson's force, to observe a caution wholly

unnecessary, whereby at least a week more was lost. For these reasons he did not reach the position on the bank of the Mississippi until the morning of December 23d, which a bolder commander—for example, Jackson himself—would unquestionably have attained by the 16th or 17th.

This delay was priceless to Jackson, for it enabled Coffee, with his own and Hinds's mounted riflemen, seven hundred strong, to reach New Orleans from Baton Rouge; and it also gave him time to fortify the line of the old Canal Rodriguez at the point where Chalmette Plain, between the river and the impassable swamp, is narrowest.

To meet the eight thousand British veterans of Sir John Keane, General Jackson had disposable on the morning of December 23d, the following force:

Regular Light Artillery (with four 62-pounders)	62	
Seventh U. S. Infantry	460	
Forty-fourth U. S. Infantry	335	
U. S. Marines (detachment)	66	
Total Regulars		923
Planché's Battalion, Louisiana Militia	289	
Daquin's Battery, Louisiana (Colored)	212	
Jugeat's Company of Choctaws	52	
		553
Coffee's Tennessee Mounted Rifles	625	
Hinds's Mississippi Mounted Rifles	118	
Beale's New Orleans City Rifles	68	
		811
Grand total		2,287 *

* This summary differs slightly from that of Major Latour, Jackson's chief of engineers, as published in 1816. The major makes a total of 2,131. General Eaton, who was also on Jackson's staff at New Orleans, gives the

By December 23d General Jackson had gained thorough control of the heterogeneous and in some degree discordant elements of the population. A week before —December 16th—he had placed the city of New Orleans and its environs under strict martial law, by a proclamation so terse and so plain that not even the most obtuse or obdurate citizen could mistake its meaning.

In order that there might be not even the smallest loop-hole left for misunderstanding or misconstruction, he directed his military secretary, Edward Livingston, to draw up for promulgation along with the decree of martial law a legal definition of his own status in the premises. The principles of law involved were dictated by General Jackson; the text was written by Mr. Livingston:

The Major-General Commanding assumes every responsibility that may attach to this proceeding. Martial law can only be justified by the necessity of the case. The Major-General proclaims it at his own risk and upon his sole responsibility not alone to the Government, but to individuals. It is a measure unknown to the Constitution and laws of the United States. The effect of its proclamation is to abrogate for the time being the authority of civil law; to bring all persons resident in the district comprised by it within the purview of martial law; so that all those in that district capable of defending the country are subject to such law by virtue of the proclamation, and

force as 2,167, in his work published in 1824. The figures offered above are based upon the report of Colonel Hayne, inspector-general of Jackson's army, which we have not seen in print. The discrepancy is slight, anyhow —only 156 as between maximum and minimum. The principal variation is in the number of Jugeat's Choctaws, which Major Latour places at 18 and Colonel Hayne at 52.

may be tried by its provisions and methods during its continuance.*

This analysis of the law, accompanying as it did the proclamation itself, left no doubt in any mind that whatever General Jackson might do would be done with eyes wide open and in perfect readiness for any consequences that might ensue. It had the effect of re-enforcing his signature to the proclamation of martial law with a public glimpse of the character behind the hand that held the pen. It was enough. Martial law was obeyed.

Upon his arrival at New Orleans, December 2d, General Jackson had been disappointed and chagrined to the point of exasperation at the feeble response made by the militia of Louisiana to the call of duty—in that most sacred obligation of manhood, the defence of homes and of helpless households. The quota allotted to Louisiana under the call of 1814 for 90,000 volunteers was 1,960. Governor Claiborne had exhausted his power to

*Singularly, Mr. Parton (Vol II, p. 59) quotes part of the above as "the opinion of the New Orleans Bar" and intimates that "it caused General Jackson to hesitate." The source of Mr. Parton's impression is past finding out. The truth is, it was Jackson's own opinion, promulgated along with the proclamation itself in order to inform the public, beyond cavil, that the General knew exactly what he was doing and the responsibilities it entailed. It is almost provoking to see history so blandly perverted. Mr. Parton ought to have known—at any rate his studies of the situation and of Jackson were exhaustive enough to inform him—that "the Major-General commanding" cared about as much—or as little—for "the opinion of the New Orleans Bar" in that crisis as he did a month or so later about the judicial opinion of a United States district judge—which was nothing at all. Mr. Parton is not alone among Jackson's biographers in his failure to comprehend that rare and wonderful trait which enabled him to be autocrat where weaker men would have sought advice, dictation where more cautious men would have shrunk from the terrible risk, and thereby conqueror where men of common clay would have retreated according to rule or surrendered "with the honors of war."

fill it. The legislature had voted supplies. But the men were not forthcoming. The call had been in force since July—five months. But, instead of 1,960, the force actually placed at Jackson's disposal by Louisiana for the defence of her own soil was only 569, and of even that beggarly number 212 were free negroes, largely refugees from San Domingo!

Enthusiasm was by no means lacking. Almost every day brass bands paraded the streets, playing the Marseillaise, Ça Ira, and other patriotic French airs. But the able-bodied men stayed at home. Moreover, since the downfall of Napoleon and the restoration of Louis XVIII, a marked change had come over the attitude of a considerable number of French residents in Louisiana toward the United States. We have remarked on a previous page that many *emigrés* of the *ancien régime,* fleeing from the guillotine of the Terror, had sought refuge in that region when it was still a colony of Spain and years before the Purchase. These were almost without exception people of gentle birth. Many of them owned rich plantations or had goodly remnants of fortune in other forms, and they were all men and women of the highest social status and influence. As a class they detested Napoleon—"the Usurper," as they called him—almost as bitterly as they hated the memory of Robespierre, and had almost as little sympathy with the Empire as with *La Montagne.* So long as the Empire held sway, these ancient aristocrats were content to find shelter under a pseudo-American citizenship. But the moment they heard that the house of Bourbon was restored they flocked to the office of the French consul to proclaim anew their allegiance to the French crown

and claim protection of its government. The Creoles did not renounce their American citizenship or claim Bourbon protection; but, though they were the element that furnished what "bone and sinew" did come to the front, they, too, failed to respond in anything like a generous proportion to their total numbers.

General Jackson did not hesitate to express his disgust in emphatic language to Governor Claiborne, Mayor Girod of the city, and other representative officials. It should be observed that one of the most loyal and efficient supporters the American cause and General Jackson had in this crisis was the Most Reverend Abbé Dubourg, vicar-general and acting-bishop of the Catholic Church in Louisiana. He unremittingly counselled implicit obedience to the regulations of martial law, and exhorted his people to rise *en masse* in defence of their altars and their homes. The General and the abbé became close personal friends, and in after years the victor of Chalmette never tired of extolling the virtues of the "good and gallant Father Dubourg," as he always called him.

The powers of martial law enabled Jackson to remedy in a slight degree the remissness of the State government and the people. He impressed quite a number of able-bodied men of the highest position in society and in business pursuits and compelled them to serve in the ranks. Among these was a picturesque character named Vincent Nolte, then the principal cotton-merchant of the city and resident partner in the great London house of Alexander Baring and Company. Nolte was a native of Hamburg, and in his career as a merchant managed to see more of the world than any other half-dozen men

of his time. Many years afterward he published The Reminiscences of a Merchant, in which he gave, attractively, his experiences in Hamburg, Genoa, Leghorn, Paris, London, New York, Philadelphia, New Orleans, and other commercial marts during the momentous period between 1790 and 1816. Not less than one-fourth of his book is devoted to New Orleans, Jackson, and the campaign of 1815. He was not among those impressed. On the contrary, he "volunteered," as he himself naïvely says—"When I saw that I *would* be impressed if I didn't."

Nolte tells many good stories about Jackson; also some about himself. He says: "From the moment I saw and talked with General Jackson, I felt no doubt of the final result. He said to me: 'Mr. Nolte, you have great interests here. I am glad to see such men voluntarily offering to defend their interests. I wish I could give you a better place than carrying a musket in the ranks.'

"I replied: 'General Jackson, that is all I can do. I have no military training or knowledge. I only know how to shoot!'

"This seemed to please him greatly. He said: 'I suppose I have taken some of your cotton along with the rest. We will settle for it as two business men when this trouble is over. Meantime, let us take a glass of whiskey for good luck.'

"I was at his head-quarters on a matter of personal business when this occurred, was wearing my uniform and had my musket with me—a new one I had bought. When I accepted the General's invitation to drink, I wondered what European martinets would think of a com-

mander-in-chief who took social drinks with his private soldiers." *

About four P.M. on December 23d, General Keane deployed a heavy skirmish-line of the Ninety-fifth Rifles in front of the Villeré mansion and advanced some distance toward the Rodriguez Canal, where Jackson's motley force was just beginning to concentrate.

"Where are the redcoats?" inquired one of Coffee's Tennesseeans. "Those fellows have on green jackets." General Coffee explained to him that they were the British riflemen, the sharp-shooters of their army, and that the red coats were worn by the infantry of the line.

"Oh, I see," said the hunter.

In half an hour the Eighty-fifth Light Infantry deployed by companies in support of the rifles. Then another regiment of infantry and yet another. They all halted.

"It looks as if they intended to bivouac there for the night, sleeping on their arms, in readiness for an attack at daylight in the morning," suggested a member of Jackson's staff.

"No," replied the General, "they will not bivouac there. We shall make them fight there, and to-night."

"In an incredibly short time," says Nolte, "these words of the General were being repeated through our

*Nolte's behavior throughout the campaign was such as to attract the notice of General Jackson, who after the battle of December 23d made him sergeant-major of his company, and gave him a magnificent certificate of good conduct when he was mustered out. But all this did not prevent a robust difference of opinion as to the value of cotton when they came to a settlement "as two business men, after the trouble was over"—which will receive attention later on.

ranks. Everyone knew that the time was at hand. The General was impatient to get at close quarters with the redcoats. He intended to fight, and that at once. There was no computation of relative strength and not much idea of plan or tactics. Jackson had bent all the strength of his will on a single point. That was, to meet and drive off the redcoats. Most of the men—except perhaps those big buckskin riflemen from Tennessee and Mississippi—would have preferred to fight by daylight. But they were all so swayed by the contagion of Jackson's spirit that they were ready to fight anyhow."

"It was marvellous," pursues Nolte, "to witness the *morale* and *élan* of our men, raw militia as they were. Not forty men in Planché's battalion had ever seen a gun fired in anger—unless, maybe, in a duel. But now, inspired by Jackson's words, and still more by his majestic mien as he rode slowly to and fro among us, not one man seemed to remember that the soldiers out in front of us were the same who had overrun Spain and carried the lion-flag of England triumphant through France to Bordeaux! 'Wellington's veterans' they were, indeed, but our untried militia seemed to have forgotten it under the spell of the wonderful Jackson!

"My own situation was, perhaps, unique. By birth a North German; by commercial connection, English; by residence only and in business capacity, an American. Yet here I was, musket in hand, arrayed in a battalion almost exclusively French—traditional enemies alike of my German breed and of my English business partners—to fight against the best soldiers of England! It was a strange attitude, possible only in America, by virtue of

martial law and under Andrew Jackson. Yet I cannot say that I was dissatisfied with the situation or that I would have escaped from it if I could. I felt highly flattered when the General, happening to ride near me, said, 'How are you, Mr. Nolte? Glad to see you!' "

CHAPTER XV

NIGHT ATTACK ON THE BRITISH

JACKSON'S staff-officer, Major Henry Latour, chief-engineer, was right. The British commander had placed his troops in position for attack at daylight and intended to bivouac there for the night. Nothing was further from Sir John Keane's mind than the suspicion that Jackson would attack him after dark. No officer trained in the regular schools of European military science could entertain such a suspicion. No officer not trained in the school of the frontier could conceive such a movement. That was a species of tactics supposed to belong exclusively to Indian chiefs. They had a habit of attacking in the dark. But from Sir John Keane's point of view, it was a barbarous custom.

By six o'clock the intention of the British to bivouac in their position was made perfectly clear by the fact that they were building camp-fires all along their main line. The evening was extremely cool and the air raw and penetrating for that latitude. Considerable fog hung over the river. The left flank of the British formation was some distance—say three hundred yards—from the levee; its right flank about five hundred yards from the edge of the swamp and slightly "refused"; that is to say, bent backward at an angle of about forty-five degrees to the main line, in readiness to meet a possible attack

from the direction of the swamp. The bivouac occupied the upper end of the Villeré plantation, which was the highest and driest ground between river and swamp at that point.

General Jackson's force was outside and in front of his main line of defence—the old Rodriguez Canal—and about half-way between it and the British bivouac. General Keane was, of course, aware of his adversary's presence and position and had a fair idea of his strength. But Keane considered the force in his immediate front as being merely the advance column of the main American army, the bulk of which he believed to be still masked behind the canal. He had not the slightest idea of the real fact, which was that the troops in his front and in plain sight constituted Jackson's entire disposable force. The wild exaggerations of the American strength dinned into his ears since the moment of landing at Bienvenue had sunk deep into Keane's mind, and their effect could not be removed. He fully believed that the two thousand or so which were visible in his front were backed by at least four times that number massed behind the canal; for his estimate of Jackson's whole force was at least ten thousand strong, including the troops who, he supposed, must have been left in the city and on the road thence to Chalmette. His own effective strength —three regiments of line infantry and one battalion of rifles, with four guns—was about thirty-six hundred, and he had three more regiments of infantry (one colored) and four guns within supporting distance, ready to join him by daylight. In other words, Keane had 3,600 men in position immediately fronting the Americans and as many more within two hours' march or,

say, 7,000 total, available for the attack he intended to deliver in the early morning of December 24th.

Jackson, as we have already shown, had a total force of 2,200 in round numbers, with no reserve or support whatever.

A little before six P.M., General Jackson sent Edward Livingston on board the schooner Carolina with instructions to Commodore Patterson to drop down the river abreast of the British bivouac and open an enfilading fire on their lines as soon as it should be quite dark. The General accompanied Mr. Livingston to the levee, saw him in the boat and then sat his horse on the top of the levee until he saw, dimly through the mist and gloom, the Carolina getting under way. Then he rode back to his little army. His instructions were simple. His force was divided into two wings. The right wing, which he would lead in person, consisted of the Seventh and Forty-fourth Regulars and the marines, supported by Planché's battalion of Louisiana militia, and was to move close to the levee, get between the river and the left flank of the British, wheel to the left and attack in line. His left wing, under General Coffee, made up of the Tennessee riflemen (dismounted), Beale's New Orleans City Rifles and Hinds's Mississippians, was to get between the right of the British bivouac and the swamp, then wheel half-right and close in from that side toward the river. Jugeat's Choctaws were to skirmish on Coffee's extreme left. Daquin's colored battalion was to guard the gap between the two wings and protect or support the two 6-pounders posted in the centre. The opening broadside of the Carolina was to be the signal of readiness. After firing seven broadsides as rapidly as she

could, the Carolina was to cease and send up three rockets—one red, one white and one blue—at intervals of thirty seconds. This was to be the signal for a general advance and attack by both wings. Of course, the Carolina could not fire over the levee while Jackson was attacking with his right wing, because his troops would get between the schooner and the enemy.

The Carolina, though a small schooner, was heavily armed; destined only for service in the river, where she would not have to carry supplies or water for a cruise and where she could not encounter any dangerous seaway, all her buoyancy was available for armament; and she literally—as Ap Catesby Jones said of her—"carried a cargo of cannon." She was a two-masted schooner, with a square topsail on the foremast, and before the war had been used as a revenue vessel off the passes of the Mississippi. For that service she had carried a battery of eight 6-pounders in broadside and one long 12-pounder on a pivot forward. But now they had loaded her down with ten 6-pounders in broadside and two long twelves on pivots, one forward and the other aft. Her broadside, therefore, consisted of seven guns—two 12-pounders and five sixes. Her crew was eighty-nine, all hands, exclusive of the commodore and a flag-lieutenant or aide.

There was no wind and not much current, so they had to resort to "sweeps" to gain the desired position. When at last the commodore thought he was near enough he let go his anchor and veered away cable until his broadside was at right angles to the British line of bivouac fires. As the schooner swung stern down-stream she brought her starboard broadside to bear. The near-

est point in the British bivouac line was, as we have observed, about two hundred yards from the levee. The Carolina was not more than three hundred yards from it out in the river. The range was therefore point-blank —or would have been but for the fact that the exceedingly low stage of water in the river made a slight elevation of the guns necessary to clear the top of the levee. This, of course, had to be compensated for by reducing the powder-charges.

The most marvellous thing about this whole affair is that the British should have allowed an armed vessel to take up a position abreast of their camp and in point-blank range without any apparent suspicion that she meant mischief. It has never been explained. All the British official reports are utterly silent on the subject.

Major Latour, in his Narrative (1816), says: "The Carolina took up her position without molestation and apparently without attracting the serious attention of the enemy. To most of them her broadside was the first intimation of her presence, and to all of them it was the first announcement of her purpose."

There is some historical discrepancy as to the effect of her fire. Of course only the British could know what it was. But their authorities disagree greatly. General Keane, in his official report, says that "only one man fell at her first broadside." "The Subaltern" (a young officer said to be a nephew of Sir Rowland—afterward Lord—Hill) says: "Numbers were swept down by the fire from this unexpected foe." Captain Costello says: "Suddenly the river was lighted up by flashes and a storm of six-pound shot and grape swept over the levee, killing and wounding many of our men about their

smouldering camp-fires or even wrapped in their blankets on the ground."

Be this as it may, the first broadside from the little schooner filled the British camp with consternation. The long roll sounded everywhere, the troops fell in pell-mell, and in a few minutes General Keane's force was under arms. Expresses were sent hot-foot to the Ninety-third Highlanders, the Twenty-first Fusiliers and the Second West India Regiment back on the Bienvenue road, to come up at the double. The Carolina fired the seven broadsides in about half an hour, her men working their guns very deliberately. Then up went the red, white and blue rockets.

And then, all along the American line were heard the words, "Forward! Steady! Keep touch! Forward!" Jackson in person led the handful of marines as a vanguard down the wagon-road that ran close under the levee. The two regiments of regular infantry followed in column to the left of the road. When they had got far enough down on the British flank the General faced them left and charged, using the line of flickering camp-fires as a guide.

A few minutes later Coffee executed a similar manœuvre against the British right flank, driving it back upon the centre in great confusion and capturing the commanding officer of the Ninety-fifth Rifles — Major Mitchell—with about fifty of his men. Hinds got across the ditch separating Villeré's plantation from La Ronde's and charged the centre of the British bivouac with his squadron, mounted. Planché, with his Creole battalion, pressed also upon the British centre and broke the line of the Forty-fourth Regiment of foot, already shaken

by Jackson's attack in flank. Our own Forty-fourth Infantry was attacking the flank of the British Forty-fourth when the Creoles struck the latter in front. As the British Forty-fourth gave way, the Creoles advanced to the right and soon encountered our own regiment of the same numerical designation. Unable to distinguish them in the dark, Captain de la Roche, commanding the right company of the Creoles, called out:

"Who are you?"

"The Forty-fourth!"

Knowing that to be the number of the British regiment they had just driven back, the Creoles answered this information with a volley that killed two and wounded several more of our own men. "This cruel mistake," says Vincent Nolte, "was quickly rectified. Being on the extreme right of our company, and therefore nearest to the supposed enemy, I could see by the flashes of the muskets, dark as it was, that their coats were blue and I called out, while our men were reloading, 'Don't fire; they are our own Forty-fourth!' I considered this the chief honor it was my lot to gain in the whole campaign, and it was the report of my captain concerning my presence of mind that called the favorable attention of the commander-in-chief to me after the battle."

Speaking of the conduct of the men generally, Nolte says: "Though mere raw militia, our men kept their ranks well and loaded and fired with perfect deliberation, never failing to take aim at the flashes of the enemy's muskets. There was not one case of trepidation in the whole battalion, much less an attempt to skulk or run away. Captain Roche, of our company, had a younger

brother, who was a sergeant. The latter received a wound from the fire of the British Forty-fourth. Seeing this, the Captain said: 'Frank, if you were not my brother, I should order you to the rear!' To which François rejoined: 'And if you were not my brother, I would go to the rear, order or no order! *Noblesse oblige,* you know!' Pretty good spirit that, in a night-battle."

The time was now near ten o'clock. On Jackson's end of the battle all had gone well and—with a few little hitches here and there of no consequence—according to plan. But on Coffee's end there had been some lapses. There were adequate reasons for this discrepancy. First, the English on Jackson's end were those nearest the river and they had been worse shaken up and confused by the Carolina's fire than those on the right next to the swamp, where Coffee was operating. Second, Coffee had a much wider space of ground to cover, he was opposed by the British Rifles and the Eighty-fifth Light Infantry, troops whose tactics and whose experience in the Peninsula better adapted them to the style of fighting they had to do in this kind of mêlée; and, above all, Coffee himself had committed the tactical error of "wheeling in" too soon, or before he got fairly on the British flank. Attempting to rectify this by extending his own line to the left, Coffee attenuated his formation to an extent that necessarily rendered it more dangerous in a night-battle than might have been the case in day-time. One result was that gaps were opened in his line through which the enterprising riflemen of the British Ninety-fifth promptly made their way, the result in one instance being the capture of about half of Beale's

New Orleans City Rifle company—Captain Beale himself escaping only by shooting one British rifleman with his pistol and knocking another down with the butt of it, and receiving in the mêlée two severe wounds.

The whole result was, on Coffee's part of the field, that both sides fell into confusion, and as neither the English nor the Tennesseeans would give ground, the battle there in its later stages resolved itself into a multitude of mêlées and personal encounters in which the bayonets of the British light infantry and the hatchets and hunting-knives of the Tennesseeans were more in evidence than powder and lead.

But before eleven o'clock the British gave ground at all points and retreated toward the Villeré mansion. Jackson, intent on gathering up his scattered forces and getting them in hand again, made no attempt at pursuit. About midnight the enemy's re-enforcements arrived; they faced about and threw out a heavy skirmish-line toward their old position, which the Americans now occupied. This brought on sharp skirmishing between Coffee's riflemen, who were in our advance, and the enemy's re-enforcements, but no further general engagement was brought on.

By three o'clock all the wounded on the American side, together with such of the wounded English as were left on the ground, had been gathered up and sent to the rear. Two deserters—Irishmen from the Ninety-fifth Rifles—came in. They told the General that the whole force then landed had come up, including the Ninety-third Highlanders, and that Keane's force was at least seven thousand strong. Their information corroborated other data he already had. He was unwilling to risk

his slender force against such odds in daytime and without defences. Above all, he wished to keep up the impression that he had a much larger force available, and he knew that a battle by daylight, in the open, could not fail to dispel that delusion. He therefore, about an hour before daylight, the 24th, silently withdrew from the field and occupied the line of the Canal Rodriguez, which formed the base of defensive operations for the rest of the campaign.

Both sides claimed the victory. General Jackson based his claim on the fact that his forces, though outnumbered in the proportion of at least two to one in the actual fighting, had driven the British from their lines with much greater loss than the Americans suffered. The English general based his claim upon the fact that Jackson's army retreated to its lines of defence before daylight the morning after the battle. All the British officers who published accounts of the affair joined General Keane in the claim of victory.

"The Subaltern," whose view was roseate throughout his Narrative, says:

> The night was far spent and the sound of firing had begun to wax faint when, checking the ardor of our brave fellows we collected them once more together and fell back to the village. [By "the village" he must mean the negro quarters of the Lacoste plantation. There was no other collection of buildings in that vicinity.—AUTHOR.]
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> Here, likewise, considerable numbers from other detachments assembled and from them we learned that the Americans were repulsed on every side. The combat had been long and obstinately contested; it began at eight o'clock in the evening and continued till three in the morning—but the victory was ours.

Captain J. Nelson Cooke, of the Forty-third Light Infantry, who wrote a narrative of the whole campaign that is remarkable throughout for a soldierly spirit of candor and fairness and singularly free from gush or even enthusiasm, says:

On the whole we had the best of it, though at a cost disproportionate to the advantage gained. The Americans fought well, but their lack of discipline was often apparent. It was a common remark on our side that if their skill were on a par with their courage and persistency our task would be hard indeed. But it was apparent that, even in a night-battle, where their experience in Indian fighting gave them a decided advantage, they were no match for our veteran troops in the open; and it was clear that had the same manœuvres been attempted by daylight they must have quickly come to grief. But General Jackson's prudent abandonment of the field and hasty retreat to his fortified line before daybreak could give us the opportunity to move effectively against him seems argument enough to decide the question of victory. That subsequent events under different conditions made it a barren one was no fault of the officers and men who gained the night-battle of December 23.*

This is a temperate view, calculated to inspire respect for its author, no matter what we may think of his conclusions.

Captain Costello says, more tersely: "The Americans

* Captain Cooke's regiment, the Forty-third (Monmouthshire) Light Infantry, was not engaged in this battle. He writes of it, therefore, in a general way and in a vein of historical survey, based upon many individual accounts by officers and men who were present. Whether he would have written about it as calmly had he been in the battle—as "The Subaltern" and Captain Costello were—may be a matter for reserved judgment. But he wrote with equal dispassion concerning other actions in which he and his regiment were actively and destructively involved.

somewhat precipitately abandoned the field and left us in quiet possession, but only after giving us ample cause to remember that they had been there! It was, from the most favorable point of view, a victory more glorious than profitable. It did not in the end hurt the fortunes of the Americans or help ours."

The Duke of Wellington's right-hand man, Sir Rowland Hill, after careful study of the reports and personal talks with many officers who had been in the action, gave the opinion that: "In this, as in all other operations of that campaign, the excessive caution caused by systematic exaggeration of the American force and resources wasted the strength of the British army in depressing delays. And finally, when the Americans had been given time to get their last man and last gun in position, the climax was capped by a desperate assault which ought to have been made at least twelve days sooner than it was; an assault which might have been successful December 26th, but which was hopeless January 8th."

This is the calmest analysis of the tactical strategical history of the Louisiana campaign that we have seen. But it must be remembered that the "systematic exaggeration" that General Hill complains of was a prime element of Jackson's generalship.

From the American side, it may be freely admitted that General Jackson did not accomplish all he anticipated in his unique night-battle. He expected nothing less than to drive Keane's army in confusion away from the Mississippi River and back upon the road to Lake Borgne. He believed that the British would go to pieces in a night-battle; or, at all events, he did not think they would face such an attack with the steadiness they

actually displayed. He did not intend, in any event, to follow them very far, and would have fallen back to his main line of defence the next day anyhow. But that he expected to inflict more damage upon them than he actually did may be considered beyond question.

From another point of view, however, the battle of December 23d was a real victory for the Americans and an actual defeat for the British. It served not only to keep up, but to intensify, the delusion of the British generals as to the numbers and resources of the American army. They could not believe that any general with only 2,200 men at his back, with no reserves or supports whatever and with no hope of re-enforcement for days to come, would venture such an attack in the open field against a force which he knew to be so superior in numbers to his own. In that opinion they were perfectly justified by every then received rule of civilized warfare. No general but Jackson would have thought of such an attempt. The failure of the British generals lay in their incapacity to fathom *him!* As Nolte says, with unstudied eloquence: "The General wanted to *fight.* There was no computation of relative force!"

No; and there was not the slightest deference to any so-called "rule." Jackson belonged to that class of commanders, rare in the world's history, who make rules of their own and act by the impulses of self-will alone, with no regard for the experience or the teachings of others gone before. In a word, the British generals whom Jackson defeated or destroyed in that campaign, one after the other—now Keane and then Pakenham—were after all only pupils. He alone was a master.

The losses of the British in this battle have been dif-

ferently stated. General Keane, in his report, says "fifty-eight killed and one hundred and forty wounded." He mentions no prisoners, either wounded or unhurt. Our official reports show that thirty-two prisoners were taken without injury and fifty-eight wounded. If to the 198 admitted in Keane's report we add the ninety wounded and unwounded prisoners, the sum will be 288. "The Subaltern," in his Reminiscences, says "over two hundred and fifty." Captains Cooke and Costello say, in exactly the same phrase, "nearly three hundred." Two hundred and eighty-eight is doubtless the approximately correct number, because it is obtained by grouping the official figures from both sides. It is worthy of remark that General Keane's official report just quoted was the one he made immediately after the battle. He was badly wounded on the 8th of January, and did not recover for nearly a year. In 1816 he made a revised report, in which he stated the British losses, December 23d, as 46 killed on the field, 22 died of wounds soon after, 145 wounded and 64 prisoners and deserters; a total of 277.

The American loss was officially reported as 24 killed, 115 wounded and 74 missing. In the latter were included sixty-five prisoners taken by the British. The other nine probably deserted. Seven of those captured were badly wounded and died in the hands of the enemy.

As we have said, General Jackson retreated to the line of the Canal Rodriguez. Operations to improve it as a fortified position had been commenced before the battle of December 23d. Gangs of slaves, impressed under martial law from the city and from neighboring plantations, were already at work deepening and widening the

grass-grown old ditch and piling the earth so removed up into an embankment or breastwork behind it. But on December 24th and thereafter the volume and diligence of this work were multiplied many fold. For six days the British did not offer to molest the busy workmen or impede in any way the operations destined to destroy them. Though their commander-in-chief, Sir Edward Pakenham, arrived Christmas Day bringing with him re-enforcements of 3,000 or more of veteran troops, he did nothing but reorganize his army and improve his land-transport, from the base at Bienvenue to the field, for six days. He did not even trouble himself to make a reconnaissance in force to see what General Jackson was doing.

Captain R. N. Hill, who was acting chief of the British artillery in that campaign, published in 1826 a narrative of the operations of his branch of the service there, from which may be gathered an intimation as to the cause of General Pakenham's delay. Captain Hill says:

> The General, as soon as he had observed the position of the Americans during December 26th, the day after his arrival, decided to first thoroughly shake up the enemy's fortified line by a cannonade and then assault with the whole infantry force. The Admiral, Sir Alexander Cochrane, believed an immediate assault should be made and is reported to have declared that he could force the American line with 2,500 blue-jackets and marines landed from the fleet. The General, however, steadily pursued his own plan. . . .
>
> My station was at the landing-place on Lake Borgne. The guns and their carriages were brought ashore separately in ships' boats and were then assembled and mounted for transport by land to the position of the Army. . . . Parties of infan-

try were landing all the time, and were sent forward immediately. Among the officers I encountered many old acquaintances who were anxious in their inquiries of what had already occurred; and some expressed fears that they might be too late to see a shot fired, because, before they could get up to their commands, they imagined New Orleans must be in possession of the British. These apprehensions I easily quieted by telling them what I knew of the night-battle, December 23d, and giving them my honest conviction that we should find more difficulty in the conquest than we had anticipated; if from no other cause than the distance we were from our base of supplies and the obstacles existing to the transport of men and supplies from the fleet to the position of the army. . . .

Our lack of transport-animals hampered all our efforts. It at once became apparent that our plan of relying on the invaded country for horses or oxen or mules was visionary, because all belonging to the plantations within our zone of occupation had been driven off inside the enemy's fortified lines of defence as soon as our presence in Lake Borgne became known.

Under these circumstances the transport of heavy guns and their ammunition over the Bienvenue road became exceedingly slow and toilsome. In some cases the guns and tumbrils were hauled by the soldiers, manning long drag-ropes. The road itself was very bad; passing most of the way through dense cypress-swamps, soft and miry everywhere, and frequently "corduroyed"—as the Americans called it—in places where the swamp would otherwise be impassable. These obstacles made a week's work of what, under proper prevision, ought to have been done in twenty-four or at most thirty-six hours. The bearing of these facts upon the fate of the campaign proved decisive.

During the period embraced in Captain Hill's survey —the last week in December—General Jackson's preparations were pushed night and day. The old Canal Rodriguez became a broad, deep moat. On its northern

bank rose a parapet, in most places four feet and nowhere less than three feet high on its inner face. On the outer face the scarp, including the depth of the canal as cleaned out and enlarged, was everywhere at least seven feet, and in many places eight feet, high.

The earth to be dealt with was the soft but heavy alluvium of the Mississippi delta, without stones or other impediment to rapid shovelling. But it was moist and could only be retained in an embankment by riveting with logs or "mattressing" with branches of trees. For this use the cypress forest that bounded the narrow plain on the left flank afforded exhaustless supplies. The mode of constructing the earthwork was to make "cribs" of small logs, cobhouse fashion, and fill them in with the heavy, damp earth from the old ditch, well packed and rammed in place. The width of the parapet on top was usually about four feet—in some places six feet. The length of the lines from river to swamp was eighteen hundred yards, including a short distance into the swamp itself, or as far as it might be penetrable by troops in a dry time—which there meant when the river was low. At high water the whole swamp and much of the adjacent plain would be flooded.

At the extreme right—or river end—of the lines was built an advanced redoubt, one side of which was the levee itself. This redoubt was calculated to sweep with artillery fire the wagon-road which ran along under the outer bank of the levee. The road was straight for three-fourths of a mile and could be completely commanded for that distance by artillery properly mounted in the redoubt.

Mr. Parton, Judge Walker and other recent historians

convey the impression that "each company of the troops built the work in its immediate front, and each took particular pride in its own 'castle,' as the men called it," etc.

The source of this impression is not clear. As a matter of fact, nearly all the actual work of shovelling, log-cutting, hauling and building the rampart generally was done by negro slaves impressed for that purpose. At the height of the operations nearly 2,000 negroes were employed—a force nearly equal to the number of troops then present for duty. About all the soldiers did toward throwing up the lines was to stand guard over the working parties of slaves, whose patriotic zeal, as may be imagined, was—to say the least—not dampened when they surveyed the bayonets of the regulars or the long rifles of the volunteers pacing up and down before them.

Ever and anon could be seen the tall, slender form of the commander-in-chief toiling painfully along the lines on foot, supporting himself upon a stout cane, wearing a rusty old fatigue uniform and watching every indication of progress with the eye of a hawk; stopping a moment here and there to chat with the soldiers and always leaving in their ears the ring of some robust aphorism or epigram which none of them ever forgot to his latest day. Of these events innumerable anecdotes used to be related in the cabins of Tennessee and Kentucky "long after the last invader's foot had ceased to pollute our soil."

As a sample of all we may relate one:

Captain John Donelson, Jr., a nephew of Mrs. Jackson and brother-in-law of General Coffee, commanded one of the latter's companies of mounted rifle-

men. His company was posted on the left of the line, near the swamp. General Jackson came to that part of the line one day and, seeing Captain Donelson, said:

"Hello, Jack! Have you any news from home?"

"No, General, I haven't had a letter since we left Choctaw Bluff."

"Mercy on us! what can the girls up there be thinking about?" [Donelson was a very handsome young fellow and a great "society man" at home.]

"Oh, well, General, I meant I hadn't received any letters containing news. Bill Carroll [meaning General Carroll] did bring me a couple of letters when he got here day before yesterday, but they were from ——."

"Oh, I see!" said Jackson with gravity. "Ladies don't write news under such circumstances—when they're in love, I mean! Why, I've heard from your aunt several times since I got here, but she didn't mention a thing outside the family."

The General then looked around for a while and finally remarked: "I see you have the extreme left of the line. That is a post of honor here."

"No, General; Jugeat and his d——d Choctaws are still to the left of me."

"Don't say 'd——d Choctaws,' Jack; they are good fellows, and Jugeat, as you know, is a trump. But where are they? I don't see them."

"Oh, they're away out in the swamp, basking on logs, like so many alligators!"

The gifted artists who have "illustrated" that campaign invariably depict Jackson, in the full-dress uniform of a major-general, cavorting about on a thorough-bred charger. But the historical truth is that the General was

averse to equestrianism at that particular time. He was suffering acutely from the effects of chronic dysentery, and found walking less trying than riding. His volunteers, most of whom were personally well acquainted with him, knew of this fact and joked among themselves about it when their chief appeared on foot. We have often thought that if General Pakenham and his fated soldiers could have seen the reckless *sang-froid* and heard the devil-may-care jollity of those rough frontiersmen who were patiently waiting for them to come on, the question of mere numbers would have lost significance in their minds.

The troops in the Chalmette lines were very imperfectly sheltered from the weather. None had tents except the regulars, and even they were not half supplied. A cold, drizzling rain prevailed much of the time, the ground was damp everywhere, and the "gum blankets" of our later soldiering were unknown then. But there was one consolation; they had enough to eat. New Orleans was full of food: flour, corn-meal and meat, barred from export by the blockade but still pouring in from up the river, and there was no danger of famine. Transportation between the city and the lines was adequate, because Jackson, by virtue of his martial law, impressed for the public service every horse or mule or wagon that could be used, and supplies of food or material for clothing were obtained in the same summary fashion.

During this period the General was nervously apprehensive for the security of the post he had established at Chef Menteur, already described as the landing-place on the north side of Lake Borgne, from which the Pont-

chartrain road might be seized by the enemy. The unaccountable delay in his front at Chalmette led him to suspect that the British commander, after experiencing the difficulties of the Bienvenue route, might make a show of force in his front to detain him in the fortified lines, and then steal a march on the city by way of Chef Menteur and the Pontchartrain route in his left rear.

These apprehensions led him to double the garrison placed at Chef Menteur under Major Lacoste, to send his engineer-in-chief, Major Latour, over there to improve the defences, and to hold Carroll's whole command of Tennesseeans, nearly a thousand strong, who arrived December 25th, 26th and 27th—straggling along in flat-boats all the way from Natchez—in cantonments north of the city ready at a moment's notice for movement to support Lacoste at Chef Menteur.

Commenting on this phase of the situation at the time, Jackson said to Mr. Livingston and others:

"My fear that the enemy may do this is based on the fact that it is what I would do myself if I were in his place!"

His fears proved groundless. The British made no attempt—not even a demonstration—by way of Chef Menteur.

History, as commonly received, seems to have established the cotton-bale as the *pièce de résistance* in the immortal drama of Chalmette. At the outset of building the line on the Canal Rodriguez, Jackson ransacked New Orleans and vicinity for cannon that could be mounted for service. The result was a motley collection of ancient French guns, antique Spanish pieces and a

few American naval cannon intended for the armament of gun-boats.

When finally assembled, this wonderful train of artillery consisted of one iron 32-pounder carronade, three long iron 24-pounders, one Spanish long brass 18-pounder and one American navy long iron 18-pounder, three French brass 12-pounders, six brass 6-pounders of the American light artillery pattern and one 10-inch mortar—which was not at first used; in all, fifteen guns of five different calibres and half a dozen types. When this nondescript artillery museum * was mounted in the lines the need of embrasures and flanking traverses became apparent. There was no time for the tedious operation of making gabions. Jackson and Latour were surveying the situation together. An idea struck the General.

"How would cotton-bales answer the purpose of gabions, Major?"

"I do not know, General. The experiment has never been tried, I believe. At any rate, the books on field-works do not mention it."

"Never mind the books, Major; we'll make a book of our own. There are plenty of cotton-bales."

* The supply of ammunition for such a medley of guns was a more formidable problem than the finding of the cannon themselves. For the 32-pounder no round shot could be obtained and it had to use grape and "langridge" altogether. For the long 24-pounders and 18-pounders but a few round shot could be found and these were mostly exhausted in the artillery duel of January 1; so thereafter they had to use mostly grape. For the smaller calibres there was better supply. The 10-inch mortar could not be used at first for want of time-fuses for the shells and because no one knew the art of loading and priming that kind of projectile. However, in the decisive battle of all, Jackson's "artillery" made more noise than havoc. The long rifles did the work.

"Very well, sir. You furnish the cotton-bales and I will see that they are properly placed."

Said and done. In a few hours wagon-loads of cotton-bales began to appear along the line. Major Latour and his "working-force" were soon busy making embrasures and traverses of them for the batteries. But two men who were there have told the story better than we can tell it. They were our old friend, Vincent Nolte, and one of Adair's Kentucky volunteers, Ogilvy by name.*

We have already explained that Nolte was the principal buyer and shipper of cotton then in New Orleans. He says:

The use of cotton-bales as an adjunct of field fortification was a failure. Jackson adopted that plan because he was anxious to lose no time. He knew that in the city he could procure plenty of baled cotton for seven or eight cents a pound, the market then being at a standstill on account of the blockade and lack of freights. But it would take a day or two to bring it from the city. He was informed that not far from camp, just in rear of his position, lay a bark in the stream laden with cotton for Havana. The name of this vessel was the Pallas. . . . Her cargo consisted of 245 bales which I had shipped just before the invasion, and sixty-odd bales belonging to Señor Fernando Alzar, a Spanish cotton merchant of New Orleans.

The first I knew of the seizure was when the bales began to arrive at camp and were ordered to be placed on the redoubt

* John Richard Ogilvy was a student at Transylvania College when the Tippecanoe campaign of 1811 began. He enlisted in Jo Daviess's command, and afterward served through Harrison's campaigns in the Northwest. When the call to New Orleans came, he joined Adair's command. After the war he became a Presbyterian clergyman. In 1828 he wrote a pamphlet entitled Kentucky at New Orleans.

and the shipping-marks on them struck my attention. They were my own property. Adjutant Livingston, who was my usual legal counsel in New Orleans, that same evening inspected Battery No. 3, where the men were placing some of my own bales. And I, too, was in charge of the working party!

Somewhat vexed at the idea of the General taking the best sort of cotton, worth ten or eleven cents a pound, out of a ship already loaded and on the point of sailing, when a lower grade and not loaded on board ship could be had for seven or eight cents a pound, I said as much to Mr. Livingston. He, who was never at a loss for repartee, said, laughing: "Well, Nolte, old fellow, if this is your cotton, I don't know of anyone better able to defend it!"

This incident gave rise to the story afterward widely told, that Jackson, when a merchant complained to him of the seizure of his cotton, ordered a sergeant to place a rifle in the gentleman's hands with the remark—"No one can defend those cotton-bales better than their owner can. I hope you will stand by them!"

But the cotton-bales, in lieu of earth-filled gabions, did not meet the General's expectations. At their first exposure to cannonade (January 1st) the balls from the British batteries knocked them about in all directions. Some were set on fire by the wads of our own guns or the blasts of flame from their muzzles and fell in the ditch outside, where they smouldered with much smoke and most annoying stench. After that bombardment all the bales were taken away from the works and thrown in the rear, where they were broken open by the men to make beds on the ground, and all was ruined.

Mr. Livingston mentioned our little conversation to the General, who assured him he "would see to it after the thing was over that his client—as he called me—suffered no loss." But I did, nevertheless, as will presently appear.

The Rev. Mr. Ogilvy's comments were as follows:

A great deal has been said about the defensive qualities of cotton-bales since the battle of New Orleans. An attempt had

indeed been made to use them, but it proved a failure, and by the time we got there [The Kentuckians under Adair did not begin to arrive until nightfall, January 4.—AUTHOR.] all had been taken off the works and thrown in the rear, where the men broke them open and used the layers of which they were composed for mattresses. They were by no means a failure for that purpose, as I know from experience, having curled up many a night with one of them between my body and the wet ground and nothing between my sleeping form and heaven except a well-worn old blanket, which, if it had possessed ears, might have heard the yells of Tecumseh's savages three years before at Tippecanoe.

But the joke was not all upon our side. Our British friends made an equally amusing blunder. They tried to use hogsheads of sugar for a similar purpose, of which they found abundance on the lower river plantations. In the bombardment our cannon-balls knocked many of these hogsheads open and then the constant drizzling rain dissolved their contents, making where they lay soft, sticky and sweet mud-holes.

It may be positively asserted that cotton-bales cut no figure in the defence of our soil in the great battle of January 8th.

Hard work and sleeping on the wet ground were not the only privations. No one was allowed to leave the lines; not even those who lived in the city, only an hour's ride away. Says Nolte:

On December 29, the lines were finished and I wanted to go to the city, only for a few hours, on important personal business. The suddenness of my departure as a volunteer had compelled me to leave "all standing" at my counting-house and warehouse. I went to the General's head-quarters at the Macarté house to ask for a pass. He was always as accessible to soldiers as to officers. He said: "Nolte, you know that passes are not given now. We may be attacked any minute—and I know you would not like to be absent from the battle!" I

bowed an acknowledgment of the sly compliment.* "But wait a minute," he pursued. "I want to send a message to the mayor, who has charge of the hospitals. You can take it to him. Get a horse from one of my orderlies and go." He then handed me a dispatch in English, which Mayor Girod did not understand very well. "You can translate it into French for the mayor if he so desires," the General said. "But get back here as quick as you can."

I bowed again and went my way, having found a most obliging young orderly belonging to Major Hinds's command, who lent me his excellent horse. It was seven miles to the mayor's house. I delivered the dispatch, received the answer, transacted my own business and was back in camp before eight P.M. Need I say that I brought to the obliging young orderly the finest bottle of cognac my vault afforded?

On December 28th General Pakenham had so nearly completed his preparations that he deemed it proper to make a reconnaissance and also to open with artillery on the American works. But the reconnaissance was to be pushed "only so far as could be done without bringing on a general engagement" and the artillery-fire was intended only to provoke a return from the works with a view to develop the power and positions of the American guns.

This movement was carried out according to pro-

*Nolte was a man who prided himself on his reputation for courage. During his residence in New Orleans—a period of fourteen years—he attained no little celebrity as a duellist. Only a short time before the British invasion he had met a prominent banker, with pistols at ten paces, dangerously wounding his antagonist and receiving a wound in his own left arm which, aggravated by a fall off his riding-horse, partially stiffened his elbow for life. "It would have exempted me from military duty," he said, "if I had pleaded it. But I was unwilling to plead a wound received on the field of honor as a disability when dealing with a general like Jackson who 'had killed his man.'"

gramme except on the extreme left of the American line near the swamp, where a detachment of Carroll's Tennessee riflemen, just arrived at New Orleans, went outside the breastwork. There they came upon a small force of the British rifles concealed in the edge of the swamp, and a smart skirmish ensued, in which the commander of the detachment, Captain Henderson, and five of his men were killed and eight wounded. The Tennesseeans, however, were quickly re-enforced by Jugeat's Choctaws and the British rifles were also supported by two companies of the Eighty-fifth. The skirmish lasted less than half an hour. The American force engaged was 200 Tennesseeans and fifty or sixty Choctaws. The number of British was never accurately stated, but could hardly have been much over 300. Their loss was one officer and thirteen men killed and twenty-seven wounded. More than half the British casualties are said to have been inflicted by the Choctaws, who came unexpectedly out of the swamp on their right rear and delivered a most destructive fire at short rifle-range without themselves breaking cover at all. Captain Costello says that "in the thick cypress forest and under the long Spanish moss not an Indian could be seen, and the sole evidences our troops had of their presence were the flashes of their rifles and the deadly effect of their aim. But that was enough."

After this affair the British returned to their former position and the quiet that had previously marked the situation was resumed on both sides. The British general, however, had learned a good deal. He had found out the positions of the American batteries and their strength. General Gibbs, leading the extreme right of

the reconnaissance, had formed the opinion that Jackson's lines were weakest on their extreme left next to the swamp, and he advised an assault in force on that point at daybreak the next morning. But General Pakenham had other designs.

By December 29th Jackson's naval force had been put out of action by the destruction of the Carolina and the serious crippling of her consort, the Louisiana, in a contest with the heavy British battery on the levee. The surviving sailors of the Carolina were called on shore, where they were assigned to duty as artillerymen. Thirty-six Baratarian smugglers, who had been imprisoned in old Fort St. John awaiting trial, were released and, under Lafitte's lieutenant, Dominique You, were assigned to work the two long 24-pounders mounted in Battery No. 3—which, it is hardly necessary to say, they subsequently did with spirit and effect. Most of this band were men who had at one time or another served in the French navy, and they were trained artillerists.

The last three days of the month and year passed without special incident. General Jackson devoted the interim partly to strengthening the left of his line. General Pakenham held a council of war on December 30th. At this council the army was represented by Generals Pakenham, Gibbs and Keane; the navy by Admirals Cochrane and Malcolm. No details of this council seem to be extant. It lasted all the afternoon, and the conclusion reached after a long—and, it has been said, bitter—debate, was that the American works should be cannonaded the next day until their guns were silenced. Then they were to be approached by regular siege oper-

ations and, when a practicable breach should be made, carried by assault. This policy was favored by Keane and Malcolm and opposed by Gibbs, who argued for an immediate and direct *coup de main.*

In a little memoir of Sir Samuel Gibbs, printed some time after his death, is a statement that he asked in the council:

"How are you going to make regular approaches in this ground where you can't dig more than two feet without making a well of water? How can parallels and zigzags be pushed in such soil?"

To this the reply was that the operations could be conducted by sap-rolling, using hogsheads filled with raw cotton for the saps. Gibbs left the council in despair, and from that moment predicted nothing but disaster. "Oh, for half a day of the Old Duke!" he afterward exclaimed in the presence of Captain Cooke, who recorded it in his Narrative.

During this interim of three days—December 29th, 30th and 31st—General Jackson took measures for defence of the right bank of the river, opposite his main line on the left bank. As we have already remarked, the persistent delay of his adversary puzzled him. He could not comprehend why a commander of such repute as Pakenham—a general who had held the place of chief of staff to Wellington himself—should halt and lie perfectly supine with an army of 12,000 British veterans at his back, unless he meant to mask some movement against his (Jackson's) exposed flanks. His former apprehension of a movement by way of Chef Menteur was now pretty much dispelled, because the utmost vigilance of the Choctaw scouts around the north and west

shores of Lake Borgne had failed to detect the slightest sign of activity in that quarter.

He then transferred the scene of suspicion to the right bank of the river. He saw that it was perfectly feasible for the British general to establish himself in force on that bank, where he could, if unopposed, throw up batteries abreast of the Chalmette lines that would enfilade them or take them in reverse. The river was not more than a mile wide at that point; a rather long range, but one that could be covered by guns of 12-pound calibre and upward. In this as in all other situations, Jackson reasoned from his own point of view: "That is what I would do if I were in his place" was an argument always conclusive to his mind. Deciding, therefore, to forestall any possible or probable designs of his leisurely antagonist in that direction, Jackson sent Major Latour across the river during the night of December 28th to fortify a line on the right bank a little in advance of his own line on the left bank prolonged. Latour had a working force of negroes sent over from the city at daylight the 29th. Some writers place the number of this force at 400, others as low as 150. The major himself says "about three hundred."

In three or four days a line three-quarters of a mile long was thrown up, an old brick-kiln just in front of it was turned into a fort, and a battery built on the levee, in which Commodore Patterson mounted four navy 18-pounders and two long 24's. These lines were garrisoned by a regiment of Louisiana militia that had just arrived from Baton Rouge and the sailors of the armed ship Louisiana. At the same time the General fortified a second line on the left bank, about two miles in rear of

his main works, to be used as a rallying-place in desperate emergency. This line utilized the old Canal Perine, on the Dupré plantation. When that was done he began a third work, a mile and a half behind the Dupré line, on the Montreuil plantation, but this was never finished.

We observe that no matter how dignified may have been the deliberations of General Pakenham, General Jackson was never idle, by night or by day. During this period there was no movement by either army; but the outposts or pickets on the plain and in the edge of the swamp between the two lines kept up a species of warfare that lacked but little of the character of murder. In this Jugeat's Choctaws naturally excelled, one of them, a half-breed named Poindexter,* being authentically credited with the killing of five British pickets in

* Ogilvy says of him: "Poindexter was the object of great interest when he came up into the main camp after the great battle. He was a slender, wiry fellow, a little above medium height, nearly white, and, unlike the other Choctaws, wore his hair cut quite short, and dressed like a white hunter. His features were youthful and he did not look to be over twenty years old. He was the son of a trader whose name he bore and his mother was said to be the daughter of a chief. Young as he was, he had been through the Creek war and in the expedition to Pensacola. His visit to the main camp was for the purpose of selling two rifles he had taken from British riflemen whom he killed on picket-post, with some other small articles of plunder. When asked what he had done with their scalps he replied most seriously in perfect English: 'Captain Jugeat tells us General Jackson has forbid scalping,' as if that was the only reason why he refrained.

"The British rifles he had for sale were different from ours. They were short—only thirty inches in the barrel—with round barrels quite thick and heavy and they carried a ball 22 to the pound or three-quarters of an ounce. One of our fellows, looking them over, remarked that 'it would be mighty hard luck to be killed with a blunderbuss like that!' Some of the officers bought Poindexter's trophies, giving him among other things a small flask of whiskey and he went back to the swamp rejoicing—no doubt intent on resuming his pleasant pastime of still-hunting for British pickets."

three nights. "The Subaltern" says that "not less than fifty British soldiers were killed and many more severely wounded by this method of assassination."

Another event occurred during this period which may be passed over at this point with simple mention, description of it in detail belonging more properly to the civic part of the campaign. It was a movement on the part of a faction in the legislature of Louisiana to open communication with the British general on their own hook, with the purpose of capitulating and surrendering the city, irrespective of General Jackson and his army. It did not trouble Jackson as it might have troubled other men in his situation. The only immediate notice he took of the plot was to close the legislature for twenty-four hours, pending an investigation by Governor Claiborne. Inquiry revealed some foundation for the report that a plot existed, but neither the General nor the governor considered it sufficiently definite or formidable for further attention, and the legislature was allowed to resume its wholly sinecure functions. That there was disaffection in the Louisiana legislature verging close upon treason cannot be doubted. But its extent and importance were exaggerated by Colonel De Clouet, who was Jackson's informant.

As soon as it was fairly dark December 31st, a force of about 4,000 British troops moved silently out of their camps on the Villeré and Lacoste plantations, advanced to a point generally about half a mile from Jackson's lines and diligently began the planting of batteries. As they could not dig without encountering water within two feet or so of the surface, the defences or "epaule-

ments" for these batteries were mostly made of hogsheads, some filled with earth and others with sugar, which the soldiers, with almost incredible toil, rolled into position over the damp and spongy ground, covered with cane-stubble and ridged with the planting-rows. "The Subaltern" says: "It was computed that sugar to the value of many thousand pounds sterling was thus disposed of. But it did not meet our expectations. The hogsheads filled with sugar proved to be of little or no value as defences against cannon-shot."

Notwithstanding the stealth of the British, they made noise enough to arouse the suspicions of our outposts, who reported that operations of some kind were going on in their front, but they could not ascertain just what. Jackson believed they were establishing an advanced line to be used as a base for an assault the next day, and he had his whole force in position by three A.M.

New Year's Day, 1815, broke on the scene of conflict with an impenetrable fog that shut out all objects from view a hundred feet away. A little after ten o'clock A.M. the fog suddenly lifted, disclosing to the Americans a compact line of British artillery, partially protected as already described, fully manned and ready to open within from one-third to one-half mile from the breastwork. One of the British batteries—that nearest the levee—was within four hundred yards of the American redoubt. The British had twenty-two guns and six rocket-tubes in position. At this moment the American troops, except the relief on duty in the lines, were drawn up between the breastwork and the Macarté mansion for Sunday morning inspection. In the American lines there were only eleven really effective guns as compared with

those of the British. These were one 32-pounder, three long 24's, two long 18's and four long 12's, with the 10-inch mortar which had at last been made available by Jules Lefebre, a veteran marine artillerist of the French service, who knew how to load shells and make fuses for them. He worked the mortar, but the range was pretty long for it. The American 6-pounders were of little or no use.

The twenty-two guns of the British were eight 9-pounders belonging to the two field-batteries they had, ten long 12-pounders of their siege-train, and four 24-pounder howitzers mounted on the levee. The range of these howitzers was of course short. They had been mounted on the levee mainly for the purpose of throwing red-hot shot at the American ships Carolina and Louisiana.

On the right bank of the river Commodore Patterson had a battery of four navy long 18-pounders, which with some elevation could reach the British howitzer battery on the levee.

"General Pakenham's artillery opened in salvos on the American lines at 10.40 A.M." says Captain Hill, who was their acting chief of artillery. He continues as follows:

The Americans did not at once reply, but remained silent ten or twelve minutes. Then they opened in good earnest and, as soon became apparent along our line, with startling effect. For the first half-hour the weight of execution was undoubtedly in our favor. But the American defences—a heavy, solid earthwork—soon proved far superior to our flimsy protection, improvised from hogsheads of sugar or filled with loose dirt. These were soon knocked to pieces. Then our gun-carriages and ammunition-chests began to suffer. Moreover, our calibres

were only 12- and 9-pounders, while the enemy had 18's, 24's and 32's, as was to be seen from the calibres of their shot that reached us. From this mode of observation it soon appeared that their smallest guns were equal to our largest—that is, 12-pounders.

Our men, both those working the guns and the infantry lying down just in the rear, suffered heavily. By half-past eleven, or after the enemy's fire had been maintained about forty minutes, five of our guns were dismounted completely, so that they had to be left on the field, and eight more were so disabled in their carriages that they could not be pointed any more. This left us with only nine serviceable guns and of these but one was a 12-pounder. Either by accident or design or because fate was against us, the enemy's gunners bestowed most of their attention upon our heaviest and best guns. The five hopelessly disabled were all 12-pounders, and of the eight temporarily put out of action four were also of that calibre. Meantime we could not see that we had silenced so much as one of their guns; and their fire grew more and more accurate with every discharge. The battery of theirs that did us by far the most injury was the third one from their right which brought it about opposite to the centre of our formation. This battery mounted 24-pounders, which were fired alternately with great deliberation and with unvarying effect.*

The five 12-pounders hopelessly disabled fell into General Jackson's hands. True, they were useless, but the fact enabled the enemy to claim that the British army did not get off without losing some of its artillery. This was a very rough experience for me personally and the two devoted young officers who were my immediate aids or assistants—MacPherson and Phipps. Between getting the guns and ammunition up from the landing-place, placing them in position and then directing the cannonade itself, we never closed an eye for three days and nights and our food during all that time was a small ration of salt beef, a few ship-biscuits and a little rum.

* This was the American Battery No. 3, two long 24-pounders, manned by the Baratarian smugglers and commanded by Dominique You.

The soldiers fared equally hard. When all other supplies failed they would eat the sugar from the hogsheads, and it always made them sick. It must not be imagined that this was such sugar as one sees upon the table in English homes—white, crystalline loaf—but a thick, sticky mass of black stuff, full of grit and little splinters of cane; having a sickish flavor and leaving a bad taste in the mouth, besides producing nausea or diarrhœa if taken in any quantity.

After some further details of the cannonade and its incidents, Captain Hill mentions that "the howitzers mounted on the levee were soon silenced and two of them crippled by the fire of the American 24-pounder * battery on the other side of the river. The howitzers could not throw their shot across the river anyhow, so that the American Commodore (Patterson) who commanded that battery and his sailors who served it could knock the poor howitzers about at their leisure and in perfect security!" Captain Hill goes on:

A little after noon General Pakenham, seeing that our position was not tenable, and that any attempt at further holding out would merely expose our men and guns to further destruction, gave the order to withdraw, and the whole force fell back to its camp. We brought off seventeen of our twenty-two guns, and of these eight were in need of extensive repairs before being fit for action again.

The losses of men serving the guns were thirty-one killed and thirty-nine wounded; the great disproportion of killed to wounded being due to the fact that all the hits were by round-shot or heavy grape—no small arms being used on either side.

The reader of Captain Hill's straightforward, soldierly narrative, free as it is from gush and replete as it is

* This is one of Captain Hill's few errors. Commodore Patterson's guns were 18-pounders.

with valuable historic fact, will be pleased to learn that, notwithstanding that he fought on the losing side, his industry, zeal and bravery on this occasion earned for him a majority and not long afterward the rank of lieutenant-colonel. It was no fault of his that the artillery duel of that New Year's Day resulted in defeat for the arms he so gallantly served, and in victory for those he so manfully strove to subdue. It is a pleasure to meet such characters in history.

But Captain Hill was not alone in confessing defeat in that New Year's interchange of iron gifts. Even "The Subaltern," with all his indefatigable optimism, felt moved in the spirit of Jeremiah to observe:

It was a sad day for men who, a year before, had marched through France from the Pyrenees to the sea. . . . Once more we were obliged to retire, leaving our heavy guns to their fate. . . . We retired, not only baffled and disappointed, but in some degree disheartened and discontented. We knew that with small arms the Americans were foemen worthy of our steel, but we did not expect them—mostly militia as they were—to get the best of an artillery combat, pure and simple. The heavier calibre of their guns, of course, told in their favor, but candor compels the admission that the accuracy of their practice, both for range and pointing, was unexpected.

All our plans had proved abortive. Even this artillery attack, upon which so much reliance had been placed, was found to be of no avail; and it must be confessed that something like murmuring began to be heard through the camp. And in truth, if ever an army might be permitted to murmur it was ours!

In their attempts on the enemy's line they had been twice foiled. In artillery they perceived themselves to be overmatched so greatly that their own could hardly assist them. . . . With such experience the army almost as one man settled down to the conclusion that nothing short of a grand

assault at any cost of life could extricate us from our difficulties.

Early in the cannonade the British got a range on the Macarté mansion with their 12-pounders. Knowing—or naturally supposing—it to be General Jackson's headquarters, they pounded it heavily, hitting the structure about seventy times. The General was not there, having gone out to the lines. But one of his staff, Major Langford Butler, was knocked down by a heavy splinter which a 12-pound shot sent flying out of the cornice on the portico.

The artillery, however, did not have all the battle to themselves. In the height of the cannonade, Colonel Rennie led a small force of rifles and light infantry against the extreme left of the American lines, keeping as close to the edge of the swamp as they could. They soon roused the Choctaws from their cover, and the latter opened a sharp fire on their flank. General Coffee took three companies—Donelson's, Garland's and Davidson's—from the left of his line and went to the support of the Indians. The British retreated without much further contest, losing about a dozen men. There was no loss on the American side. General Coffee's horse was slightly wounded on the top of his neck and the butt of Captain Donelson's fine rifle was shattered by a bullet * while he was in the act of loading.

After January 1st the British commander resumed his policy of inaction. General Jackson could not understand it, and his suspicions that his antagonist meditated

* In the frontier companies of that day the company officers, captains, lieutenants and ensigns, carried rifles the same as the men.

deep-laid ulterior designs took a wide range. Among other things he thought the British army might be holding him in his lines while the powerful fleet should attack and take Mobile. He even suspected that they might be sending a force around the north side of Lake Pontchartrain to assail New Orleans in the rear. But with all the vigilance of his scouts, which was sleepless, he could get no tidings of such enterprises. These things, however, worried him so that he could not sleep more than an hour at a time, and this, with the constant distress of his malady, wore upon him severely.

"Still," says Edward Livingston, "with all his worries and his ills he was cheerful and often, when something happened to evoke his sense of humor, indulged in his peculiar dry wit. On the 3d of January an express reached him from Baton Rouge saying that the flat-boat fleet from Kentucky was just beginning to arrive there and that a great many of the militia were unarmed. 'I don't believe it,' he exclaimed. 'I have never seen a Kentuckian without a gun and a pack of cards and a bottle of whiskey in my life!' The report, however, proved true, as the General found out to his infinite chagrin in a day or two."

The Kentucky contingent began to arrive at New Orleans the 4th of January and continued to arrive, according to the "sailing-rate" of their flat-boats, until the 7th. They numbered about 2,400—General Adair says there were a few sick in the boats, and the total number landed ready for duty was 2,368. It is interesting to note their condition: 780 of them were organized in one regiment under Colonel Gabriel Slaughter and 306 in a battalion under Major Harrison, the whole

constituting what was called Adair's brigade. Slaughter's regiment was composed of ten companies; Harrison's battalion had four companies. About 600 of Slaughter's regiment were veterans of the old Kentucky Rifle Brigade broken up and discharged at Sandusky in January, 1814. They had served all through the Northwest campaigns and many of them had been at Tippecanoe. They were armed with their own rifles. The rest of that regiment and the whole of Harrison's battalion were raw militia armed partly with smooth-bore muskets and partly with fowling-pieces or shot-guns.

The other 1,300 Kentuckians were in one regiment of ten companies, commanded by Colonel Davis, about 900 strong, and five independent companies aggregating, say, 400 men. These were all raw militia, and not more than one-third of them were armed at all. Governor Shelby had raised them pell-mell as soon as Jackson's call for help reached him. The two years of war in the Northwest had drained Kentucky of serviceable arms to a degree that would hardly be believed nowadays. Governor Shelby knew that time was precious and therefore he sent on the regiments as fast as he could muster them. He fully believed there must be arms in store at New Orleans and that Jackson could supply them when the men arrived. There were no arms available at New Orleans except a few hundred antiquated Spanish "escopetas" in the primeval arsenal at old Fort St. John and a few in the marine arsenal at the navy-yard. With these and with such old guns of all descriptions as could be obtained by ransacking private houses in the city and vicinity, Jackson succeeded in "arming" about 1,000 of the Kentucky militia. But many of the old Spanish

escopetas were unserviceable. Some had broken locks, others were choked with rust and not half of them had even bayonets.

"But," says Ogilvy, to whom we are indebted for the foregoing description, "the worst of these ancient weapons made a good club in the hands of a stalwart young Kentuckian!"

Viewed as effectively armed soldiers for the kind of work that was before them, it may be said that the real strength of the Kentucky contingent was almost wholly embodied in Adair's 600 veterans of the old Rifle Brigade—the brigade of Tippecanoe and the Thames. At all events, Adair's command was all of the Kentucky force that General Jackson thought capable of holding a place in the main line of battle. The rest were either sent across the river to help hold the position on the right bank or stationed as reserves at various points in the rear between the main line and the city. Even Harrison's battalion was not put on the main line, though it was massed in the rear, close behind Slaughter's regiment.

There was also a small body of volunteers from Indiana Territory in Adair's command. They have not been mentioned in any history, so far as our research enables us to judge. The names of some of them may be found in old prints concerning the campaign, but they are even there apparently classed as Kentuckians. Their number was not over forty-five or forty-eight. They assembled at Old Vincennes as soon as Jackson's call was heard north of the Ohio River, went down the Wabash in flat-boats and caught up with Adair's command somewhere about Natchez. They were mainly

young surveyors or members of surveying parties, all riflemen and some of them veterans of Harrison's campaigns.

Besides the Kentuckians, a regiment of Louisiana militia assembled at Baton Rouge from the up-river parishes about 560 strong and arrived at New Orleans the 3d and 4th of January. But they were not much better off than the Kentucky militia in the matter of armament. By January 7th the total number of men under Jackson's command had reached a little over 5,000, of whom not more than 4,000 were effectively armed, though most of the remainder had been provided with some kind of apology for weapons. But after all, the forces upon which he could rely through thick and thin, for better or for worse, could be easily reckoned. The figures in some cases differ from those given as to the force available for the battle of December 23d, because some commands which were present at that time had suffered slight losses in battle or from disease while others had been to some extent recruited up.

In the Adjutant-General's office at Washington is a "Consolidated Report of Aggregate Present" for Jackson's army as of January 8th, 1815, compiled from the morning reports of January 10th. This report gives the aggregate as 5,045, besides Harrison's battalion. The latter is shown by records of the State of Kentucky to have been 306 strong, which would make the grand total 5,351. For readiness of calculation as to the share which different parts of this force took in the final and decisive battle of New Orleans, we will subdivide them under three heads: First, those in the main lines of Chalmette when the British attack was delivered; sec-

ond, those operating on the right bank of the river; third, those in reserve near the city or at Chef Menteur, who took no part in the action:

In the Main Lines of Chalmette.

Regular Light Artillery	78	
Seventh U. S. Infantry	436	
Forty-fourth U. S. Infantry	352	
United States Marines	58	
Troop, First U. S. Dragoons	52	
Total Regulars		976
Louisiana Militia (Planché's Battalion)	314	
Louisiana Militia (Lacoste's Battalion)	282	
Beale's City Rifles	36	
Daquin's battalion of free negroes	180	
Total Louisiana Militia		812
Carroll's Tennessee Riflemen (11 co's.)	806	
Coffee's Tennessee Riflemen (9 co's.)	546	
Adair's Kentucky Riflemen (10 co's.)	680	
Total Riflemen		2,032
Baratarians (Artillery)	36	
Jugeat's Choctaws	62	
		98
Grand total, front line		3,918

The foregoing table embraces the entire force in action on the left bank of the river, January 8th. But the following were present in close reserve:

Hinds's Mississippi Mounted Rifles*	150
Ogden's Troop, First U. S. Dragoons	50
Harrison's Battalion, Kentucky Militia	306
Total in close reserve	506

*At the beginning of the action Hinds's Mississippians were drawn up in the rear of the Macarté mansion (Jackson's head-quarters), and they were held there through the first attack. When the second attack developed

On the Right Bank of the River.

Naval Battalion, Com. Patterson. (Sailors from the Louisiana and gun-boats)	106	
Kentucky Militia, Colonel Davis	320	
Louisiana Militia, Major Arnaud	250	
Detachments sent under General Humbert from left bank	300	
Total right bank	976	
Recapitulation		3,918
		506
		976
		5,400

We have seen that, for some reason not explained, the Consolidated Return on file in the War Department excludes Harrison's battalion of Adair's brigade. If from the above recapitulation of 5,400, we subtract the strength of that battalion—306—the remainder is 5,094, as against 5,045 stated in the return—a difference of 49, which is hardly material when we consider the difference in the sources of compilation.

Besides the foregoing and not included in either the Consolidated Return or our own compilation, there were about 200 Louisiana militia, under Major Laronde, guarding Chef Menteur, and some 500 Kentucky and Louisiana militia, mostly without arms, in the second line of works at the Dupré plantation, about two miles in the rear of the main lines of Chalmette.

It may be of further interest if, at this point, we analyze into its component parts for relative actual effective-

they were brought round to Coffee's rear, as close to the swamp as mounted troops could operate, and held there in readiness to charge should the British succeed in breaking through the left of the American line.

AMERICAN SIDE.

A. Redoubt—Beale's City Rifles.
B. B. B. Seventh U. S. Infantry.
C. C. C. Louisiana Militia.
D. D. Forty-fourth U. S. Infantry.
E. E. E. Carroll's Tennessee Riflemen.
F. F. F. Adair's Kentucky "
G. G. G. Coffee's Tennessee "
H. H. Jugeat's Choctaws "
I. I. Donelson's Company of Coffee's Riflemen.
K. K. Hinds's Mississippi M't'd. Rifles.
L. Harrison's Battalion, Ky. Militia.
M. Ogden's Troop, First U. S. Dragoons.

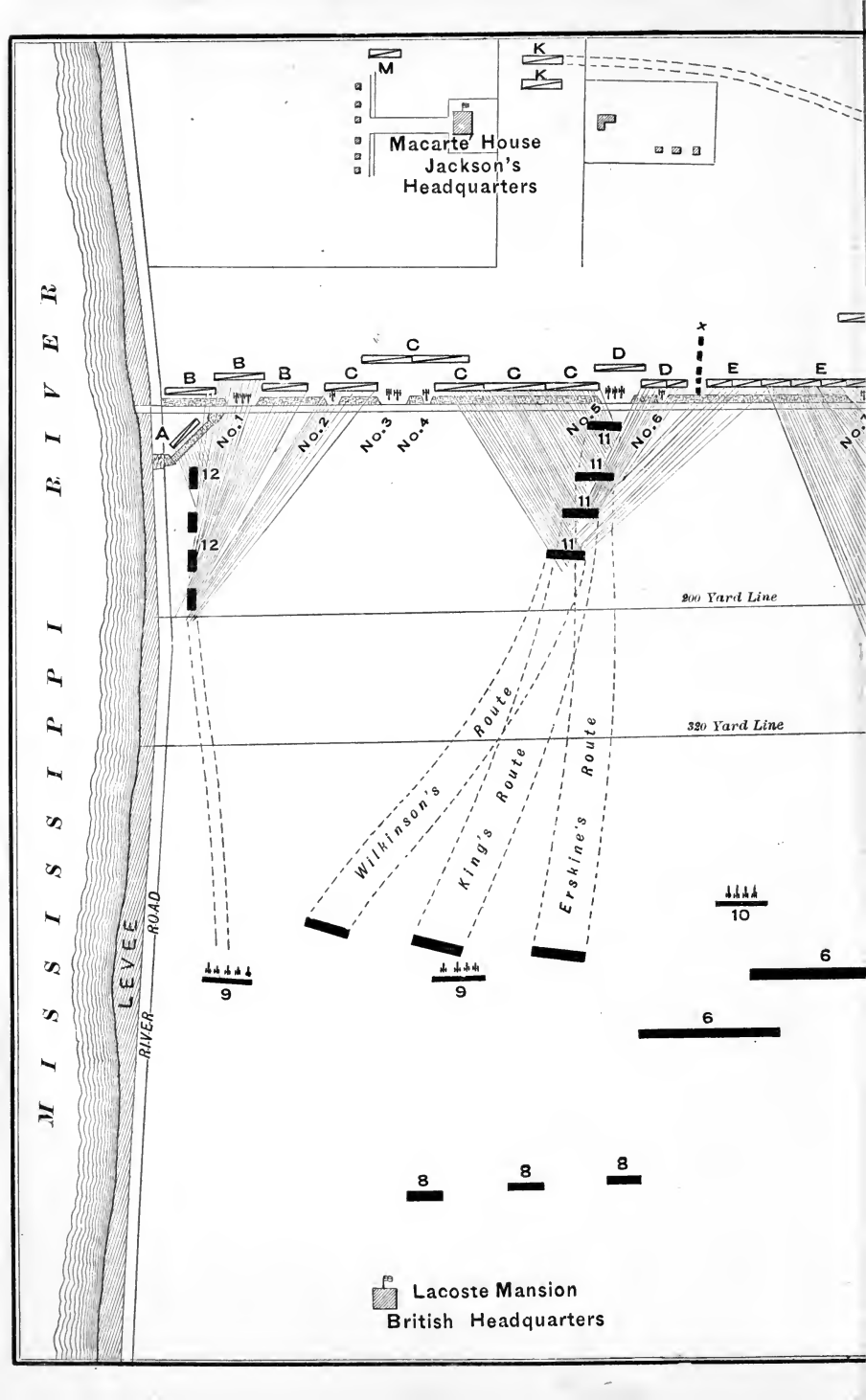
(The heavy dotted line marks the point of division between the troops arm
with smooth-bore muskets and those having rifles.

NOTE.—The heavy shaded lines indicate the concentration of rifle-fire and musket
upon the attacking columns at the culminating moment.

Nos. 1 to 8 inclusive, indicate the positions of the American Batteries along the line.

BRITISH SIDE.

1. 1. Ninety-third Highlanders.
2. 2. 2. Twenty-first (Royal Scots) Fusiliers.
3. 3. 3. Forty-third (Monmouth) Light Infantry.
4. 5. Part of Twenty-seventh and Eighty-ninth Foot, brought up from Reserve
General Gibbs.
6. 6 6. West India troops (negroes)
7. 7. 7. Broken remnants of Forty-fourth (Essex) and other Regiments from first attack.
8 8. 8 Fourteenth Light Dragoons, etc. (not engaged.)
9. 9. British field batteries.
10. British rocket battery.
11 Wilkinson's flanking column of detachments.
12. Rennie's Column, detachments and Royal Marines.
13. Ninety-fifth Rifles deployed on extreme right as skirmishers.
x Spot where General Pakenham fell.
+ " " General Gibbs fell.
○ " " King's color-bearer of Ninety-third fell.
[] " " Major Whitaker fell in First Attack.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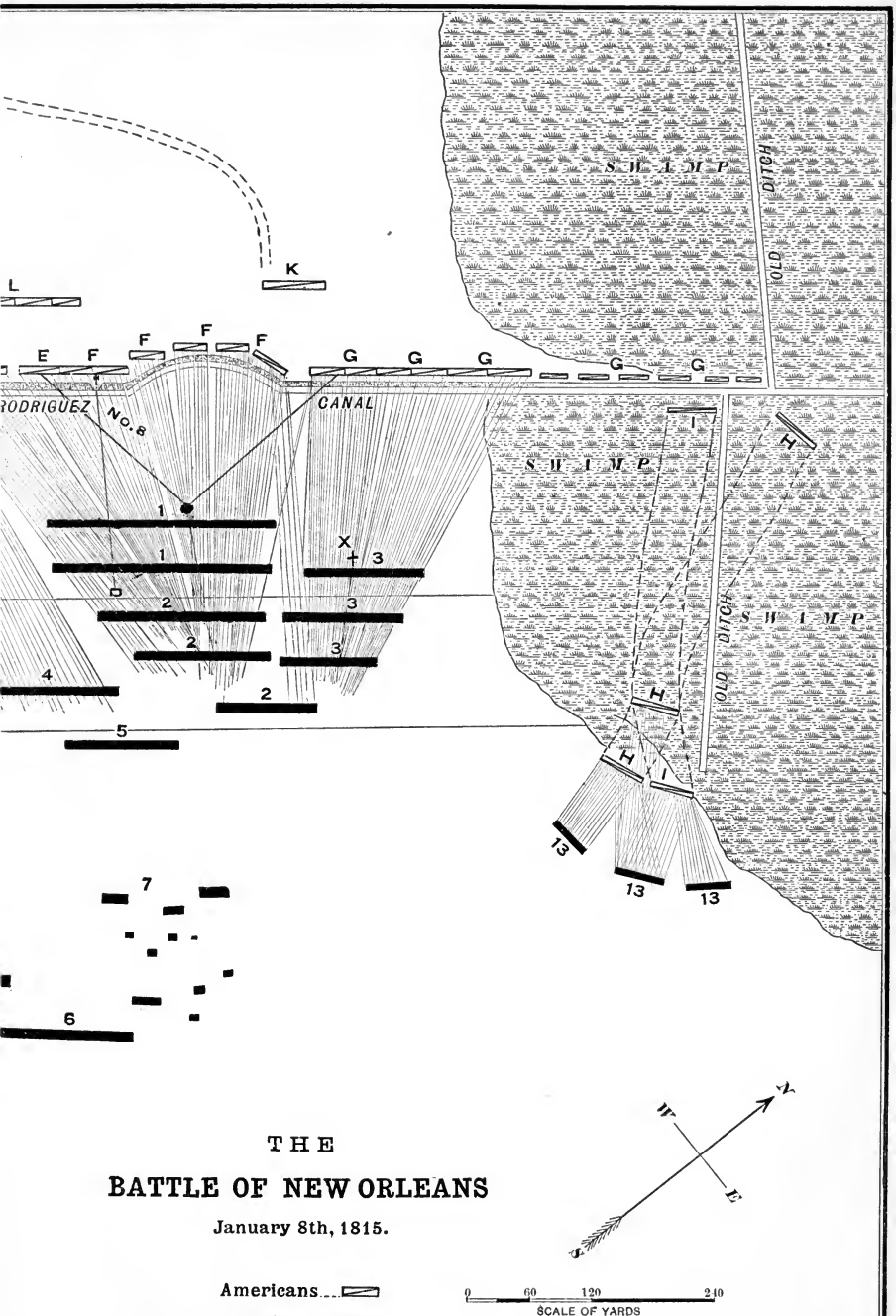

THE
BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS

January 8th, 1815.

Americans

British

0 60 120 240

SCALE OF YARDS

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ness the force in the main lines. For clearer understanding of this analysis we submit a sketch of the Chalmette lines made in the winter of 1874 by the author on the ground. This sketch exhibits the respective formations of the two armies at the culminating moment of the battle, when the second attack collapsed and when Generals Pakenham and Gibbs fell. It differs from Major Latour's sketch only in that the latter represents the formation at the moment of the first attack and indicates the positions of the American troops as they stood prior to three A.M.—or before General Jackson made room for Adair's 600-odd Kentucky riflemen between Carroll's left and Coffee's right.

This movement has been variously described by different historians. Parton, following Judge Walker, and having also the implied sanction of Latour's map, places Adair's Kentuckians immediately behind Carroll's Tennesseeans. That was, in fact, their position at dark, January 7th. But about dark, Generals Jackson, Carroll, Adair and Coffee held a consultation at that point in the line where the Rodriguez Canal makes a slight curve. Adair suggested that the front line of riflemen seemed too thin and recommended that, by drawing in Carroll's left and Coffee's right so as to make their formations in closer order, room could be made for his 600 Kentucky riflemen, to be formed in four lines or, say, a hundred and fifty files—which would cover a front of about two hundred yards, in the comparatively open order of rifle formation in those days. All agreed to this suggestion, but Jackson desired the movement to be deferred until late at night or very early in the morning. It was, therefore, not carried out until about three A.M. Its

effect was to put, say, 2,000 veteran riflemen on a front previously held by 1,400, a difference the significance of which the British realized quite early the next day.

For the foregoing description of this particular manœuvre the author is indebted to the late General William O. Butler, of Carrollton, Kentucky. At the time under consideration, General Butler was a captain in the regular army and chief aide-de-camp to the commander-in-chief; in which capacity he was present at the conference of the generals at nightfall, and he also personally observed the modification of the line at three A.M., at which, by the way, Jackson himself was not present. But Major Latour was there at that hour and saw the movement. General Butler could never understand why the major failed to revise his map in accordance with it. This historical—and, we might say, official—inaccuracy, unimportant as it may seem to the casual reader, was a source of lifelong chagrin to General Adair and his veteran riflemen from "the region where the grass grows blue."

Having described the character of Coffee's and Adair's commands, it seems proper to say a word about Carroll's. When the Tennessee volunteers assembled at Nashville, at the end of November, to the number of about 1,500, in response to Jackson's sudden call, General Carroll, then the ranking officer present in the State, took command. He found many of them unarmed and others armed only with shot-guns. But nearly or quite 700 had rifles and were veterans of the Creek campaigns. From the whole number he selected a little over 800 and at once embarked them on flat-boats to go down the Cumberland River to the Ohio, by that stream to the

Mississippi, and thence to New Orleans. Above Wolf Bend he overhauled a boat laden with Indian traders' stores, including about 120 new rifles made at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and shipped on the river at Pittsburg. He "impressed" these rifles and with them was able to complete the proper armament of his command. Carroll's men were a picked lot—a *corps d'élite* in the strict sense of the term. He accepted only such volunteers as had seen service, and even of those he took only such as had "clean records." All who had been concerned in the disaffections and so-called "mutinies" at Fort Strother in the closing days of 1813 he rigidly rejected.

So organized and so disposed, the army of New Orleans, under General Jackson, waited for day to break the 8th of January.

The British force in readiness to attack the American army at daylight stood at nightfall, January 7th, as follows, the regiments being placed in order of their precedence in column:

Column of First Attack.

Major-General Sir Samuel Gibbs.

Forty-fourth (Essex) Foot	816
Seventh Royal Fusiliers	780
Fourth (King's Own) Foot	796
	2,392

Column of Support or Second Attack.

Major-General Sir John Keane.

Ninety-third (Sutherland) Highlanders	1,008
Twenty-first (Royal Scots) Fusiliers	790
Forty-third (Monmouth) Light Infantry	862
	2,660

Column of Reserve.

Major-General John Lambert.

Eighty-fifth (Bucks) Light Infantry.....	560
Eighty-ninth (Dublin) Foot (Wing).....	390
Twenty-seventh Foot en route from the landing-place (Wing).....	360
Forty-first Foot (landing), 5 companies....	340
Royal Marines (Battalion).....	600
Royal Artillery (2 batteries and 1 Rocket Battery)	318
Ninety-fifth Rifles, 3d Battalion.....	546
First West India Foot (negroes).....	912
Fifth West India Foot (negroes).....	796
Fourteenth Light Dragoons (4 troops)....	210
Total Reserve.....	5,032
Grand total*.....	10,084

*The above represents the force actually on the field or within striking distance of it. The remainder of the Twenty-seventh, Forty-first and Eighty-ninth regiments, aggregating, say, 1,200, together with the Second Battalion, Forty-ninth Foot and the Second West India Regiment, aggregating, say, 1,700, were still on board the transports and did not land. The total force sent by Great Britain for land operations against New Orleans and Louisiana may, therefore, be roundly stated at 13,000 strong. The Hon. Ainsworth R. Spofford, of the National Library, in his Historic Characters and Famous Events, gives the total at 14,000. But in that aggregate he includes a naval brigade of blue-jackets and marines organized on board the fleet for land operations. This naval brigade included 1,000 sailors and 600 marines, of whom only the latter were actually put ashore for land service.

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